

ARIES (March 21 - April 28) The focus is on the auspicious events. But health may cause trouble in office you may have to encounter certain difficulties early in the week But later you may expect good news from seniors.

Profession is attracting your interest to a large extent. In regard to romance and intimate relationship crowning success

Travel indicated for ladies indicated

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) You will have a lucky touch with business and money matters. Romance too will bring you joyful moments. Around the 24th, you may

hear an unexpected good news regarding your service Ladies! lower limbs should be guarded Avoid travelling Girls! your friends are likely to be very helpful Executives! Bachelors! control your emotions popularity for you

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20) Grand success and fame for you Your plan to do some-thing concrete will materialise by Friday in service congenial atmosphere may be

expected Executives! be careful in signing documents or making any commitments Bachelors and girls! if inclined to marry you may get some attractive offers. Businessmen! this is a week of constant activity and change

CANCER (June 21 - July 21) Commodity prices and scarcity of materials may be the cause of worries for industrialists and wholesalers For businessmen

rough time. In certain cases you may have to face agitation in service tact can only be paying. Domestic problems may dampen your spirit. Bachelors and girls an improvement in romantic affairs assured Ladies! contradictory trends indicated



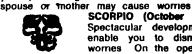
LEO (July 22 --- August 21) This is a week when many unexpected and favourable things will happen. Excepting minor financial problem this is a happy go-lucky

Professionals I your income will shoot up week and smooth and steady time begins Bachelors emotionally a zig zag track with plemty of thrills gossip mongers may malign you

VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) You are likely to get a lucrative job this week. For persons in service quite a swinging period indicated You are going to have

an important assignment which may open a way for you to attain a better status. Businessmen! your knotty problems will be mysteriously solved Bachelors and girls I loneliness will be over and you may find someone to admire you LIBRA (September 23 — October 22) The

LIBRA (September 23 first half of the week is full of opportunities and for wish fulfilment. In service, even if you are unhappy, be careful in making any change at this moment If you are married you may have to plan a holiday now industrialists and businessmen! your plan to go abroad will materialise Health of your



SCORPIO (October 23 -- November 22) Spectacular developments at work should enable you to dismiss present financial wornes On the opening day of the week receive an unexpected invitation Business-

you may men and industrialists I at times you may be hard pushed to retain confidence. Bachelors and girls I love affairs go with a swing for you SAGITTARIUS (November 23—December 20)

Decidedly a fortunate week for furthering your personal interests In service, co-operation from colleagues and support of superiors

may be expected. On Monday some new contacts will place you in re-assuring spirit. Professionals I progress in your work is indicated from Tuesday. Bachelors and girls I some benefits through selective association are indicated CAPRICORN (December 21 — Jan

- January 19 In the opening of the week you may find your dear and near ones in a grousing mood in service, the outlick for this week

seems very bright. A senior colleague may come forward to help you. Businessmen! associates may stand in the way of your business expansion Industrialists, labour problem indicated Ladies I travel abroad with your husband may materialise

time to offer your candid opinion Professionals I tax problem



AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)
You will get the chance to clear up a
recent misunderstanding with your near
ones Businessmen I financial matters take better turn on Wednesday In service, this is not the proper

toglicated. Latter is little and to you for should arrive on Thursday. PRICES (February 19 -



proposal for you on Wedne in service, this is the time self for the duties that lie wh

market and

are attached with printing industry, a journey westwards indicated. This week a little extra money may come to you Businessmen! good dividend expected from your enter prise Bachelors and girls! don't be temperamental.

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD COLOUR MAGAZINE

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nextfundau

HE UNSEEING EY

"To have a glimpse of the blindness, you must bandage temporarily your eyes with an opaque cloth in your own room, which contains all your requirements and necessities Thereafter try to make a cup of tea, a glass of water or attempt tuning a radio station by plunging in the main or any work Then perhaps you will slightly like that realise the herculian hardships which the sightless face every minute."

AZED CROSSWORD

No. 88: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Scottish gobbler, a yokel after champers (10)
- 16 Corona, something lethal originating rings (4)
- 11 Old petty one's in strong drink, a fish (8)
- 12 Source of oil you need on a jaw that's broken (6)
- 14 High class horse bringing up rear? Not what owner'll
- 15 Bird gives you almost a fever in the head (8)
- 16 Clots, they and I spin in mirilgoes (8)
- 18 English c-cloth returned—bolt old-fashioned (6)
- 20 Lots of ducks? Ones that produce them lose (5)
- 21 Locust around, then there's plunder (5)
- ాన Rock-borers lop ash for a change (6)
- 23 Bowler's speciality at fault sweep (8)
- 28 Sum up. one who does enters, having made decision (8)
- 36 Having come round all right we started the day? (4)
- 31 Like a Mr Parker, right hand in a left (6)
- 32 Like the fair sister I land in trouble (8)
- 33 Groom's heart's overthrown here's place for his arm? (4)
- 34 Dimwit manager of VW division? (10)

DOWN

- 1 Drug explosion grips hospital (5)
- * 2 Furnace (8)
- 3 Petrol tanker having crashed owe BRS (6)
- 4 They scold Jock or Jonathan, we hear (7)
- 5 A fetish, something for suckers? Be off (4)
- 6 Died getting salt mined in part of Russia (6)
- 7 Insects displaying centipede's characteristics (5)
- & Free man in a gao! that's crazy attitude to what we stand for (10)
- 9 Fading beauties wish they could like Peter Pan (7)
- 13 Decapitating big cat in endless combat was centous (10)

Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary, 1972 Edition, is recommended, but does not give the verb form at 27 (In O E.D)

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | | 1 | 5 | 6 | ' | | B | 9 |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------|----------|----|---|----|
| 10 | | | | 11 | | | | | | | |
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| 30 | | | | | | 31 | | | | | |
| 32 | | | | | | | | 33 | | | |
| | | 34 | | | | | | | | | |

- 17 Sort of drape put about one for gallantry (8)
- 18 Did a statue, small the King, bearded, thin (7)
- 19 More suitable on a bit of land? (7)
- 22 Latter-day Ned Kelly, besmirching bed I go (6)
- 24 Yarroo! A pound and I shut up typical of Bunter? (6)
- 25 Kid, undressed, was swinging, we hear (5)
- 27 Bog-myrtle died once storm did (5)
- 29 Provoked by dull player at Troon? Scold, i.e. call one this (4)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

The British Championship
That the British Championship tournament should end in a tie this year and necessitate it play-off to decide who will gain the title is no low phenomenon. I have myself been involved in two of these hair-resimp (and halit-dectroying) episodes, the first being at Harragate in 1947 when I eventually won the title, and the second at York in 1960 when the counter and reyself was won, as supected, by Pengues.

Then too their were the occasions long testing the title, when such glants as Black-burne, Albijes and Yates were involved.

The very first British Championship in 1904 was won by Napier after a tie with Black-burne and a few years later Atkins won the title after a play-off with Yates All these matches were decided but one.

in 1954, ended in a tie between Phillips and Barden so that the two contestants de-cided to remain co-champions.

I doubt very much whether this will hap-pen with this year's match between Hart-ston and Basman Drawn matches usually result from a similarity in etyle of play or from the curious circumstance that the players are frightened of each other or of losing Hardly anything could be more dissimilar than the style of Hartston and that of Basman. The circumstance that the two players are playing a game with the same set of rules and with pieces that have the same moves is purely coincidental

same moves is purely coincidental. Their coincept of the game is utterly different, it is clear from the way he plays that Hartston regards chees as a sort of sober sene world in which logic is the supreme law. Basman, on the other hand, defies order and even augury it is the difference between a classical play produced on firmly traditional lines and a horror flim with an X certificate Or, to put it more politely but less vividly, simply the classical as opposed to the romentic. as opposed to the romentic

Who will win? Probably Hartston—but

with Beamen one never knows and I for one would not be prepared to back either side

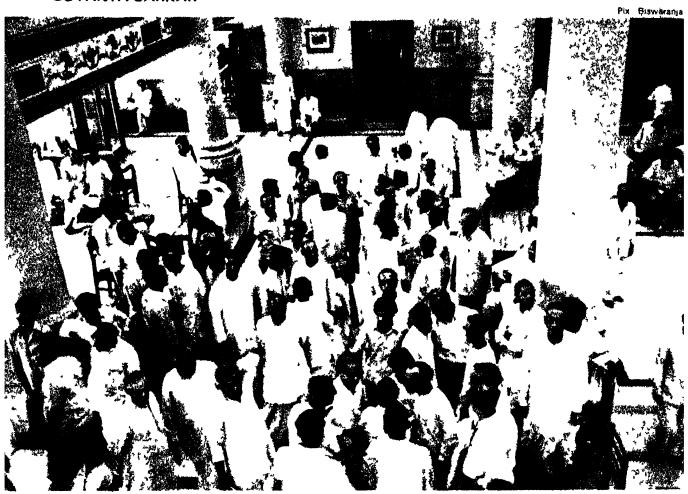
at all heavily and, if I were a betting man, would prefer to put my money on someone or something in which there were fewer un certain qualities say, dogs horses or the roulette table

I had intended giving a contrasting game by each contestant but find I have insufficient space so instead here is a game from the British Championship at Eastbourne between two other players but with a charming finish that could well have figured

in my competition
White A. H. Perkins. Black D. M. Wise
English Opening
1. P-Q84, P-K4, 2. Kt-Q83, Kt-K83, 3. T. P-084, P-K4, 2. Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3, 3. Kt-B3, Kt-B3, 4. P-KK13, Kt-Q5 5 B-K12, Kt x Kt ch, 6. B x Kt, B-K15, 7. Q-K13
B-B4, 8. Q-Q, Q-Q, Q-B2, P-QR3, 16. R-K1, 1, P-Q3, 11 P-QK14 B-R2 12. B-KK12, Q-Q2, 13. K-R1, Q-K15, 14
P-Q3, Q-R4, 15. P-B3, B-K3 16 P-K4, Kt-K1, 17. P-B4, B-K15 18 P x P-X P, X P, 19. P-B5, P-QB3, 20 Kt-Q1, R-Q1, 21. Kt-K3, B-B1 22 Kt-B5 P-B3, 23. P-K14, Qx P, 24. B-B3, Q-R6, 27. B-K4, Kt-K14 28. B-QK12, Kt-Q5 29 B X Kt, P X B, 38. R-B3, Q-R4, 31. R-K11 Q-K1, 32. R-R3, R-Q2, 33 Q-K14, K-R1, 34. Q-R4, P-R3, 35. B-B3, Q-K2, 36. B-Q1, R-Q4, 37. R-K16, R-B2 38. B-K13, R x KBP, 39. Q x P ch, resigns He is mated after 39 . P x Q, 40 R(R3) x P ch, R-R2, 41 R-K18

ROMANCE OF SPECULATION

JOYANTA SARKAR



Most of us will never be able to make anything out of this veritable riot of decibels. Nor are we expected to decipher what all these wild frenzied gesticulations are about. As we stand on the mezzanine floor gallery of the Calcutta Stock Exchange building and look down on the crowded trading floor only a few metres away, we begin to feel more like an intruder into a surrounding that's so different from anything known to us. To one uninitiated to this kind of thing, it all looks like a mad mad world. But then there is money in it — to win as well as to lose

The famous Bangur brothers, sometimes called the wizards of the stock exchange — Mungeeram and Ramkumar — knew it. From a humble beginning they together made a fortune from this place decades ago. Birlas also know it, and even though they have moved more and more towards industry, they maintain a close interest in the goings-on in the stock

exchanges. Chamarias knew it too, but the shock of the life insurance nationalisation proved too much for them and they had to bow out And Ramricklal would have been today richer by at least several millions of rupees if only he could have avoided a costly wrong move

The successes and the failures run in parallel lines, often menacingly close to each other. It's like skating on thin ice. One of two miscalculations, and you might find yourself on the mat, written off virtually for a long time to come. One or two bull's eve hits — and you might be in the dizzy heights of success. It's a kind of a snake-and-ladder game where anything can happen any time and often does.

On the fringe are the hard sloggers who

on the fringe are the hard sloggers who prefer to play safe. Not for them the big states, the make-or-break gambles. They buy and self shares in a quick cycle hoping to squeeze out a little profit here and a few quick bucks, then.

200



Pix : Siswaranjan Rakshit

They are like the extras in the big show but they too are professionals, to the core. In Indian stock exchanges jobbers, as they are called, are not treated as a separate class. Any broker — the principal characters of the show, the people who work for their constituents against a brokerage charge — can do jobbing exclusively or whenever he chooses.

For the common man not belonging to this esoteric world of business nor bold enough to take a plunge into the torrid whirlpool of speculation, the stock exchange still raises vision of lurid disasters, of a dangerous contraption that can drain away whole life's savings in a whiff. The road to hell, such is still the common feeling, is lined with good intentions and shares. The nearest he would go is to buy company-to rague, the family name of Government is securities which somehow have still not been underto drop the reference to the good old days the East India Company. At the most, he

would buy units of the Unit Trust of India.

Stock exchanges in India have thus remained largely out of bounds for the commoner. There is just no official count in our country of how many people own shares. The third edition of Shareownership Around The World published by the New York Stock Exchange in March 1968, puts the number at about 850,000. Adding to it the number of people who might have joined the rolls by buying shares from subsequent floatations by old as well as new companies, the aggregate figure will certainly not exceed two million. And it would be a safe bet to say that not more than one-third of the total figure of shares is held by the common people.

A look at the shareholding pattern of companies should corroborate this statement. Take, for instance, National Organic Chemical Industries Ltd. (Chairman, Arvind N. Mafatlal), one of the country's biggest chemical units. It has



18,333 shareholders but the big ten owns 935,000 equity shares out of a total of 1,200,000 equity shares. The Associated Cement Companies Ltd.'s (Chairman, N. A. Palkhivala) shareholders number 54,140; the big ten accounts for 966,109 equity shares out of a total of 2,850,000. Hindustan Aluminium Corporation Ltd. (Chairman, G. D. Birla) has 17,035 shareholders; out of a total of 10,000,000 equity shares, 5,745,108 are held by the big ten. As for East India Hotels Ltd. (Chairman, M. S. Oberoi), the big ten is in the possession of 1,675,636 equity shares out of a total of 3,090,334, the total number of shareholders being 16,006.

The New York Stock Exchange publication places India fifth in the list of 33 countries (for which such data are available) in terms of the absolute number of shareholders. The countries which do better than us are the USA (24 million), West Germany (4 million), Britain (2.2 million) and France (1.8 million). But in percentage terms, in terms of the number of shareholders in the total population, we slip down the list. The USA's figure works out to about 13 per cent and New Zealand's 11 per cent. India's comes to only about 0.17 per cent. The goal of a shareholders' democracy which in some circles is nursed as an alternative

recipe to the Markian classless society is thus still a far cry in our country.

Buying shares by the investor, as distinct from that by the speculator, is a matter of faith. And the usual bumps and bounces of the stock exchanges are the last things that can inspire such faith. What has happened during the last few weeks is a case in point. The Union Government by an ordinance promulgated on July 6, a Saturday, laid down that companies have to limit their distributable profits to 33-13 per cent of their net profit after tax (as was subsequently clarified). Alternatively, they could declare a maximum dividend of 12 per cent on equity shares and just meet the obligations for the preference shares. Companies were fold that they would have to choose the one that costs less.

This was just too much for the exchanges which had been sailing highe higher on the wings of indomitable bullishness during the past two or three years in utter disregard of the economic realities. They nose dived; the exchanges hurriedly decided to close down temporarily for the shock to blow over. By the end of the following week they opened, cautiously feeling their way. But not the Calcutta Stock Exchange. One of the shock to be the calcutta Stock Exchange.

BEAR: A person who apprehends a fall in share prices. This term is based on the fact that a bear, when threatened, lowers the head.

BEST RATE: The prevailing rate in the market. When

a constituent does not set any limits on rate, it is implied that the transaction is to be done at the "best rate" of the market.

BID: The price offered by a party. Business in stock exchange is done by bids made by buyers and, sellers.

BLUE CHIPS: The most coveted shares which pro-

mise good dividend and sound investment. BONUS: When a company distributes shares to its shareholders free of cost by capitalising its reserves, these are called bonus shares. The payment of an additional dividend is also sometimes called bonus.

BOOK-CLOSING: The closure of the books of a company for some time to check the names and the number of its shareholders who are entitled to dividends, etc. No transfer is registered during the period of book-closing.

BOOM: A condition when the market is doing very well from increased activity.

BULL: A person who expects a rise in share prices. The term is derived from the fact that a built when charging thrusts the head upwards.

CLEARING: Settlement or squaring up of accounts relating to transactions through an authorised institution. This is done on a periodic basis

CUM-DIVIDEND: This implies that buyers will get the current rate of dividend.

DEBENTURES: Bonds issued by a company bearing a fixed rate of interest and repayable

on a particular date.

DELIVERY: Presentation of certificate of shares with transfer deed in fulfilment of a transaction.

DIVIDEND: The portion of a company's profit distributed pro rata among its members. EQUITY SHARES: The ordinary shares of a com-

EX-DIVIDEND: It implies that buyers of shares will not get the latest rate of dividend. FACE VALUE: The value as it appears on the face

of a scrip. GILT-EDGED: Securities issued by the Govern-

ment. MARGIN: An advance payment of a portion of the

value of a stock.

NEW ISSUE: Shares sold by a company for the

first time

PREFERENCE SHARES: Shares on which a fixed dividend is paid prior to any dividend being paid on ordinary shares.

PREMIUM: The amount above the par value of a **stock**

PROFIT-TAKING: Selling to make profit.
PROXY: A person who acts for another in a company's general meeting, but has no right

to speak at the meeting.

RALLY: A brisk rise in share values after a fall. RIGHTS SHARES: Additional shares which a company offers on a pro rate basts to its share-

SHORT COVERING: Buying of stocks by a seller to complete his previous commitments.

(IELD: The dividend expressed as a percentage of the current price of a share. 1

ing buils who had a direct commitment to pay different sellers about Rs. 40 lakhs (plus another shout Rs. 30 lakes in other commitments) at draw refused to foot the bill. He had to be persiated and pressured, and finally he agreed to

honour more than half of his dues. And most of his moves, as stock exchange circles say, were decided by his constituents (or financiers, if you like) of whom one belonged to one of the biggest business houses in the country. But the payments stalemate kept the stock exchange closed for full two weeks.

Then there is the story of another party who is believed to have made good profits out of the crisis. In fact, one or the other always seems to do so on such occasions. Old-timers say that Gandhiji's famous "fast unto death" was also similarly seized by a business house to make money. Somehow it came to know about the decision ahead of others; it sold shares in bulk and bought them back again after their prices had slipped when the news was made public. In the more recent case, it has been alleged by none other than a Member of Parliament, who also happens to be a leading industrialist, that: the news of the Ordinance had leaked out and that a large number of shares of a group of companies belonging to a particular house were offloaded in different markets just before the President promulgated the order. The matter is now being probed by the Central Bureau of Investigation.

Things like these made the romance of stock exchange. But that is good for those who $\cdot \cdot$ know the art of the ball game and have also the means to do so. For them, too, the stock exchanges provide a cover for operations in black money, of which millions of rupees are





Delivery Section

believed to be active in share transactions in one way or the other. But for our poor genuine saver-investor, it all looks like a cruel joke. He has been lured to put in his money on some good dependable shares on the expectation of a good dividend and also on the hope of some appreciation in the share value. But then comes the crisis and the bottom of his modest finances is knocked off. Either he gulps the loss or just wait patiently for sunnier days when prices will again start their upward trek. They will, one of these days, and that can be said without looking at a crystal. Otherwise, the institution would not have survived so long and would have met with natural extinction long ago.

It was with this idea — and we can see the hard-boiled speculators shaking their heads in disapproval — that the Union Government decided to ban forward trading in stock exchanges by an order, dated June 27, 1969. Essentially the move was intended to make the stock exchanges safe for the common man, to have less of speculation and more of genuine

investment. Forward trading with all its paraphernalia of speculative bidding, periodic clearing and sattas or badlas represents the best and the worst of the gambler's art and artifice. But then a stock exchange without speculation is like a woman without her charm. And most of the leading exchanges have found out ways to circumvent the ban in its spirit, though not in its letter.

The Bombay Stock Exchange, which in terms of business is the biggest in the country, has found a convenient solution in one of its by-laws providing for what has been called the "tickets system". Calcutta and Delhi, less favourably placed, have gone back to forward trading hedged by certain restrictions. And the fact that New Delhi, which cannot just be presumed to be ignorant of what is happening, tolerates all this should suggest that it too sympathises with the need to have some speculative activity left in stock exchanges to keep them going. Stock exchange circles point out that while the Government has not yet formally rescinded the ban on forward trading in shares, it has allowed

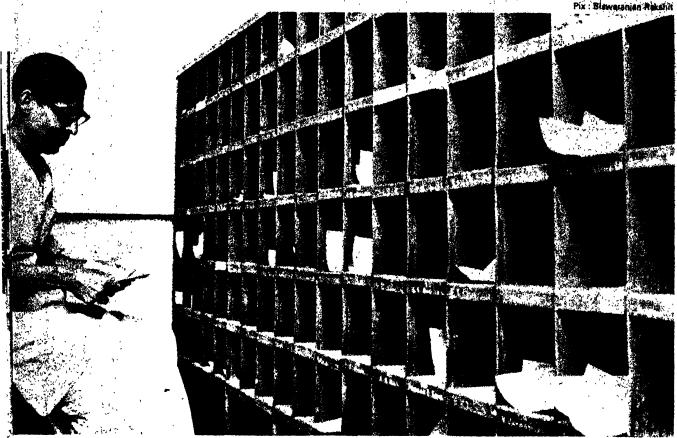
what inspires

confidence

in a trademark?

Take fabrics, for instance.
You'll find one name that stands out.
'Terene'. It has a reputation that
is built not just on pretty prints...
but on good, down-to-earth quality.
It's the designs that catch the eye.
Yes, but it's quality that keeps
everyone coming back for more.
And more.





Memo Section

不一一 克洛斯 地方



forward trading in commodity markets (for such trading in jute goods is believed to involve a far bigger sum compared to what is at stake in

shares' deals) to go unchecked. The debate goes on, points and counter-points clash.

Interestingly, even the two biggest institutional buyers, the Life Insurance Corporation of India and the Unit Trust of India, who between themselves account for about half of the trading operation in the stock exchanges, would find it extremely difficult to buy and sell in their usual large lots except through forward trading. If they have to go through the cash section, where accounts have to be settled in cash within stricter time periods, they would face innumerable complications.

Whatever may be the decisions, stock exchanges in the country must keep pace with the march of history, with the changes in its economic pattern, with the shifts in the economic composition of society. Those in India have moved a long way from the 1830s and 1840s when brokers used to meet under a banyan tree in Bombay and a neem tree in Calcutta. In Bombay, the Native Stock and Share Brokers' Association, the forerunner of the present stock exchange association on Dalal Street, was foundmuch later, in ed in 1877. Calcutta's came 1908. And changed they have. Now even Women's Lib has got them. By an amendment in its constitution in April this year, the Calcutta Stock Exchange Association has allowed ladies also to become its members. None of them has yet become, though.

COVER : BISWARANJAN RAKSHIT

SECURE judgment played a targe part in tray's win over the Aces in the world championship final On this deal East had the choice of opening with an artificial One Club unfilled in strength or with Two Clubs showing a maximum of 16 points with a five- or six-card club suit

Dealer West Game all

| 764 QKJ6 | 10 KQJ98 7543 1098 N W E S AQ975 | A Q 10 8 2 |
|-------------|---|------------|
|-------------|---|------------|

In Room 1 the bidding was

| SOUTH Bianchi | WEST Hamman | NORTH Forquet | EAST Walf |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 3 ♦ | No Dble | Nó No | Wolff 14 40 |
| 4 ♠ No | Dble | No | No |

In theory One Club showed 17 points but with such a powerful distribution the lack of a point could be ignored On the second round however Wolff was awnwardly placed as he had not yet shown a suit On the third round he was unwilling to bid Five Clube for fear of being given preference to his weaker suit.

preference to his weaker suit
South a Four Spades looks doubtful but
turned out to be cheap West led

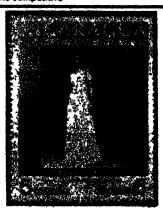
Kest overtook this with the Queen Jack East overtook this with the Queen rather than the Ace suggesting an interest in clubs South ruffed and led a low spade West won and played a club but South continued with the A-Q of trumps and later draw the last trump with the 9.

Thus the Aces scored only 200, A third diamond when West was in with \$\Pi\$ I could have led to a trump promotion, but this was hard to judge in Room 2.

| | | | EAST Belladonna |
|-----|-----------|----|--------------------|
| - | No | No | 2 |
| 44 | Dble 5 | No | 4NT |
| No | 5♣ | No | No |
| 84- | | | |

Here Belladonna s Two Clubs suggested only 12 15 points but naming a genuine suit proved an advantage as on the next round he was able to portray a two-suiter with an unusual 4NT Five Clubs was easily made

In all systems when there is a choice between an artificial and a natural opening the natural bid tends to work better on hands where the bidding is likely to become competitive

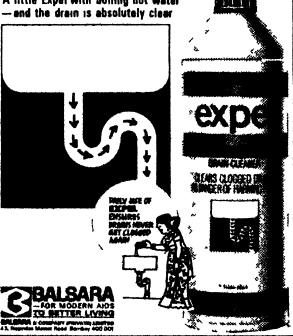


A SALMAIN evening dress appears on this stamp from Nibaragus, turn the stamp over and on the reverse—adheave—side you raid that it is 'of beige silk heightened by a cardigan effect in gold and pink'. Other values in the same issue show dresses by



No mess! No trouble!

Don t let grease and food particles choke up your kitchen drain and cause endless trouble A little Expel with boiling hot water



CHAITRA-BLS 47

STAMP ALBUM



beauty hints

I have discussed the hazards of having your hair done at a beauty parlour. Apart from following outdated styles, the methods are downright unhygienic.

When oil is applied to the hair, one is honestly not aware of the quality. The combs and brushes are dirty and full of someone else's hair. The towels have brown streaks of dirt on them. One salon owner confided to me that brushes and combs are washed in soapy water only once — at night, before they closed shops. She defended this by saying that they had too many customers to cope with, without appointments. No wonder then, dandruff and other scalp diseases are so prevalent!

Demand fresh towels when you have your hair washed. Insist on your combs being washed. It's your right. A much better idea is to wash your hair at home and just get it dried at a parlour. I always take my own brush and comb with me. Wash them first in warm soapy water, then in a few drops of Dettol, then rinse them thoroughly in plenty of plain water to get rid of the soap. If the parlour is near enough, I take my own towel. But, I invariably take my own shampoo with me. This way, I am ensured not only of the health of my hair, but I also have to pay less as I supply my own raw materials. If ever in a hurry, check to see that the type of shampoo used suits your type of hair. Make sure the rollers are not rolled too tightly.

When choosing a hairstyle, make sure it is practical and suits you and can be managed at home. Don't ever go in for complicated styles, otherwise you will end up like the ladies of King Louis the XIV of France, who carried beautiful scratchers to scratch their elegantly

and elaborately coiffeured hair, which was full of lice!

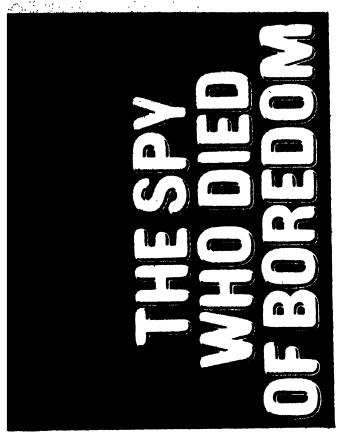
Now comes the nails. Our pedicure is done quite professionally, except in some parlours where ingrown nails are not cut properly. But a manicure, I'm afraid, is a total nightmare and it's a wonder how our nails have stood the rough treatment all this time. First, the acetone. This should never be applied on the nails as it not only yellows and discolours nails but also weakens them. Further, it dries the skin around the cuticles. The answer is to put oil in your acetone or once again, take your own nail polish remover with an oil base. Next, the cutting. All beauty parlours without fail use a long metal file though it is always better to use an emery board. Insist on this and to use it as a buffer on the nails to remove ridges. Next, use a cuticle softener around nails, which is now freely available and manufactured in India. When you file nails into a neat oval, never file inwards into skin, which is how it is done in the parlours. This is why the nails chip and break so easily within a week of the manicure.

When nails are being cleaned, the cuticle should never be cut, as is usually done, for they will just grow and grow. They should be gently pushed back into a semi-circle. Massage hands and nails with a rich cream, wipe dry. Polish should ideally be applied the next day. (My girl at the salon where I go for a manicure regularly, lets me come back the next day.) First, apply a colourless base coat. This is never done anywhere, which is why nails are discoloured. Then apply two wafer-thin coats of colour. Dry for some time under hair dryer.

I usually take my own hail polish remover, nail varnish, cuticle softener and cream. This way, I pay as little as Rs. 3 for a professional manicure, and increase the longevity of my nails, in the bargain!

Finally, Facials: The way they are done here is dangerous, because not much attention is paid to skin and texture. Acne, blackheads and whiteheads are nipped. If not done properly, they can leave pits on the face. An all purpose (generally ordinary cold cream) cream is used on all types of complexions. You can get a fresh batch of acne this way. The face is steamed for a long time which is wrong as this is the easiest way to get open pores permanently. Often without testing skin for allergy, the face is bleached. This gives the face a fairish clear look for some time, but is very harmful to the face in the long run and will age skin considerably. Lastly, a clay mask it applied, that is sometimes too harsh for delicate skins. There is no need to have a facial regularly. When you do, make sure your face is not bleached. And check on the ingredients that go to make your mask. It is better to take an egg and ask her to use that as a mask.

Threading: Never allow them to thread your whole face. When threading your eyebrows, make sure your forehead is not threaded. Otherwise, you will become hairier than ever



GEORGE MIKES PART IV

Arkady, hopefully remembering chenko's instructions concerning girls, shouted back: 'Yes, I am.'

'I must not keep you,' said the girl, guessing

what all this was about.

'Let's have tea at one.'

'At one I'll be having lunch, not tea.'

'At six o'clock then. In a typical English public house, called pub, for short.'
"Typical English public houses open at

seven on Sundays.'

'At seven, then.'

'Besides, you don't have tea in typical English public houses. You have a pint of bitter. Or whisky. Or gin and tonic.'

'Whatever you like. And we'll discuss ways

of cutting ivy.

'That will be most exciting,' said the girl. Of course, I can't resist that. You talk exactly like that Turk from ... what did you say he came from?'

'The Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan.'

'Yes,' nodded the girl, who had just heard the name of that Republic for the last time in her life. 'That place sounds so much more romantic than Middlesex. But one never knows. Not really. D'you know the Pig and Crown?' 'Sorry?'

'The Pig and Crown.'

'What's that?'

'A typical English public house, called pub for short. Round that corner,' and she pointed in a northerly direction.

"Well, I'll find it all right."

'At seven then.'



'In the Pig and Crown.'

'Yes,' said the girl. 'And use your saw for the ivy.

The apparition was carried away on those

long, straight legs.

He looked after the girl. As soon as she disappeared round the corner, Arkady felt extremely nervous. His first chance with an English girl. And what a pretty girl. But how does one behave with the English? McRoberts had taught him how to address the second daughter of a marchioness but not how to take a commoner to bed. You can't kiss their hands because they laugh at you. Not that Russian girls wouldn't. You can't pay them fulsome compliments because they giggle; you can't bare your soul because they would be bored and have no souls themselves. You can't play the romantic hero because romance went out of fashion here about 150 years ago. But what can you do? And, most important of all, how do you broach the subject? How do you take them home? Someone had told him something about etchings but he did not know what etchings were and, in any case, this sounded like an old-fashioned scheme. These English girls might resent too direct an approach. Even if they come home with you, what do you do then? He had heard that it was possible to ask an English girl home to have a drink and what she actually expected was a drink. You can easily make a mistake by not behaving like an English gentleman and the girl will jump up and walk out of the room in a huff. On the other hand you can't just sit there like a fool and let such an opportunity pass. He could not discuss the subject with Ivan because he would reply with a Russian proverb. He would shrug his shoulders and say 'Live a hundred years, learn a hundred years, and you still die a fool' or something like that.

A few hours after lunch, about three-thirty

or so, Nina walked up to him, pressed a piece of paper in his hand and walked away again, without uttering a word. The paper turned out to be a cheap, brown envelope, containing a small piece of paper with these words written on it:

The plant.

And what sort of spinach?

Do your duty.

No full signature, but S. must mean Shevchenko. Why should Shevchenko be interested in gardening? And what sort of plant did he have in mind? Spinach was a plant, he agreed but what about spinach? Why spinach? What had spinach to do with lingerie? Or with anything else?

He looked for Nina and asked her:

'Are we going to grow spinach?'
'Of course not. We only grow flowers. Don't you remember our resolution?'

He saw the words 'Saloon' and 'Public' written up and had no idea what they meant, But he guessed that 'Saloon' was something superior and as he was determined to entertain this charming product of British capitalism in the grand manner, he went into the saloon bar. He looked round, then he looked across the bar into the public section, and, there to be sure was the girl. He began to walk over but the girl beat him to it.

'I thought,' she said, 'that a good Russian

would go into the public bar'

'I chose this side to please you. It was a concession to the decadent West.

They laughed.

'What can I get you?' asked Arkady.

'My usual drink is Dubonnet, but in your honour I'll have a vodka

'A double vodka.'

'No. A single vodka with lime and ice.'

'If it is in my honour, it must be a double vodka, without lime 'All right. This

This time a concession by

decadent capitalism.

She was easygoing and sweet and looked even prettier than in the afternoon. It's true that her lovely legs were covered with a pair of trousers but her make-up was most attrac-

'I thought you Russians were all so formal and stiff,' she said. 'What's your name?'

'Boris Gregorovich Gurbanov.'

'Oh . .' said the girl disheartened. name sounded impossibly long and difficult to remember. 'May I call you Harry?' 'Harry?' asked Arkady flabbergasted.

'Yes. Harry.'

'Why ?'

'It's simpler than what you said.'

'Boris is not so complicated.'

'I never realized your name was Boris. It sounded one long word when you said it. Then

I'll call you Boris.'
'No,' said Arkady firmly. Why the hell should this girl call him Boris? 'Call me Harry,

Or Arry. Arry sounds like an abbreviation of He stopped because he realized that he was about to goof badly. 'Call me Harry.'

'No. I've changed my mind. I don't want to call you Harry. Now that I've got hold of a Russian I refuse to call him Harry. I always thought that if I met a Russian, he would be called Igor. Like Prince Igor, you know.'

'That's fine with me. Call me Igor. And

what's your name?'

'Ivy?' That's why you know so much about ivy?'

'Perhaps.'

They had several more drinks. They chatted about the weather here and over there. Arkady told Ivy that he liked London and Ivy told him that she would love to go to Moscow one day. Arkady replied that she must come when he returned and he would take her round. In other words, they chatted just like millions of other couples on their first date.

What's your job here, Igor?' asked the girl.

'I work for the Trade Mission. Textilé Department. Lingerie.'

Are you interested in lingerie?'

'I would be very much interested in your

Arkady could have bitten his tongue off. He thought he had gone too far. But the girl smiled briefly and, in fact, paid little attention to this remark.

'And what's your job, Ivy?'

'I work for Spinoffee.'

'For what?'

'Spinoffee. Don't say you've never heard of Spinoffee?'

'I haven't been here very l'ong.'

'That explains it. Spinoffee is a wonderful invention. It's brand new. Lots of people even in this country haven't heard of it. But they will, soon.'

'But what is it?'

'Coffee made of spinach.'.

'Coffee made of what?' asked Arkady with disgust in his voice, because he thought the girl had said spinach. The Soviet Union, he had to admit to himself, was behind the West in many ways. But even they did not sink quite as low as that. Coffee made of spinach!

'That's why it's called Spinoffee.

name, don't you think?'



'Nothing wrong with the name,' Arkady agreed. But what is the end-product? A new kind of coffee? Or a new kind of spinach?'

'Coffee. Very good coffee. I didn't think much of the idea when I first heard of it, but it's really good. Better than those instant coffees. There's no comparison. And it's catching on like mad. Would you like to taste it?'

A possibility flashed across Arkady's mind. 'I'd love to. Let's go to your place and drink

Spinoffee.

He felt like a medieval knight. How gallant can you get? Show me the troubadour, he thought, who was ready to drink spinach-coffee for the sake of his lady-love.

'We can't go to my home. That's out of the

question.'

'Time gentlemen, please!'

Three hours had sped by like minutes. And no progress. Arkady panicked. Now or never, he decided. How would this girl react to a more direct approach? She had not minded his reference to her lingerie. On the other hand she had turned down flat his suggestion of going to her home. He must not spoil his chances; but he could not afford to pass up this opportunity. So he did what many people do when in doubt: postponed his decision. He still had five to ten minutes.

'I'll walk home with you,' he said.

'Home?' asked the girl astonished.
'Yes, I will,' replied Arkady firmly, terrified that the girl would not allow even that.
'Home?' repeated the girl. 'I thought you

would take me back to your place.

'Well....' said Arkady, trembling with anticipation. He could hardly restrain himself from leaping on to her then and there.

'Or don't you Russians do it?'

'Do what ?

'Fuck. Don't you fuck?'

Arkady was speechless. He had heard about the kind of language the British used nowadays but this was too much. He had wanted to rape the girl right there in the pub; but to call the act fucking shocked the puritan in him.

'Don't you know the expression?' asked the girl innocently. 'The previous generation used to call it sexual intercourse. But it was the same

thing.'

After a moment's hesitation, she added:

'More or less.'

Back in his room, Arkady felt a strong desire to kneel down in front of her and kiss her hands. Then, he decided, he would kiss her mouth instead. Then he would undress her, in fact, tear her clothes off....But there was no chance of doing any of these things. The girl had sat down on his bed already and had started to undress in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if they had been married for donkey's years. She took her blouse off, and said: 'You'll find it very pleasant.'

'I'm sure,' said Arkady, his voice hoarse.

'You are very, very beautiful.'
'I am talking of Spinoffee. You'll really like

'Oh that.'

'It's really funny, you know Pity I don't have any samples with me.'

'A great pity.'

'Usually I do. I am sorry about it.' She took off her bra. He found this bra fascinating. It was black. Now perhaps an ordinary black bra is not particularly sensational but Arkady had never seen a black bra. In Russia bras were white; occasionally pink but never, never black. He had not realized that bras could be black. He did not quite know why he was so taken by the blackness of her bra but he was and for a short while he could not take his eyes off it. Eventually, however, he did, because her body was even more interesting. Her breasts were larger and fuller than Arkady had imagined them. He buried his face in them then began to kiss her nipples. She took no notice.

'Let me just make sure.' She opened her handbag and started another search. 'No.

Nothing. I'm sorry, Igor.'

'I can wait,' said Arkady 'For Spinoffee, I mean.' He was pushing her down on his bed with the mad desire of a very, very hungry male. But she took him off

'Just a minute.'

Build strength and resistance against coughs and colds with **Waterbury's** Compound

Doctors recommend WATERBURY'S COMPOUND — RED LABEL because it has these two unique benefits :

WATERBURY'S COMPOUND fights coughs and colds ith Creosote and Gualacol.

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She was still fumbling in her handbag.

'No. No samples today. 'It doesn't really matter.'

.... No samples. But I have this.'

She handed a highly coloured leaflet to Arkady. It was an advertisement of Spinoffee. 'Spinoffee — the dream of millions has come true!!!' There was a picture of a steaming cup of coffee in a beautiful, Sevres poreclain cup, worth about £2000.

'You'll find it very interesting,' the girl went on. 'All about our coffee. All about Sir Bruce Braithwaite, our chairman. And all about spinach. Read it.'

'Not now . . ' said Arkady, half begging, half crying. He could not wait any longer and pushed her down on the bed, more firmy and more passionately than before. He tried to get hold of her two beautiful breasts and opened his trousers.

'Wait Igor just a minute. I must get

ready, dear.'

She struggled free and stood up. She was still wearing her trousers but was naked to the waist.

'Don't be too eager. The time will come. That's what we are here for. Where's your bath-

room? Yes, I see...

She locked the door. Arkady undressed and lay on his bed. He heard water running. Then silence. Then the sound of more water. Some paper crinkling. Then the noise of Kleenex being torn. Then the rasping of a file. What the hell is she doing? Her nails? First that bloody Spinoffee and now a manicure? He heard the clink of a glass and a gargling noise. Then the pull of the lavatory chain and a rushing of water. But still no Ivy. Then suddenly he remembered Shevchenko's cryptic note. Damu it! It was all clear, of course. They had seen him talking to this girl in the garden and someone knew who she was. The grapevine is a fast means of communication. 'The plant' in Shevchenko's note was not a reference to horticulture, but a hint regarding factory plant. 'What sort' of spinach -- yes, it was clear what he was supposed to find out. And he had refused the girl's desperate effort to give him more information and let him taste her bloody Spinoffee! Never mind, he would still have a chance. Many chances. 'Do your duty,' the note had concluded. He had to do it. It was his duty.

He looked at himself. At the word 'duty' the evidence of his lust, which until that moment had been monumental, began to shrink. In a few second he might have been contemplating a cup of cold Spinoffee, not the prospect of embracing his first woman since he left

Moscow.

'Here I am, my sweet little Russian.'

And there she was, stark naked, slim, white, desirable, beautiful, her long, smooth thighs uncovered. She threw herself on Arkady's bed and embraced him passionately.

But what's gone wrong?'
And later: You looked so keen !....You 46 nearly raped me.'

She was annoyed, disappointed, yet amused. 'Or was I right?....Don't you Russians do it, after all?' And a few minutes later, giggling: 'I was always told that you Russians were stiff and formal. You are a bit formal - quite true. But I couldn't call you stiff, could I

It was no use. It was quite, quite hopeless. He could do it for himself. He could not do

it for the fatherland.

Arkady was sitting on his bed, putting on his socks, in a bottomless, Slav depression. He knew that he had failed as a spy, as an Assistant Illegal Support Officer, as a gardener and worst of all - as a man. He had no idea that, in fact, he had taken the first step towards becoming one of the most famous and successful spies in the history of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

It was soon after midnight when Ivy dressed again. By that time she had become decidedly cross and she refused to utter a word. She took a small mirror from her handbag and touched

up her lips in haste.

'Am I going to see you again?' Arkady ask-

ed tentatively.

'There wouldn't be much point in it, would there "' she replied brusquely and stalked out of the room, without saying good-bye, indeed,

without so much as looking at him.

He could not sleep. His humiliation was as abysmal as it was unexpected. His self-confidence was non-existent. You could trust nothing on earth, he knew that only too well. Yet, if he trusted anything, it was his own lust. And now a lifelong friend, who had given him so much pleasure, had failed him more treacherously than the KGB could ever do. The failure made his professional prospects worse than gloomy, too. He felt that even his life was no longer certain.

He had one sock on when Ivan appeared in

the doorway.

'How did it go last night?' he asked with a

Arkady attempted a gay wink, almost with tears in his eyes.

'Splendidly. It was great fun.' Then: 'Thank you for staying away.

'Was she pretty?

'Beautiful.'

'You look rather miserable.'

When Arkady did not reply, Ivan shrugged his shoulders: 'One can get fleas even from a good dog.

Arkady felt like strangling him. But while that might cheer him up for the moment, it would only add to his troubles in the long run.

'Don't be too down-hearted, Boris, whatever your reasons may be. Remember: losing you cannot win.'

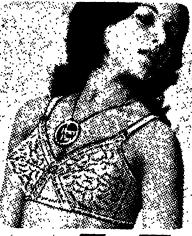
One more proverb and Arkady would commit murder. The proverb was forthcoming but he didn't.



to be continued

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Peter Pan



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Chase them away.
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If it's Tuesday, it must be...
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Superfine. Supersoft. And pretty cool!



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beautiful. In white and black.



What about the week-end? You may decide it's never on a Sunday. Or make it a Saturday date with any of your favourites. Frankly, it's up to you!



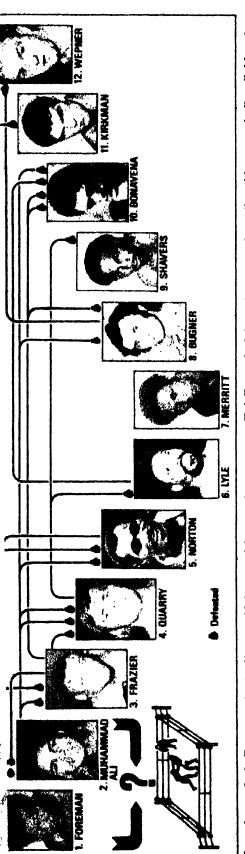
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nothing adorns a woman more

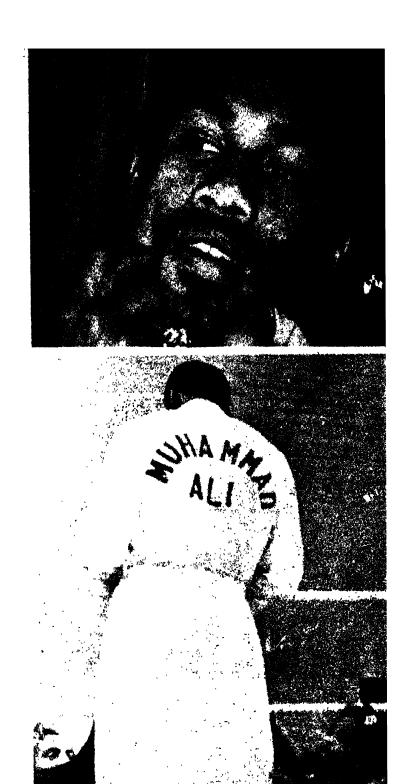
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Chaitra-PP-65



Champion and challengers: the leading world heavyweights as they were unofficially ranked in order of merit earlier this year. A line limiting two bexers means they have fought, the loser being at the receiving end of a glove. Thus, the line from Foreman to Frazier represents Frazier's defeat



THE BOXERS' WAR

HE scheduled fight between George Foreman and Muhammad Ali in Kinshasa on 25September should be one of the epic encounters of heavyweight boxing: a contest between power and youth on one hand and a uniquely skilful veteran on the other. Whoever wins, one certain outcome of the meeting will be to rescue heavyweight boxing from the confusion which has overtaken it recently. To outsiders the title has often appeared to be strangely shrouded by petty controversy. Never far away is the suspicion that some back room deal is probably more important than what actually happens inside the ring.

This uncertainty has been further aggravated by the illogical behaviour of the main protagonists. Ever since George Foreman annihilated Joe Frazier in Jamaica in January 1973, there has been one outstanding question to be answered: Would Foreman do the same to Ali? Both boxers claimed to be the best in the world. Yet the expected confrontation did not materialise. Both boxers found other opponents. All busied himself with Norton and Frazier; Foreman with Norton and an obscure challenger called Joe Roman. Now at last it seems the issue will be settled.

George Foreman, 25 years old, is unquestionably the most powerful puncher around today. Until his recent spectacular defeat of Ken Norton, he was something of an enigma. Detractors pointed out that apart from Frazier and the Canadian George Chuvalo, all his opponents had been easy meat. The champion also had financial and domestic problems. Now, however, his calibre as a fighter is no longer in doubt. And with a record which includes 37 knock-outs in 40 successes, he will probably start as favourite against Ali.

Ali, on the other hand, is not to be dismissed. His incredible speed and fighting intelligence made him one of the greatest ever champions. He is now 32 and only a pale reflection of the brilliant athlete who took the title from Sonny Liston ten years ago. But in his return fights with Ken Norton and Joe Frazier, the only two men to best him, he demonstrated that he still belonged to the highest class.

Foremen and Ali are on a level of their own in beavyweight boxing. Below them is a gulf with perhaps no more than three or four others who can child to be in serious contention for the eith. Following the traditional pattern, all but one are coloured Americans. Top of the list is Joe Frazier, now generally considered to be over the top. His two fights with Ali and his annihilation by Foreman have tarnished his reputation.

Jerry Quarry, next in the rankings and the only white man in with a' chance, is the most surprising boxer among the top five. He, too, is no longer young, and his aspirations should, by any rights, have been ended by convincing defeats at the hands of both Frazier and Ali. Quarry, however, did have his alibis when he was last defeated by Ali - problems with his marriage and his manager and the sight of his younger brother being knocked out earlier the same evening probably made him fight less well than he was capable of. Since then, armed with a new manager and a new wife, he has remained unbeaten, convincingly defeating in the process two rising stars, Ron Lyle and Earnie Shavers.

Despite his defeat by Foreman, Ken Norton probably retains his position as the fifth highest rated heavyweight in the world. Norton jumped out of obscurity through his two fights with Ali. Curiously, his reputation was really established by the one he lost. Ali was at his peak for that match and only just won the verdict on a split decision.

The last man who can be considered to have any real chance of becoming world champion is Ron Lyle. Billed as the new Sonny Liston because he spent some of his youth in jail, Lyle started late (he is now in his early thirties) and at one stage ran up 19 victories in a row, 17 of them inside the distance. His failure against Quarry was a severe setback; since then he has tried to add a competent defence to his punching power, and his victory over the ageing but still durable Argentinian Oscar Bonavena shows that he is still a formidable boxer.

International boxing is governed by two bodies at present, the World Boxing Association and the World Boxing Council. Much of their time is spent bickering with each other, which does nothing to strengthen the authority of either. There are various rules which the world champions should theoretically observe. For instance, a champion is supposed to defend his title every six months. And if it is apparent that some outstanding challenger is being ignored, the authorities

can step in and nominate him as the champion's opponent.

Much the same rules apply to British boxing. But while it is comparatively easy to control a sport on a national level, it is much harder to keep effective control over the whole world. The pressures are simply too big. One has only to look at the money involved in a heavyweight title fight to see why a champion is reluctant to risk his title against the strongest opposition. In the first Frazier-Ali fight, for instance, each man received about one million pounds. For the proposed Foreman-Ali match in Kinshasa, each boxer is promised two million pounds. With those sums around it is not surprising that the promoters, managers and business syndicates who between them run the boxing world, are tempted to stagemanage the programme of their protégés. Thus George Foreman's first title defence was against Joe Roman, a challenger whom nobody took seriously. In the event Roman was slaughtered in one round and Foreman picked up a comfortable £100,000. That cash is the first incentive is also reflected in the unusual locations of many big fights.

With the present world-wide interest in the heavyweight title, it does not matter where a fight takes place provided the money is there. The choice of Kinshasa, capital of Zaire, for the Ali-Foreman match was obviously settled by the cash offer: it may also reflect the new sports-consciousness of Zaire whose football teamwas in the World Cup finals. As one expert observed, "You can get away with murder with the heavyweight title because nobody can afford to ignore it."

As it happens the situation today is not all that bad. George Foreman may have made his way to the top by fighting a string of nobodies, but few people would dispute that he is a worthy champion. Zaire may be an unusual place to stage an All-American title fight, but there can be no doubt that if it happens, it will be between the two top boxers in the world. And the two international governing bodies are at least agreed on the same champion. But while money remains the dominating consideration, the heavyweight title will continue to be a bit of a charade. Even Muhammad Ali's unsurpassed virtuosity could not entirely rescue it from that,

JOHN MOOREHEAD





khaas baat

Tanuja too, had a girl on August 5. Not much ado over that. And poor Tanu had expected to have a boy so confidently. In her words, "I am concentrating on a boy, so I am sure it will be one." Maybe the concentration was right, but the timing was bad, as someone from whom I confirmed the news, quipped.

There is a very faint whisper that Sharmila Tagore too is expecting her second baby. Took long to decide whether she, with her heap of film-contracts could manage to have another one after five-year old Saif—Someone close to her disclosed this to me, though whether it is true can only be confirmed by Sharmila herself. More on the subject of Sharmila. After hubby left for London some time in the first week of August, Sharmila faced boredom in the evenings after shooting. One would presume she would rest after a tiring day, but she was telling Shashi Kapoor, she needed any excuse to go out, now that her mother-in-law was staying with her. She added that party or no party, she made it a point of escaping from her ma-m-law's company. Did not specify whether the old lady was a bore of a bully! And then La Tagore does not really need to explain, anyway.

Mythological films are the biggest grossers, so say the box-office pundits. The latest examples is "Hanuman Vijay" on the adventures of Hanuman, the Monkey-God. The formula is the same, a hero, a herome who has to be rescued from the vicious clutches of the villain Ravana and stunts galore. The shower of claps, said one person, was deafening, each time Hanuman vanquished his foes. So what's the big wonder that "Amir Garib" starring Dev Anand and Hema Malmi is such a stupendous hit — it is a modern stunt-drama!

Jeetendra was heard to have snorted at the proposition that turned sour — of marriage to Hema. Of course, this was after Dharmendra's dramatic intervention leading to the break-off. Back to Jeetu — "Hmphff! Who'd live with a female Raaj Kumar, who is always wearing a wig to hide her broad forehead which starts somewhere in the middle of her head, to conceal frizzy black hair!" Raaj Kumar, incidentally, is completely bald, which is more than one can say for Hema. Jeetu's second complaint against Hema was that she eats very badly — like an illiterate person, food keeps spilling around her mouth, like a messy bourgeois ... especially when she's slurping sambhar! Now, I think that's a cruel statement to make, of our Topmost Herome

By the way, two days before Hema left for London, her mother sent Jeetu's mother a huge, brightly-studded image of Lord Balaji of the famous South Indian temple at Tirupathi. Jeetu's folks are devout believers of Balaji and have even named their production company Tirupathi Pictures. Jeetu who can talk very good Tamil would have found no difficulty in becoming a "ghar-damaad" (son-in-law staying with the wife's family). Was the image meant to signify some kind of promise to keep the proposal-that-went-sour mind?

Jaya is not being allowed to work — orders, Amitabh Bachchan. It was a secret understanding between Amit and Jaya made in the presence of Gulzar, who is Jaya's rakhi-brother. And now sparks are flying in the Bachchan household, because Jaya wants to continue her career and Amit, who tells folks that "she can work if she wants," goes home and rolls up his shirt-sleeves if she so much as cribs! Can you believe the nonchalant Amitabh being a private bully?!



Bank Salam Toler Bill Berger and a first of the second

really can't understand a man like Goldie Anand. Having put in two decades of brilliant service in the film industry as an acclaimed director and actor, he still avoids publicity like So much that hardly anyone knows anything about him. Not that he cares. Because he feels most people anyway scribble just what they feel like writing. "Even if you misquote me I don't care. I've just given up caring about what's written these days." He proceeded to tell me that he hadn't seen a film magazine for the last three years! And of course, quietly added that he hadn't missed anything.

Very clear in his thinking, extremely profound in his views, Goldie (his real name is Vijay Anand) is terribly expressive and frank when he does choose to talk to anybody. Difficult to corner him for an interview. But certainly not difficult to get him talking. "Once I agree to meet someone I never ditch him, he explained when I said I had my fingers and toes crossed hoping the promised interview

would take place!

Goldie is at the moment, just keen to release his 'Chor Chor' (co-starring Leena Chandavarkar), whilst simultaneously putting the finishing touches to the documentary he has made on the recent Bhutan coronation. Vijay Anand was, incidentally, one of the few Indian invitees at the Coronation.

Sensitive to the point of being touchy, Vijay Anand "can't bear anyone treating me like a thief." Which is why Goldie is determined to quickly finish his 'Chor Chor' even if it means dubbing Leena's dialogues with another girl. Leena Chandavarkar, threw her usual tantrums (coming late, bunking shooting, quitting the dubbling centre suddenly, etc.), with Goldie, as soon as her 'Manchali' and 'Anhonee' clicked. Not fair at all considering it is the same Leena who was so over enthusiastic about doing 'Chor Chor' because Goldie had got her on the dotted line when her market had been at its lowest and Leena was sitting at home most of the time, twiddling her thumbs. Not that Goldie is bitter about her behaviour. He just does not want to see her face again!

What makes Vijay Anand see red is the long production period every big film has to go through. "You start a film in one mood. It's difficult to remain in the same mood throughout the one or two years that it takes to com-plete the film. I might feel like making a comedy today. But something entirely differ-ent tomorrow." Of course Goldie has his own short-cuts to finishing his films. For instance, when he found Hema Malini did not have dates to give him in winter (he had certain

snow sequences in mind for 'Chhupa Rustom'), he coolly went and completed all the required shots with a double! Again, when the cine musicians went on a strike for over three months, Vijay Anand quickly turned Chor' into 'A' film with no songs'. That's what makes Vijay Anand an interesting person. He knows his job so thoroughly, that he can keep his listener interested without bringing in his personal life to embellish the interviewer's copy. Unlike the Shatrus, Sandhus and Dharmas of the day.

But the film industry is such an unpredictable place that even a man of Goldie's standing (and not to forget his brains) has had his share of flops — 'Blackmail' and 'Chhupa Rustom' which he directed and 'Double Cross' in which he played the lead role opposite. Rekha and Asha Sachdev. While discussing these flops, Goldie added, that thankfully, they had not changed his relations with the rest of the

can't bear anyone treating me like a thief

It is difficult to describe a man like Goldie. He has his head on his shoulders all right. Like the time he commented on Shatru, (with whom he gets along like a house on fire), "I must have seen only one face of Shatru." Another trait of Goldie's is that, once he starts discussing something, he does not let go till the bitter end, touching every point, however distasteful it may be. Like the thorough way in which he spoke of his relations with brother Dev, mentioning every instance where he had come to loggerheals with him. "Thankfully we've passed the crucial stage of misunderstanding each other. After having crossed that stage, now we will not have any misunderstandings if we ever work together again". (The last big tiff they had was during 'Chhupa Rustom', where third parties had made Dev almost suspicious of Goldie and tension prevailed throughout the making of the film.)

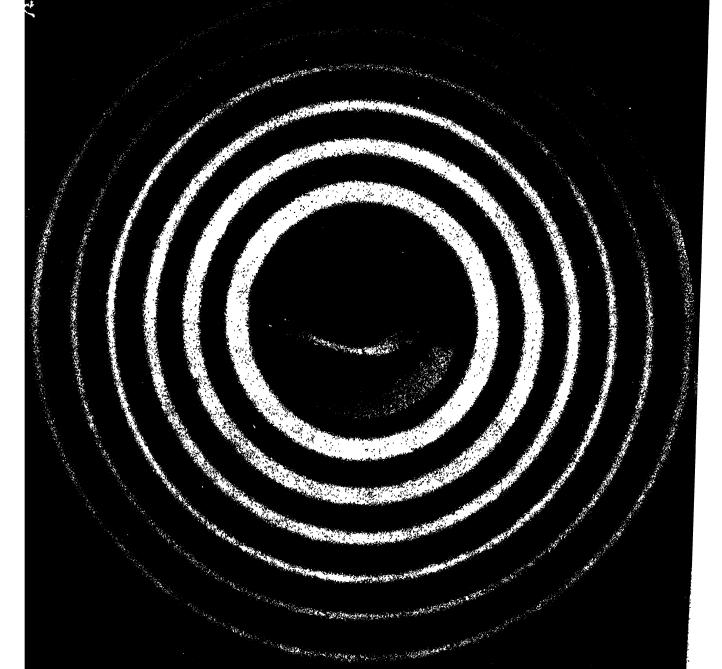
Goldie can be quite stubborn when it comes to his work. He once walked out of the sets when Dev would not see eve to eve with him on one point, and was, much later in the evening, traced to a restaurant where he sat all by himself! If all this and the instances where Goldie has put his foot down or frankly expressed his dislike for certain people makes Goldie sound like a sour old man, it's far from the truth. Because Goldie is today more philosophical than bitter towards men and matters.

Goldie says he has reached a stage where materialistic pursuits do not mean much to him. "What do you do when you've made enough money?" What Goldie has done is to plan a film to launch his assistants and other unit members, in careers of their own. Most week-ends find Goldie in Poona, deep in meditation. Goldie is by the way, an ardent believer and disciple of Shri Acharya Rajnish, making the scene in farfrom-materialistic attire complete with 'rudraksh

N. BHARATHI.



100000



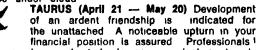
THE UNSELING EYE



ARIES (March 21 - April 20) An improvement in status and progress in your work likely. Your responsibilities will increase this week if you are a professional and

n a professional association do not get frustrated over delay, his situation will be happily resolved. An existing friend-

ship may be under cloud



some hitch in plans indicated. In service deal cautiously with officials Eccentric behaviour may land you in trouble Ladies! all goes well provided you keep your emotions under control



GEMINI (May 21 - June 20) You may be prompted to discard old beliefs and loyalties A psychological conflict is indicated in second half of the week Indisposition out

of indigestion and overwork cannot be ruled out Health of your spouse may cause worries Ladles and girls! in the early part of the week you will find some new ideas in your relations



CANCER (June 21 - July 21) Health needs attention Overwork and less return for your work may tax your nerves Emotional life is active Your relations with others will be

favourable only don't overdo. Businessmen! investment may not prove encouraging. In service some anxieties indicated Bachelors and girls, chance of a short travel.



LEO (July 22 - August 21) Love affairs are under stress even humiliation is possible Professionals! improvement in income is assured Businessmen I some new contact

will be productive. There is a possibility of unexpected income In service you may have to pay more attention to your superiors for their satisfaction. Ladies! your health may cause worry



VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) Minor ailment for you this week Bachelors and girls I you should be careful in dealing with your dear ones Ladies! family expenses

over social functions indicated Professionals I certain problem will keep you worried though an unexpected good news may be received on Wednesday Businessmen I relations attract you this week



LIBRA (September 23 - October 22) An exciting week with the chances of getting benefits from Governmental authorities

Honour indicated on Saturday Towards the end of this week a professional colleague may come to your help in service lack of co operation from colleague will be annoying Expenses are high and you will have to attend to number of things Bachelors and girls! love affairs will show some improvement



SCORPIO (October 23 — November 22) Money matters are likely to improve from Wednesday During mid week you will be meeting some one who will be of much help

Profitable propositions are there for businessmen Executives! have patience From Thursday improvement should be felt Professionals there is concentration of forces sudden expenses Ladies health may cause worry



SAGITTARIUS (November 23—December 20) Correspondence and human relations will be encouraging if you are trying to achieve something in the opening of the week a

number of items will attract your attention in your domestic sphere Businessmen! tax problem may be sphere Businessmen! tax problem may be nerve taxing Professionals! this week will release more tayourable vibra-In service do not get frustrated even if there is delay in realisation of your desire



CAPRICORN (December 21 -- January 19) Comforts and ease in social life indicated Romance is much in your mind and this is assisted by prudence in service, mixed

assisted by prudence in service, mixed results indicated Executives I hasty decision should be avoided Businessmen I travel will be helpful industrialists! some financial issues will come for close attention. Ladies I this is the time to concentrate or your personal matters



AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18) You will enjoy a sense of satisfaction and achievement this week in the second half of the week you will have a stimulating encounter with a vital personal ty. On Tuesday unexpected

experience likely Businessmen! Monday and Friday are lucky days for speculative deals Ladies! a potentially favourable week for sorting out your personal problems

PISCES (February 19 — March 20) if you are keen to start a new venture this is the



Visits and visitors will put your best time social life in a merry whiri In services your

are on the brink of a much more prosperous period. Bachelors and girls! if you have been feeling depressed this week will see things improved Ladies! you will be lucky in love Health of your children may cause worry

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EDITOR AVEEK SARKAR

this JUNC

29 SEPTEMBER 1974 VOL II ISSUE 29

The Unseeing Eyes 4 **Beauty Beat 12** The Spy Who Died of Boredom 13 In Our Fashion 20 Khaas Baat 22 Profile 23

nextfunday

ER ACTIVITIES

Nature has endowed Bengal with all that makes for an abundant life, and the members of her own immediate family — the Royal Bengal Tiger, the Ganges crocodile the Jaldapara rhino, the Terai elephant, the Padma hilsa, the Sunderban crab — are all superb specimens of their kind In contrast, the animals in the care of man are small and insignificant, to wit, the horse and the cow, which are half the size of their great Punjab cousins Our flies and mosquitoes bear witness to nature's fecundity and the delta dweller's lethargy. The delta is bigger than that formed by the Nile and it is flanked not by empty deserts but by one of the earth's most fertile and populous plains, famed in history and legend, cradle of numerous empires and three great religions. It is in fact, the most spectacularly placed — and widest — coastal plain on the planet

AZED CROSSWORD

No. 90: 'EIGHTSOME REELS'

Each numbered square in the diagram is surrounded by eight blank squares. All clues lead to words of eight letters and these are to be entered in the squares around their appropriate numbers, clockwise or anti-clockwise, beginning anywhere. Solvers must determine where each word begins and the direction in which it is to go No letters appear in the numbered squares.

- 1 i s-squabble turning on old bag, the deil
- 2 War's not started; monkey about in fort
- 3 Country crowd O trouble recurs in this country
- 4 Exotic tree, a sunlit one possibly
- 5 Tight head in good nick
- 6 Old engravers work in groups
- 7 Liable to embroider lace, for example
- 8 Sort of Armageddon-scrap holy book's about
- 9 I've no teeth, long tortured in agony
- 10 in a lungi twisted about the loins
- 11 Bloody gun I explode muffled by sound
- 12 Old letter, I mean scratch, in very old language
- 13 Jars lend colour, but this talc's faulty
- 14 He may have given part of inheritances to relations?
- 15 Page smashed china? No, here's earthen vessel
- 16 Foolish person has it? No. wrong
- 17 Stick a Greek letter on Jock's funeral banner
- 18 Kitchen boy gives old fishes to the cat
- 19 Knife cuts your bits in pieces
- 20 Cold wind about hill-it's cutting
- 21 Approach to greens? They may go with fish, fried
- 22 Supporters: can you see them holding quiet after match?
- 23 Nip Homer's drunk--it'd make anyone nod off
- 24 Velvety stuff wraps woman in bed, English
- 25 Vicar, one in Bray, adaptable he'd have one
- 26 More thoughtful corpse-bearer carries pole
- 27 Like a drophead? Hard sell initially involves lots
- 28 Mostly opening a lock, she'll keep the key
- 29 It guards corpse of master freshly laid out
- 30 Gauche, clasped ornament in fear, broken
- 31 Dead lethargic?
- 32 E.g. bleeding heart, wrongly it lay, red, trampled
- 33 Elder can rock, having once put baby to bed
- 34 Cross tack? This'll secure ship's timbers
- 35 Victorian weepy, we hear, not half so withershins
- 36 Fish, one's plunder in endiess net

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | | | | | |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| | | | | | |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| | | | | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 11 | | | | | |
| 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 |
| | | | | | |

AZED No. 88: Solution and notes

| В | U | В | В | L | Υ | J | 0 | С | Κ | Α | A. | |
|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|---|
| Н | A | L | 0 | В | A | υ | В | L | 1 | 2 | G | |
| A | ٦, | 0 | W | Α | N | 3 | _ | Ε | Ų | G | E | |
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| G | 0 | M | Ε | R | | | | S | ٧ | C | E | |
| S | Р | ι. | R | | | A | | | A | М | s | |
| c | A | | | В | | | | | L | A | s | |
| R | R | | | | | | | W | 1 | N | Ğ | |
| A | D | J | υ | D | G | | D | L | A | 1 | A | |
| W | 0 | K | Ε | G | A | R | Н | 1 | N | Α | L | |
| N | U | N | D | 1 | N | Α | L | s | С | γ | E | Ì |
| Y | s | В | E | E | T | L | E | Н | E | A | D | |

ACROSS

16, hidden, 11, b-a-ub fing, 14, U gee, last letter first 31, 'Nosey' P., 33, change of letters in syce, 34, 'Beetle', brand nickname

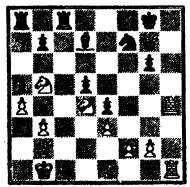
DOWN

4. s v Jonathan, 5, juju(be), 6, mined = exploded, 13, i-(l)eopard-ous(t). 18, sc = sculpsit; 24, Owl of the Remove'; 29, (term a) gant

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 2



White to play -- how should the game go?

The Junior World Championship

There is a plan to make this championship a yearly affair instead of once every two years as at present. From a practical point years as at present. From a practical point of view there are disadvantages as it is not all that easy to get such a big affair sponsored and organised even once every two years. Then, from the theoretical point of view too it does not seem quite right. This is after all a world championship and it is more than a little superficial to have such as event certains significance as meantage. an event carrying significance as regards a title for only one year.

This year's event, sponsored by that great patron of chess the Teesside Borough Council, was a success in that it resulted in the victory of a player who is, in my opinion. certain to become a grandmaster and no ordinary one. I am referring to the Russian Alexander Belyavsky, already an interna-tional master and therefore well on the way to grandmastery. There was also the un-usual scene of no less than two English players occupying leading places in a world event. Tony Miles of Birmingham coming second and Michael Stean of Cambridge University third.

The sort of chess played in the event is

shown by the following bright game between the American, Larry Christiansen, and the eventual winner of the title

White, L. Christiansen Black, A. Balyavsky

White L. Christiansen Diack. A. Delyavery English Opening.

1. P-QB4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-KK13,

3. P-Q4, B-K12, 4. P-K4, Q-R4 ch, 5. B-Q2, Q-K13; 6. Kt-B3, Px P, 7. Kt-Q5, Q-Q1; 6. B-B4, P-Q3, 9. Kt x P, P-K4; a double-edged move, 9., Kt-KB3 is supposed to lead to an equal game here.

10. Kt-K15, P x B; 11. Kt(K15)-B7 ch, K-B1, 12. Kt x R, Kt-QR3, 13. Q-Q2, Kt-B3, 14. Kt x Kt. a weak move that hands over

14. Kt x Kt, a weak move that hands over the initiative to Black P-B3 was in order 14... B x Kt; 15. B-K2, B-K3; 16. Q x P This too is weak, but his position is already bad

bad
18... B x KtP; 17. R-Q1, Q-R4 ch; 18.
K-B1, K-Kt2, 19. P-KR4, B-K4, 20. Q-K3, Q-B4; 21. Q-QKt3, R x Kt, 22. Q x P, Kt-B2; 22. P-R5, B x P, 24. R-B1, B x B ch; 25. K x B, Q-Kt4 ch, this Queen exchange is the simplest way of bringing Black's material superiority to bear.
26. Q x Q. Kt x Q; 27. P x P, RP x P; 28.
K-Q3, P-QR4; 29. P-QR4, Kt-Q5, 30.
P-Kt3, Kt-Kt6; 31. R-B6, Kt-B4 ch; 32. K-K3, R-QKt1; 33. P-B4, R-Kt6 ch; 34. K-K2, Kt x P, White resigns.

A blind wrote in Braille to me, he was my friend - "To have a glimpse of the blindness, you must bandage temporarily your eyes with an opaque cloth in your own room, which contains all your requirements and necessities. Thereafter try to make a cup of tea, though everything already with you, try to pour out a glass of water or attempt tuning a radio station by plunging in the main or any work like that. Then perhaps you will slightly realise the herculian hardships which the sightless face every minute. you will feel re-assured. Having experienced this self-imposed blindness try to imagine the agonies, miseries and the innumerable problems of the prisoners of darkness for whom darkness has descended for ever and ever."

Every Third blind man in the world being an Indian, we have the largest number of blinds in the world. One in every hundred in this country is condemned to a life of total darkness. No dependable data as to the size of the blind population in India, are, however, available. The estimated population of 15 million blind, the largest in the world, is largely based on sample surveys conducted by universities and social study groups, as enumeration of the physically handicapped does not form part of the Census.

The earliest organised study of blindness in

India was made in the early forties and is contained in the report on 'Bhndness in India'; submitted in 1944 by a joint committee of the Central Advisory Boards of Education and Health. The report revealed that about half percent of the population was blind report was based on a very narrow definition of blindness. Over the past four decades experience has indicated the need for a broader definition.

If estimates of the blind population in this country vary greatly, it is also a problem in U.K. where reportedly a complete register of blind persons is maintained. Even in U.S.A. estimates of the blind population differ greatly enumeration of the blind in a predominantly rural country, extending over vast stretches of countryside, like India, is complex and one would have to face technical and administrative problems in this field However, the Indian Council of Medical Research is trying to make an intensive study in some areas. This study might soon provide a better deal of knowledge about the situation of blindness in our country.

problem is pre-eminently Approximately 70% of the blind population live in the rural areas. Seven of the largest cities in India, namely, Hyderabad, Ahmedabad, Madras, Bombay, Bangalore, Calcutta and Delhi account for approximately 5 per cent of the population. The remaining 25% live in small towns and cities. According to a survey conducted by the Indian Council of Medical Research the state of Karnataka has a comparatively large number of blind persons (2.40%) followed by Assara (1.54%), Madhya Pradesh (1.53%), Maharashtra (1.38%), Gujarat (1.24%) and Orissa (1.23%). It has been estimated that one percent of the Indian population is economically blind -- vision is so impaired that no worthwhile economic activity can be undertaken by these persons by using sight.

Assuming that the estimate of five million

blind persons in the country is reasonably reliable, India may well have at least half-a-million blind children. Support for this assumption is provided by the estimate of the Department that 12 to 14 thousand babies lose their vision annually on account of the deficiency of Vitamin 'A' particularly in the Eastern Region of the country. On this basis we may say that only two percent Indian blind children

receive formal schooling.

Even if a blind person consumes on the average Rs. 2 a day on his food, clothing, medical attention and other needs, the community is bearing an unproductive burden of Rs. one crore a day. The situation is becoming worse with about 14,000 children becoming blind every year on account of Vitamin 'A' deficiency alone.

The major causes of blindness in India are trachoma, smallpox, nutritional deficiencies, cataract, glaucoma, ulcer and injuries. Particularly in children below five, deficiency of Vitamin 'A' is the most important cause of pre-

ventable blindness.

India has had a very long tradition of providing human treatment to the sightless. Emperor Ashoka had set up special service homes for giving food and shelter to the per-sons physically handidapped, including the



generally we blind Though believe blindness is one of the most crippling disorders of the human organism, the intellectual prowess of the blind seems to have been recognised even from the ancient times of Vedic period Dhritrashtra and Surdas left an

inmortal imprint on Indian culture

The two fundamental aspects of the problem are prevention and rehabilitation, first comes prevention. Almost 80 percent of the blind could have been saved. Blindness among children on account of Vitamin 'A' deficiency can be prevented by occasional administration of concentrated Vitamin 'A' tablets, which cost 20 paise each. The human liver has the capacity to maintain a reservoir of Vitamin 'A' on which a child can draw for months. Malnutrition and other crippling diseases leading to loss of eye-sight cost much less to treat than the life long burden of blindness. Proper attention to eye care and timely medical aid can prevent thousands from becoming blind. Unfortunately there is a lack of proper education in eve care.

The visually impaired expect much greater attention on the part of the community in the seventies. The workers of the field should realise that the rehabilitation of the blind is a two-way process. It benefits the rehabilitated and reduces the economic burden on the com-

munity.

Rehabilitation is a comprehensive process embracing education, employment and com-



Blinds have a special system for reading and writing — the Braille system. This requires using linger tips for reading and using a writing frame with a style for writing and was invented by Louis Braille of France. With this invention the sightless have made their life worth living.

Louis Braille was born in 1809 in France His father was a shoe maker. At the age of about twelve while working with his father he injured his eyes and lost the sight. But he did not lose heart and patiently and silently stuck to in his pursuit to fulfil his mission of devising a new system of reading and writing for the blinds. He succeeded in his effort and today all the visually handicapped offer reverence to this great pioneer

American Bankers Association had a popular booklet, 'Personal Money Management' transcribed

in Braille.

A bank employee in America has invented a Braille-script cheque book and metal form so that the blind person can easily write his own cheques American Bankers issue monthly statements in

American Bankers issue monthly statements in Braille to the blind Many banks use Braille pass books

Library of the U.S. Congress has Braille books, records and tapes which are loaned at no cost to the blind

| Number of Blind Schools | in various | States | |
|-------------------------|------------|--------|------|
| Andhra | | | 8 |
| Assam | | | 1 |
| Bihar | | | 11 |
| Delhi | | | 8 |
| Gujarat | | - | 21 |
| Haryana | | | 4 |
| Jammu Kashmir | | | 3 |
| Kerala | | | 8 |
| Madhya Pradesh | | | 9 |
| Maharashtra | | | 34 |
| Karnatak | | | 10 |
| Orissa | | | 4 |
| Rajasthan | | | 4 |
| Tamil Nadu | | | . 17 |
| Uttar Pradesh | | | . 19 |
| West Bengal | | , | 9 |
| | | | |
| | | | 170 |
| Other States | | | . 30 |
| | | | |
| | | | 200 |

munity integration. If the blind can be prepared effectively for successful economic activity, parents and relatives can have faith in the education system. Thus we see that blind schools have to re-orient their educational and training programmes in the light of the changing economic scene.

The Government has set up 11 special employment exchanges for the physically handicapped though these exchanges are working from the year 1959. They have made no visible impact on the problem of rehabilitation of the physically handicapped. Figures available upto the end of 1972 indicate that over the last 14 years they have been able to place about 10.000 physically handicapped people in jobs. But the number of blind amongst them is hardly 1,000. Another 3,000-4,000 blind persons have secured employment through other means. The vast bulk of the blind people thus remains unemployed. Many blind people after due training have taken up sophisticated jobs like assembling vadio sets. Few know that some well-known makes of radio sets are being assembled by the blind in Bombay. We must utilise blind man power which has been compulsorily idle on account of ignorance. In this way we can convert the present-day national burden of Rs. 365 crores annually spent on the blind into a productive investment.

It is not necessary to rehabilitate blind persons only through employment under others. It is possible to set up independent ventures for them with little encouragement. Various Government departments — Central and State, local bodies and public sector undertakings purchase all sorts of office and other equipments from pins to furniture and tapestry. These items are purchased all over the country in quantities costing lakhs of rupees. The authorities concerned could help the rehabilitation of the blind by a simple decision that some of the specified items should only be purchased from institutions of the blind.

Similar scheme is in operation in United States. For example, the neckties used by the United States Army, Navy and the Airforce are of the same colour. The Government has prohibited the authorities by law from purchasing even a single necktie from any source other than the factories of the blind.

Organised attempts of imparting education to blind children in the world, date back to the establishment of the first school for blind in Paris in 1784. After 103 years, the first school for the blind in India was founded in Amritsar. The work of blind relief first began in the villages of Khandesh (Bombay) by a Government officer of the Indian Civil Service, Mr. Henderson, in the year 1913. It was he who first organised the magnitude of the problem and he resigned from the service with the sole object of devoting his whole life to the cause of prevention of blindness. Blind Relief Association of Bombay was born through his efforts in 1919 and is still functioning. Henderson's ambitious i an of organising the



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Pix Biswaranjan R

All India Blind Relief Association materialised in 1928, the year he died.

By 1944 when the report on blindness in India was submitted, there were reported to be 35 schools for the blind in the country. Today the number would be around 200. But only 8 to 10 thousand children and adults are receiving education and training in these schools.

So we have to accept the challenge of undertaking expansion of educational opportunities for visually impaired children; also of improving the quality of instruction. There are four centres for the training of teachers of the blind in Delhi, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta.

Most blind children are rejected by their As a consequence they tend to develop attitudes and forms of behaviour which may appear most unreasonable to those who deal with them. This is in fact a very serious problem calling for a study in depth of the psychological mechanism. Unless such study is carried out, volunteers and professional workers may not undertake a prolonged constructive work. After the child becomes handicapped some emotional disturbances start occurring in him. He gets easily irritated.

independence, educational tunities for the blind have grown, but they are not adequate to meet the needs of more than two per cent of our children. A problem indeed. Outmoded training is being given to the blind -- cottage industries, furniture caning, weaving and such other occupations traditionally practised by the blind, have lost their economic value for purposes of effective 3 rehabilitation. Some organizations working for

the blind have begun to impart training in new occupations and have achieved good results. There should be a country-wide campaign for an overall change in the pattern of education and training, provided at the special institutions of the Government and voluntary organizations for the blind.

One of the effects of blindness is the limited choice of occupations which can be practised without the use of sight. Employers are prejudiced and are against the employment of the blind. Sightless persons have yet to convince employers that they can produce as much as their sighted counterparts. Thus at present the blind even after adequate training, have to face keen and unequal competition. Loss of vision involves more expenses on escorts, transportation, housing and the like. At the same time they get the same wages as the normal persons. There is a crucial problem of unemployment in our country. At the same time the blinds are victims to many disabilities Psychologically most apart from blindness. of them are either over confident about themselves or under estimate their real Directives from the Government have inspired some mill and factory owners to employ some blinds for some odd jobs like packing and binding, etc. But the number of such employees well as of employers is negligible.

Many institutions for the blind are doing devoted work. The need of the students for love and affection should not be overlooked. No child can feel self-confident unless his elders and his teachers show confidence in him. It is the requirement of the blind that they

need experience, love and affection. Handicapped children need it more. They have a feeling of being neglected or being unloved.

At present many eye camps are held all over the country. State Governments are doing a lot of work in this direction with the help of ophthalmic surgeons and State Hospitals. Uttar Pradesh has a two-large and fully-equipped eye hospitals, one at Aligarh and another at Sitapur. The Aligarh hospital has a research institute supervised by the Indian Council of Medical Research and it is also the headquarters of the Trachoma Control Pilot Project of the Government of India.

Trachoma and associated infections alone are responsible for about 80 per cent of the cases of preventable blindness. Trachoma Control scheme is integrated with the Basic Health Services at the Health Centre or Block level.

The All India Ophthalmological Society, the oldest society of opthalmologists, is 30 years old and is recognised and respected at the international level. It has done much to make the Government and the public aware of the need for prevention of blindness, medical education, research, corneal grafting and other problems.

A National Society for prevention of Blindness was established in 1960 with its head-quarters at New Delhi. This organization coordinates the activities of some 130 institutions all over the country. Scholarships, tax and travel concessions are offered to blind students. Some progress has been made in the publication and supply of Braille literature to all institutions and regional teacher training centres have been set up in a number of Metropolitan Centres.

The Maharashtra Government sponsors two to four eye camps every year since 1948 Realising the importance of corneal grafting, the Government of Bombay passed 'Corneal Grafting Act' in 1957, and established an eye bank in 1960 which is known as Jamshedji Duggan Eye Bank. Corneal grafting centres are also functioning in the States of Bihar, Madras, and Madhya Pradesh. West Bengal is the only State where an Association for the Prevention of Blindness is doing good work through well-equipped travelling eye dispensaries going round the State. The Gujarat Netra Yajna Samiti holds eye camps. Rotary Jaycee and Lion's International Clubs hold eye camps throughout the whole country and are doing commendable work.

Since Independence, the Government of India has been taking a fairly keen interest in the education, training and rehabilitation of the blind. The Government plans for the development of a Common Braille Code for all Indian languages with the assistance of UNESCO. Government has set up a comprehensive National Centre for the Blind at Dehra Dun with the facilities of model school for blind chidren, training centre for the adult blind, sheltered workshop, workshop for making Braille appliances, Central Braille press, National library for the blind, a school for partially-sighted children and training of

instructors.

The amount spent by the Social Welfare Department for financing the activities of the National Centre for the Blind, Dehra Dun during the last three years annually is as follows — year 1970-71—12.6 lakhs, 1971-72—12.5 lakhs and 1972-73—13.26 lakhs.

The majority of schools and training. establishments for the blind in the country are mainly administered by voluntary organiza-tions. Most of them are affiliated to the National Association for the Blind, situated at Bombay. The Association was established in 1952. It has undertaken a wide range of activities which now include the award of scholarships to blind students for educational purposes. The Tata Agricultural and Rural Training Centre for the Blind at Phansa (Gujarat) imparts training to blind in agricultural and rural occupations. The Rehabilitation Centre for the Blind at Mount Abu trains the blind in orientation and mobility, activities of daily living with a view to help blind person gain confidence. The workshop for the Blind (Worli), Bombay, employs blind persons, who are engaged on a number of engineering and non-engineering occupations Another voluntary agency is the National Association of Instructors of the Blind (Bombay). Established about seven years ago, it is a professional organisation, consisting largely of teachers working in schools for the blind. It organizes orientation and refresher courses for the blind.



A woman died at night in Buffalo, New York. Within 72 hours, operations were performed on two blind Africans which permitted them to see.

The American woman and the Africans were not relatives or even friends; they never knew of each other's existence. But several years earlier, the woman had learned of a modern miracle called an 'eye bank', a medical facility, able to preserve eye tissue for transplanting in another human being She had signed a donor's card pledging the use of her eyes when she died.

Upon her death, the Buffalo eye bank immediately arranged for the preservation of her eye tissue and contacted the International Eye Foundation in Washington. The Foundation had just received an urgent call from Kenya for Corneas, the transparent window tissue covering the iris which admits light. Just a few hours later the tissue was abroad a jet aircraft crossing the Atlantic Ocean. That eye tissue gift helped inaugurate the Eye Bank of Kenya in the year 1970. This phenomenon is in large part credited to the Society of Eye Surgeons, the International Eye Foundation and a man named Dr. John Harry King. Jr.

man named Dr. John Harry King, Jr.

The Society, numbering 800, opthamologists world-wide, is the medical supporting arm of the Foundation; a charitable non-profit organization founded in 1961 Dr. King, a renowned surgeon visited many countries of the world and tried to persuade the countries to have an eye bank of their own. He established International Eye Bank for Medico as a centre for providing eye tissue to developing Countries. In Ethlopia, he performed the First Corneal transplantation there, using American tissue. He helped activate the U.A.R.'s first eye bank in Cairo and Kenya. He said, "There are 18 million totally blind people in the world today and 80 per cent (of blindness) was preventable."

Getting an eye bank started sometimes meets with resistance because of local customs and for religious or legal reasons. There was a problem of resistance in Jordan nearly 10 years ago. When young King Hussein heard of it and studied tha project he promptly pledged his eye upon his death to aid the blind An eye bank was established with public support. In the past decade 60 member groups of the Eye Bank Association of America have supplied eye tissue to some 57 countries for more than 6,000 operations. Earlier this year the foundation launched 'project vision,' a concentrated programme to reduce drastically the number of blind persons in the world within 10 years and to prevent blindness.

The Industrial Home for the Blind Women of Bombay gives industrial training and shelter to blind women.

At present the country has about 140 schools and training establishments for the blind. The majority of them impart education up to primary or middle stage with training in such crafts as chair-caning, weaving, and candle making, etc. About a dozen of them impart High School level education. Most of them are aided by the Governments of the State. Central Social Welfare Board and Union Department of Social Welfare also give aid. Scientists of America are developing a new surgical procedure for India that promises to benefit people everywhere whose sight is threatened by eye cataracts.

To lose the sight partially is also as terrible

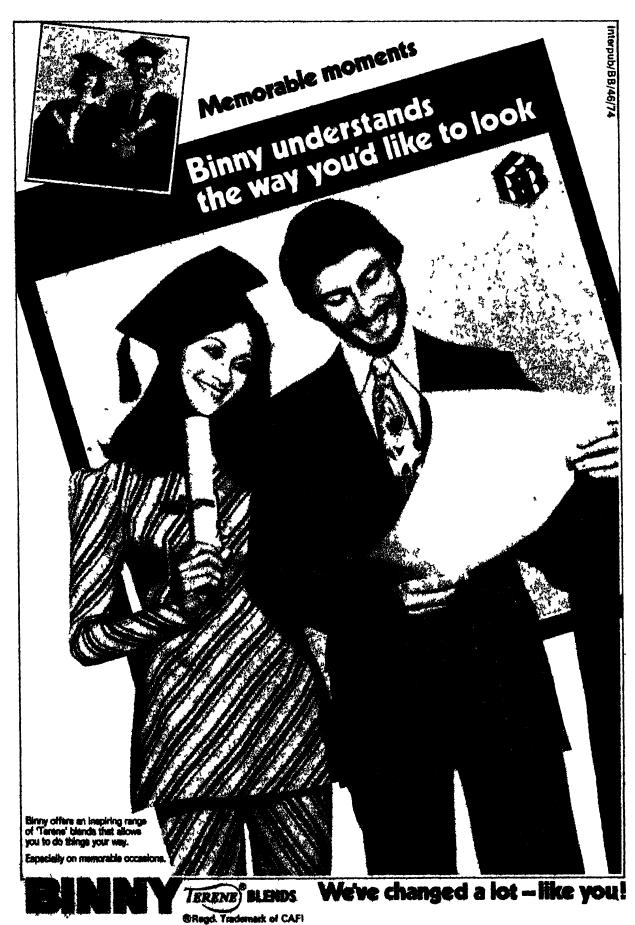


as blindness. Normally man sees through fovea while he fixes. If due to some diseases this fovea is degenerated — diseases like solar burn, macular degeneration, amblyopia —he will not be able to see at the object he is fixing, or the vision of a man has reduced to disease like optic atrophy, or, if the field of a man has become reduced due to disease like retinitis frigmentosa or glaucoma, we label these cases as partially sighted. They are neither blind nor seeing. For them the grand old man Galileo, who saw the surface of moon first, sent a ray of hope, the telescope.

Optically telescope enlarges the image and brings this second object (the enlarged image formed) nearer to the eye. Thus the image formed on the eye by this enlarged and near object as compared to the image formed by the actual object at the distance shall be far larger due to increased visual angle. Thus telescope solves a big problem. We may take help of small, attractive, light and handy telescopes. They are fitted in place of glasses in the spectacle frames or fitted over the spectacles as desired.

It is a difficult job to search for workable healthy area in the eyes for the use of telescopes, It needs special training. Seven years ago there was hardly one opthalmologist or optometrist, who knew anything about low vision aids. Now there are low vision aids clinics at Madurai, Delhi, Kanpur, and Unnao Import of telescopes is a troublesome job. But we may expect the manufacture of telescopes in our country in near future.

THE PROPERTY OF



Do you know there are at least 100,000 hairs on your head? That's a lot of hair to look after, and if you are not careful, you may end up with just a 100 or so on your head! Can you already feel the strands dropping, every time you look at your brush and find an ominous bunch of dead hair on it? Then read on. This is a journey to discover what your hair is all about. As they say, if you know what you are fighting against, you can be better prepared to deal with the problem.

Natural hair is mildly acidic. Several pre-

Hair Care



parations such as perms, bleaches and tints are alkaline. This is why hair turns a dull shade after treatment. To bring hair back to its natural acidic state, it should be conditioned well.

Alopecia totalis is complete baldness. This does not often occur in females, but when the male hormone androgen predominates, it can do so. Recent studies have proved that more and more female high-powered executives in the West are going bald because the balance of androgen had proportionately gone up with the importance of their jobs!

Alopecia ariata is baldness in patches, which can often occur in females during menopause. To this day, nobody has found out the cause or cure for baldness. Very often, it is hereditary and nothing can be done about it. Bacterial infection, nervous disorders and aging can all contribute to baldness. Ill-health is another strong factor. So, if you can ensure that your hair is clean and shiny and well looked after, you are consciously lessening tension from your system (yoga and transcendental meditation will help), taking your intake of vitamins and eating well balanced meals, chances are, you will not have the problem of baldness to worry about for some time to come. On the other hand, if it is caused by a definite hormonal imbalance, only a qualified trichologist can

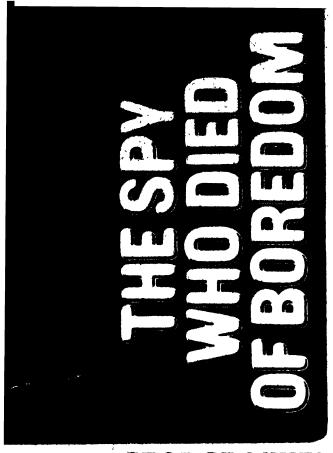
Some time ago, the fashion of streaking had caught on among the young college students. By this, I don't mean running around in the nude. Streaking of hair in one or more colours became hi-fashion after Asha Puthli streaked her hair on the sides in pink! Apart from the way-out combinations, the sober ones went for combinations like light and dark brown, dark brown and black, black and steel grey, etc. Somehow, it gave an aged appearance to the fresh-faced collegians. Later, when it went out of fashion, the hair looked worse — limp, discoloured and lifeless. The reason? Hair tints, bleaches, some shampoos, even chlorinated water and sunlight can lighten hair. They contain oxydising agents that reduce natural hair pigment — the degree depends on the resistance offered by your own hair and the strength of the bleach used. Long use of any bleach on hair will damage it permanently.

Blow-drying is in fashion for long straight open hair. But its long term effects are bad. Done with a hand-dryer at extreme heat, it can over-dry scalp and hair. A good conditioner, a rounded bristle brush (instead of the synthetic nylon ones) and stopping the dryer every few minutes to let hair recover from the heat, will lessen hair damage to a certain extent.

Apart from dry brittle hair which is caused by bleaching and other harsh chemicals, hair can also split due to tight rollering, back-combing, tight buns, pony tails, sharp pins and rubber bands. A regular oil massage will help

in restoring sheen.

The five-rupee brushes are all fine, provided you don't buy them for regular use. An expensive natural bristle brush is the answer. Keep it clean with regular washing in detergent and water and Dettol. Keep it under cold running water for some time to remove scapy residue completely. Do not stick to the same brushes and combs for too long for sentimental reasons or otherwise. However clean you are, dirt is bound to collect over a period of time. Brushing should be done from the ends and work gradually upwards. Step two is to finally brush from scalp to hair ends to dislodge dandruff and dirt and distribute oil equally. Do not brush hair when it is damp (weakens hair roots) or more than once a day. For oily hair, concentrate more on brushing hair strands than scalp.



GEORGE MIKES PART V

"Cheer up. Every cloud has a silver lining. Ivan added proudly: 'I'm studying English proverbs now. I know you are not too keen on proverbs. You think they're just silly talk. Not. at all. "Vanity is not nobility; silly talk is not a proverb."

With this parting shot, he cleared out, at

'Every cloud has a silver lining,' Arkady repeated to himself, fuming. Before him stretched the prospect of eight hours of bookkeeping, sitting opposite Suyumabev who would not speak one single word the whole day. Only Hugo — if he turned up — would relieve the dismal monotony. Hugo, however, was not much of a silver lining by any standards. Where, he asked himself, where was even one square inch of silver lining in last night's events? Then, suddenly, he gave a wan smile. Yes, he had one consolation: he had not tasted Spinoffee.

He picked up the prospectus the girl had given him. He looked at the picture of the steaming coffee in the Sevres cup. 'Spinoffee --the pleasure of millions. A dream come truea new aroma a new miracle..' He looked at the silly, self-conscious, conceited face of Sir Bruce Braithwaite and thought, longingly, that if only he could bash that face in, it would bring him some relief. What was he going to say to Major Shevchenko about his ignominious failure? How could he explain that the girl refused to see him again? "The plant. And what sort of spinach? Do your duty. S."

spat on Sir Bruce Braithwaite's face then

opened the prospectus. He could not believe

his eyes. He was saved!

A few minutes later he was sitting at the table — Ivan had left and this was not one of Mabel's days, so he was alone. He was drawing. The English were quite incredible, he thought. This country was a paradise for spies. The prospectus contained a full lay-out of the plant shown in every detail. All he had to do was to copy it — this was essential, lest Shevchenko should realize that it came prospectus.

And that was not all. The prospectus also

solved the spinach problem.

One of the many secrets of Spinoffee is that we never use ordinary broad-leaved, savoy, crumpled or prickly spinach. Only and exclusively the large and vitamin-rich New Zealand variety. Our spinach is raised under glass, carefully nursed under cloches and set in the open - always in acid soil - in mid-

There was an asterisk here. A footnote in

small type added:
New Zealand spinch was introduced to this country by Sir Joseph Banks, who found it growing in Queen Charlotte Sound, New Zealand, in 1770. Although brought to Kew Gardens two years later, New Zealand spinach has never come popular in this country and it is practically unknown on the Continent of Europe.

Arkady re-read this twenty times until he had memorized every word of it. He finished his drawing, carefully wrapped it up, put it in an envelope and slipped the envelope into his pocket. He tore the prospectus into shreds, threw the pieces into the lavatory and pulled the chain. As two tiny coloured scraps still floated on top of the water, he pulled the chain again and watched them follow the others into oblivion.

'You know very well, Comrade Gurbanov, t the Comrade Major dislikes receiving that the people before seven p.m.,' said the untidy, unappetizing secretary in her fussy way.
'Just tell him that I'm here,' said Arkady

haughtily and the girl did as she was told.

He was received immediately.

'I'm glad you came, Gurbanov,' said the Major, sitting at his desk but without asking Arkady to sit down. 'I want to emphasize the special importance of your mission.'

'Yes sir.'

'I know it's not easy. It's not easy at all.' Arkady stood in front of him, speechless.

This bloody Spinoffee has given me a great deal of trouble. I don't mind telling you that Moscow is getting impatient with me. With me. As if I had failed them, not their stpuid, inefficient, ill-trained agents.

He looked piercingly at Arkady who looked

back at him, unperturbed.

Of course, they would like to manufacture coffee from spinach. Coffee is expensive; spinach is cheap. They have been experimenting for years but they cannot hit on the right type of spinach. And whom do they blame, Gurbanov?

Arkady did not feel it necessary to answer this question which he regarded as rhetorical.



'If the GRU gets the formula first, we are sunk. And worse than sunk.

He threw himself back in his chair.

'It was a miraculous coincidence that you met that girl, Gurbanov. A good omen. I am not superstitious. I despise superstition. But I believ in omens; and I believe in touching wood. That only stands to reasons. That is based on scientific experiment.

'Yes, Comrade Major.'

'So it was good to hear that you'd met that girl. A good omen, I call it. We need either the lay-out of the plant or the secret of their spinach. It's too much to hope to get them both.

Arkady still held his tongue.

'So, for Goodness' sake, don't make a mess of it, Gurbanov. I know you are inexperienced. It's not your fault perhaps. But — in your own interest - don't make a mess of it. Is that clear? You may go now, Gurbanov.'

He reverted to his papers. Arkady took the envelope out of his pocket. Shevchenko looked

'What's that?' he asked grumpily.

"The lay-out of the plant."
"What?"

'The lay-out of the Spinoffee plant, Comrade Major.

Shevchenko tore open the envelope. He looked at it. He looked at it again. Then he

said: "Sit down, Gurbanov."

Arkady remained standing and told him in an impressive voice, the voice of the faithful and reliable officer who has done no more than his duty: "The spinach we have to use is the New Zealand variety. Our scientists must have experimented with the ordinary broad-leaved varieties. Or with savoy, crumpled or prickly spinach. We must use the New Zealand spinach and even that is not enough."

'Even that? Not enough?' the Major asked. with reverence in his voice. 'Sit down, Boris Gregorovich. I hate to see you stand there.'

Arkady sat down.

'No, it's not enough. The New Zealand spinach has to be raised under glass. In fact, under cloches. And replanted in the open in mid-May.

'In mid-May....' Shevchenko repeated, with

religious awe.

'In mid-May, Comrade Major.' And he added

in a very stern voice: 'In acid soil.'

'New Zealand spinach?' Shevchenko asked. His voice was hardening, and reflected some

suspicion.

⁷Yes, Comrade Major. New Zealand spinach. A variety discovered by Sir Joseph Bank in Queen Charlotte Hills (he knew it was not Hills but could not remember what it was) in 1770.

'Wait a minute....' Shevchenko interrupted. He had been trained that whenever he heard a name, he must put it down in writing.

He picked up his pen. What's the name?

'Sir Joseph Banks.' 'Knight or baronet?'

Arkady did not know the difference. But, it seemed, the chap had to be either one thing or the other, so he replied without the slightest hesitation: 'Baronet'

Shevchenko jotted this down. Arkady went

'New Zealand spinach was brought to Kew Gardens in 1772.

Which year?' Shevchenko asked, picking

up his pen again. '1772, Comrade Major. It's never become popular in England and it has remained completely unknown in the Soviet Union. Hence our scientists' difficulties.'

'I thought our scientists had done every-

thing. Everything humanly possible.

Except pick up one of the million copies of the Spinoffee prospectus, thought Arkady. 'How did you find all this out, Gurbanov?' Shevchenko asked with a suspicious frown.

'From Ivy. The girl I met.'
'Is that all in writing?'

'No. I could not make notes without making her suspicious.'

'You must do so, Gurbanov. I must have

all this in writing without delay.'

He began to walk up and down his office.

'Good work, Boris Gregorovich.'
'Thank you, Comrade Major.'
'New Zealand spinach. That's it. That will fox the GRU, all right. One up to us, that's for sure.

He was still pacing up and down: 'Not only good work but quick work, Boris.'

Arkady smiled as modestly as he could.

You must have given that girl a pretty good lay, my boy.'

Arkady smiled even more modestly. 'This calls for a celebration, my son.'

Vodka was produced and Shevchenko raised his glass:

Your health, Boris Gregorovich Gurbanov.

To your very good health.

Glasses were emptied and refilled. Then Arkady toasted Shevchenko: "To your good

health and success, Comrade Major.

They drank to the USSR; to the KGB; to Comrade Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev; to Comrade Alexei Nikolayevich Kosygin. To the President, Comradwe Nikolay Viktorovich Podgorny. Then to their boss, Yu. V. Andropov. To Sergey Alexandrovich Orlovsky, Director of Recruitment and Training, Gurbanov's mentor. Then



to everything and everybody they could remember after all these drinks. At 3.30 p.m. they finally sank under the table in a stupor and fell sound asleep, dead drunk.

It was soon after ten at night that Arkady heard a resonant and agreeable voice call:

'Gurbanov!'

He opened his eyes. There stood Shevchenko, looking down at him, his face smooth and relaxed, his clothes in immaculate order, the whole man fresh as a daisy.

Arkady jumped to attention.

'I've thought it over, Gurbanov.' it over, Gurbanov.'

'Yes, Comrade Major.'

'In view of your personal success and the initiative you have shown in your last assignment, I have decided to entrust you with a new and even more important job. You will meet Rosamund.'

'Yes, Comrade Major.'

'Tomorrow at twelve noon precisely you will go to Trafalgar Square, to the main entrance of the National Gallery, east side. You will carry this under your left arm (and he handed him the latest issue of the Birds and Country Magazine). Rosamund will be carrying two oranges in one hand. Not one or three 'two; not in the left hand: in the right. You will go up to Rosamund and say: "Nice oranges, those." Rosamund will answer: "Yes — I was lucky to get them." You will say: "Israeli oranges, I suppose." Rosamund: "Certainly not. Lebanese." Once this conversation is safely over, you are to follow Rosamund's instructions and put yourself at Rosamund's disposal. Is that clear?' 'Crystal clear, Comrade Major.'

'Of course, if any of Rosamund's answers differ from what I've said, however slightly, you just walk on. Should Rosamund be late — even half a minute late — you don't hang about but go away and do not return. You then come back to me and report. Any questions?'

'Could you give me a description of Rosa-

mund?'

'Most certainly not.'

'And what do I do about Captain Suyumabev?'

'Forget him.'

381 3.74

No official order was ever obeyed with greater pleasure and zeal.

From Trafalgar Square one can see the face of Big Ben, so it was easy to be on time. But there were other details which worried Arkady. Suddenly, looking down from the steps of the National Gallery, everyone in sight looked like a spy. Also, every other person seemed to have something to do with oranges. Some were just eating an orange; others were carrying oranges in string shopping bags; others again were holding three oranges in their right hands. Not two: three; not in the left but in the right hand. Was it possible that that fat black lady with three oranges in her right hand was Rosamund, but had been given the wrong instructions? Should he speak his passwords to her? To make things worse, every-



body — all the people who were coming and going, up and down — looked as though they were about to accost him.

But he did not flinch and, in fact, everything went like clockwork. The title of the whole scene could have been: Clockwork Orange. Precisely at noon, as Big Ben began to strike the hour, Rosamund appeared on the scene, carrying two oranges in the prescribed way. It was not surprising that Rosamund was so punctual. It was not surprising that the conversation went exactly — word for word — as Shevchenko had foretold. But it was surprising that Rosamund was a young male, carrying a small ladder on his shoulder. And it was even more surprising that Rosamund was Boris Yuruzov, Arkady's best friend.

10

Arkady got out at Putney Bridge Station and turned left, as instructed. The street was called Ranelagh Gardens, as he had been led to expect and he could see the gates of the Hurlingham Club ahead of him. He walked very slowly, because he was intimidated by the thought of entering a real English club for the first time in his life. His feelings were ambivalent and this made him angry with himself. He was the citizen, of a proud proletarian country. So why should the idea of meeting some antiquated relics of the English aristocracy fill him with awe? No, he decided, he refused to be impressed by all the lords and ladies, second daughters of viscounts and retired ambassadors who, he had been told, frequented this club in vast numbers. But he could not help himself: he was impressed, indeed terrified, at the idea of their supercilious snootiness: and of doing the wrong thing and being laughed at behind the back.

What ought he to do, Arkady wondered, if he saw the Queen herself playing tennis on one of those courts? Or cricket? Well, if he should see the Queen playing cricket, he would ignore her. Not rudely, of course; indeed, politely, because she was entitled to her privacy and would want to continue bowling undisturbed. But what if the English had some peculiar way of greeting their Queen? Bowing to her, or curtseying and saying: 'God save the Queen?' It was all very worrying.

He stopped at the gate where he was given a quizzical look by the gatekeeper. The man must be an impoverished earl himself, Arkady thought, for he possessed the natural air of haughtiness peculiar to the top ranks of the British aristocracy. Arkady mentioned the name of the gentleman — a member of the Trade Mission and of this club — whose guest he was

supposed to be. The gatekeeper went through some vouchers, found his and lifted the crossbar with the forbidding, circular STOP-sign, to let him through. He was courteous but Arkady felt a certain condescension in his manner, reserved — he guessed — (a) for non-members and (b) for people who arrived on foot, instead of in the usual, huge chauffeur-driven Rolls Royces which most members must surely possess.

He went straight ahead, reached a little artificial lake and crossed a wooden bridge. The place was certainly beautiful. Several members were playing tennis on green grass-courts. He had read about these grass-courts and he had always imagined that the grass would be much longer, rather like the grass of the Wild Western prairies or the Argentinian panipas — he had wondered vaguely how the ball could bounce on them and how the players could move about

with any degree of speed.

He did not see the Queen playing cricket but after passing under a few trees, he reached court Number 5, where he stopped to watch two lords playing rather good tennis. One of them missed a smash and uttered a swear-word which sounded rather like Russian but wasn't quite. Had it been Russian, it would have been true barrack-room language, quite unbecoming to the rarefied atmosphere of the place. (It was only much later that he found out that this particular lord was a Polish veterinary surgeon, and the other one, his opponent, was the manager of the haberdashery section of a department store in Stoke Newington.)

He did not like this assignment. Boris had been rather uncommunicative. He had warned him that they might be watched, so they had better keep to the rules, adding that they would meet again when it was safe to chat. Arkady had asked him why this cloak and dagger stuff was necessary when they could have met in the comfortable offices of the Trade Mission. Boris had replied curtly that he was not supposed to enter the buildings of the Trade Mission. Never, ever. Arkady had asked him what his job was.

'I am the manager of a window-cleaning firm,' Boris replied, indicating the ladder he was Window-cleaning, Arkady mused, could not be much more amusing or adventurous than book-keeping. He also thought that if a man was anxious to lose himself in a crowd and to look as inconspicuous as possible, then

he was ill-advised to carry a ladder.

Boris had told him to go to Hurlingham Club, find a car with registration HX 4643, spot

the owner and report back.

'I can't tell you more about it now. We know a great deal about her. I am not supposed to tell you but the owner of that car has made a remark... well, if all goes well, this case will become of enormous importance. It may change the whole Soviet economy. It may change the life of our people.'

'You're joking.'

Boris looked ill at ease and changed the subject.

'Do you play tennis?' he asked.

'You know perfectly well I don't play tennis.

7.34

'I am supposed to ask you, all the same. They don't know that I know you. In any case, it is a damned nuisance that you don't play

'I play chess,' said Arkady apologetically.

'You can't play chess against someone playing tennis. The woman in question is a tennismaniac at the moment. Her manias and passions vary with amazing rapidity but tennis is the craze just now. She plays about six hours every day. You have to get a good look at her and that's all for the time being. Eventually you will go to bed with her. But you'll be given your instructions in due course.

Arkady remembered Ivy and shook with terror. Instructions? He knew how to do it

but what if he couldn't do it?

Boris gave him a telephone number which he had to memorize and ring as soon as he had seen the girl and her car.

Then without uttering a word, not even saying good-bye, Boris turned and walked away. The ladder was swinging on his shoulder.

The whole interview had lasted less than five

minutes.



When Arkady rang, Boris answered, giving his number.

'Gurbanov.'

'Six o'clock this evening, at the entrance of Hurlingham Park, I repeat: Park.'

And he banged the receiver down.

Arkady looked up a guide-book and found that Hurlingham Park was a public park, adjoining the club. He arrived at the appointed place, as all Russian agents always do, on the dot and saw Boris strolling towards him from the opposite direction. They met, and walked into the park, past a few tennis-courts (no elegant grass-courts here, of course) without exchanging a word.

Arkady told him that he'd had no difficulty in finding HX 4643. In fact, it would have been difficult not to see it. It was conspicuous,

and meant to be conspicuous.

I thought I knew something about motorcars, but....

Boris cut him short: 'What make? What year ?'

'It's a 1926 Hispano Suiza.'

Boris nodded. 'Yes, that's it.'

'I stopped to stare at the car even before noticing its registration number. A middleaged man, one of those lords, came up to me and said: "That's Oriana's car'

"This car, I agree, is a bit ostentatious,' said

Boris.

'Less so, after seeing Oriana herself. That lord guy pointed her out to me. She was playing doubles with three men. She wore a golden hairband and frilly golden panties. Her tennis shoes were half-green, half-yellow. She played with a blue steel racket and red balls.'

'Red balls?

'Red balls. And she shrieked with either anger or delight after each shot. She also has a dachshund called Fritz, who barks at the balls, run after them and tries to catch them. It must be quite an experience playing with her.'

He stopped for a moment and then asked in imploring tones: 'Do I have to make love to this girl?'

'I fear so.'

'All right Boris,' said Arkady with a wry smile. 'This is your way, as my boss, of filling me with devotion for my duties.'

'No, it isn't. This thing we're on at the moment is exceptional. It really is important. 'What? This girl with her red tennis-balls?'

'Yes. This girl with her red tennis-balls. Her name is Oriana Perring. Her real name is Janet but that didn't sound romantic enough so she re-christened herself Oriana. She is the niece of Wilfred Perring, the food tycoon.'

The man responsible for all that excellent

advertising?

'The man responsible for all that excellent advertising and all that lousy food.

'He must be a multi-millionaire.'

'At one stage he was nearly bankrupt. He was saved by the one food he doesn't make.'

'I don't get it.'

'It's a simple tale, not unusual in this rotten capitalist world. Perring is in possession of a pill which makes all other food superfluous. It's called Unalim. He used to manufacture pills for Arctic explorers: pretty effective stuff but no secret. The explorers could exist on these pills, but not really successfully and not for very long. The pills contained quite a lot of nourishment but were short of protein and calories. But now something has been invented which is really magnificent, it gives you everything: protein, calories and all. It's cheap, too. You take a pill three times a day and you retain your health and strength. All you have to do is to take a piece of bread with it, plus a glass of milk. But if there is no milk, a glass of water will do.'

This sounds a bit utopian.'

'A hundred years or so ago the telephone sounded utopian. And television just over half a century ago. And walking on the moon ten years ago. Utopian or not, food manufacturers took this pill very seriously, and panicked. Many of them could be out of business as a result of it in no time. The population would be much better off, but who cares about them? In this one respect our two great political systems are the same: Socialism and Capitalism. So, these food manufacturers pooled their resources and gave half a million pounds — some say a million — per annum to Perring not to-manufacture the pill.

'And that's where we come in.'

Precisely. The Soviet Union has had recurring food crises ever since its inception. If we could get hold of the pill, there would be no more starking peasants, no malnutrition.



"This is hard to believe", replied Arkady

quietly.

'This would not only be a great service to the Soviet government but a real service to the Soviet people. Many of them just do not have enough to eat today; tomorrow they would. Once we had that wretched formula in our possession we could transform the fortunes of the Soviet Union. We could double our wealth in a year. We could increase our power. And, most important of all, rid our people of a lot of suffering.

You, the cynic, sound quite enthusiastic.'

'l am. For once we are doing a worthwhile job. How many people in the world can say this? A hundred? Two hundreds? Perhaps.

A young couple, the man pushing a pram, passed them, quarrelling loudly. They took no

'We wanted to become 'famous spies''. It was a childish dream but not all that silly. We were trying to get away from the threat of a dull humdrum life. But we never thought that while leading an even more humdrum life than an assistant in a shoe shop we could do something really useful for the Soviet people. Besides...."

He stopped short, hesitating. 'Besides?' Arkady urged him.

'Besides, the GRU are after the secret, too. If they get it before us. . . not much glory will be won by us, I can assure you. We must not fail - quite apart from the benefits to our beloved people.

It won't be easy,' said Arkady.

'It won't. It's much easier to steal a formula in the process of manufacture than one that is not being manufactured. The formula is locked up somewhere, its existence known only to a select few.'

'And this girl with the red tennis-ball, the sombrero and the Hispano Suiza is one of them?'

'She knows something. She has made one careless remark which indicates that she knows something. She must have been reprimanded or warned because since that single remark she has become rather more discreet and holds her tongue. But she lives in her uncle's she has access to many a sanctum; and she is a bit mad. That's about all. But don't worry; you'll get detailed instructions.

When they parted Boris handed him an envelope. 'And one more thing. This is for your expenses. You won't find the assignment

cheap.'

It was only after he reached home that Arkady counted the money: £500, in fivers. He suddenly realized that he had been taken off his accountancy job. A few days ago it would 1 have been his duty to pay out this sum to a Jean or a Joan, a Sheherezade or a Cleopatra. Now, obviously, someone else had done it to him.

Arkady was watching Oriana in the snack-bar of Hurlingham Club. She was carrying a tray with lots of food on it, salads, chocolate mousses and three glasses of stout. He had been keeping his eye on her for some time. When her turn to pay came and she was about to put down her tray on the cashier's little table, Arkady approached the cashier from the opposite direction, turned, took three steps backwards and knocked the tray out of Oriana's hands. The noise of the breaking glass was tremendous; the spilt stout produced a minor flood; the chocolate mousse spread over the floor and looked disgusting.

Arkady realized that the accident had been rather clumsily staged. He was, after all, an absolute beginner in deliberately knocking trays out of women's hands, and he was nervous. But, luckily, he was among decent normal people, their thoughts as far removed from spies as they were from the second law of thermodynamics or Hittite cuneiform, so it did not occur to any of the witnesses that this had not been a genuine and most unfortunate

accident.

I am most awfully sorry.'

Oriana was standing there, her eyes ablaze with fury.

'You are a bloody fool.'

'Please, let me help you,' said Arkady.

'I don't want your help.'

A young waiter with long red hair arrived with a floor-cloth and a bucket to clear up the mess. Obviously, he was not amused either but he was not in a position to add his own comments to Oriana's so he had to confine himself to listening to her approvingly. People | in the queue were standing by patiently, as the English always do, whatever the situation may

The lady cashier was looking anxiously in Oriana's direction. Her tray load was unpaid

You must allow me to pay for this,' said

Arkady.

The cashier's eyes agreed: yes you must. Oriana said: 'It's not a question of payment. How could anyone be such a clumsy idiot?"

'I made a stupid mistake. I was careless. So I must pay for all this and get you another lunch.' And then with a smile as engaging as he could make it: 'Have you never been careless in your life?'

'You are really quite nice,' said Oriana suddenly and quite unexpectedly. The smile

had worked.

'You've just said I am a bloody fool.'

"There are fools and fools."

A few minutes later Arkady was sitting at one of the long tables with Oriana and two of her male tennis-partners, enjoying the newly .8 bought meal. The young men were sullen and unfriendly and did not hide their annoyance at Arkady's intrusion.

'Where do you come from?' asked Oriana.

'From the Soviet Union.'

'One of those reactionary refugees?'

'Not at all. I am working for the Soviet government.'

'A worse reactionary then. Embassy?'

'Trade Mission.'

'What's your name?'

'Gurbanov.'

'Tell me, Gurbanov,' she asked aggressively. when is the Soviet government going to put its house in order as far as China is concerned?

'I don't know. I am never consulted.'

'Never ?

'Never. My job is to sell women's underwear.

Nothing to do with our China policy.'
His reply was an unqualified success.
Oriana had expected the usual sullen silence, followed by a long, involved, didactic lecture, filled with Pravda editorials recited in parrotlike fashion.

'All the same,' she said as she looked at him teasingly, 'I've never seen a Russian official behaving more in line with his government's

policy.

'You don't seem to be very fond of my

government.'

'Not very fond. No.'

'I don't think you are being fair to us. You are misinformed and merely repeat the slogans of a hostile, capitalist press. Whom do you like? The Americans, perhaps?

'I loathe them.' 'The Chinese?

'They are worse.'

'Castro ?

'Not bad. But not good enough.'

'You seem to be a complicated woman.' 'Once upon a time I used to be a double Maoist.'

'What's that?'

'A double Maoist regards even Chairman Mao as an old-fashioned, hopeless reactionary. You won't understand this. You are an orthodox Communist, I guess.'
'No. I am a treble Maoist.'

A treble Maoist?

'Yes. I regard even double Maoists as oldfashioned, hopeless reactionaries.'

Oriana laughed aloud.

'You didn't answer me. Whom do you like?' he went on.

"The common people."

Arkady nodded: 'I belong to the people.'

'You represent the government.'

'I may represent the government but I belong to the people. To the human species. But tell me what's so attractive about people? I often find them pretty repulsive.'
Oriana laughed again.

'You are quite amusing for a Russian. What did you say your name was?'

'Gurbanov. Boris Gurbanov.'

'May I call you....

'Yes, you may call me Boris.'

That goes without saying. But may I call you Gurbanov? It's so much more eccentric

'than Boris.'

Oriana went off to play tennis, and after the game, miraculously, she ran into Arkady again

'Oh Gurbanov
pleasantly surprised
'Been watching you'
silly You should watch Miss

'I prefer watching you'
'You seem to understand as much about

tennis as you do about politics'
'Well,' replied Aikady, 'as it is only double
Maoists who are important
'No, no 'Oriana protested 'I wasn't being serious But I do believe, firmly What do I believe firmly? I wish I knew But I do believe in quite a few things, very firmly I believe in youth and revolution

'How can you believe in youth? What is there to believe in youth? At a given period of your life you are young. Then youth passes

and young people become old people'
'Perhaps,' Oriana admitted thoughtfully But, you see, the same thing happens to revolu-Young revolutions often become old revolutions Indeed, young revolutionaries often become old reactionaries

'In other words, then, you do not believe

either in youth or in revolution?"

'I do,' she said seriously 'I must'

They were now walking around the little artificial lake

'What is so wonderful about youth' asked Arkady 'It's very good to be young — which is a different issue I am young and I prefer being young to being old and decrepit Although I haven't given much thought to this problem All the same, the generation gap is the oldest gap in the world Every young generation has rebelled against every old generation and that means, of course, that the revolutionaries become the target of revolutions and so we go on, indefinitely'

'Don't give me that crap, Gurbanov,' Oriana replied quite angrily 'I've heard it too often Don't tell me that this generation is not basically different from all others Pop is not Beethoven We have opened the window and let the fresh air in We have freed sex We have freed women We have freed the human body We have thrown silly, old-fashioned nationalism out of the window We are about

to throw racism after it

'Wait a minute, wait a minute,' interrupted her flow of rhetoric 'If you go on like this, I shan't remember all these points and you'll think that I agree with some of them Even in the olden days not every musician was a Beethoven Beethovens, you know, are rather rare, and pop-composers call them what you will - occur more frequently. Even sex was not invented by us Even the old reactionaries of Russia, the Czarist, pre-Lenin feudal landlords, knew about sex. Some authorities say that even the Romans practised it Yes, who are we? You know, I am not sure that nationalism has really been thrown on the dust-heap But if it has, then it was neither our young people — nor your young people of the West — who did it to be continued

Problem 1 Rubber bridge game all

| SOUTH | WEST | HTROM | EAST |
|----------------------|------|-------------|------|
| No | No | 22 | No |
| No 20 20 30 | No | ₹ 3 | No |
| 22 | No | 3 -P | No |
| 3♡ | No | 44 | No |
| 2 | | | |

South holds

+K10963 ♥Q4 ♦9742 **+**86

if you were marking a competition how many points from 0 to 10 would you sward for (a) Pass (b) 4NT (c) Five Hearts (d) Five Spades (e) Six Hearts (f) Six Spades? (in this and subsequent questions competitors need not give the maximum of 10 to any of the calls named if they consider that the best call has not been included in this case they should name the call they prefer)

Problem 2 Rubber bridge love all

| HTUOÉ | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|---------|------|
| _ | No | No | 1🕈 |
| No | No | No 2 | No |
| ^ | | | |

South holds

♦KQ74 ♥7 ♦AJ953 **♣**1083 How many points between 0 and 10 would you award for (a) Pass. (b) Two Diamonds (c) 2NT (d) Three Clubs?

Problem 3 Rubber bridge N-S vulnerable

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|--------------|------|-------------|------|
| SOUTH 200 | 1🕈 | NORTH 24 | No |
| 2♡ | No | 2♥ | No |
| • | | | |

South holds

♦53 ♥AJ9862 ♦A86 ♣K4

How many points between 0 and 10 would you award for (a) 2NT (b) Three Clubs (c) Three Diamonds (d) Three Hearts (e) Three Spades?

Problem 4 Match-point pairs game all

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| No | No | 40 | 4NT |

South holds

♦QJ4 ♥J1097652 ♦J8 **♣**6 How many points between 0 and 10 would you award for (a) Double (b) Five Hearts (c) Five Spades (d) Six Hearts?

STAMPS set by C. W. HILL



Sections from three separate stamps have been used for this composite design identify the three elements please by names of issuing countries and face values of the original stamps.

Tripartite clue all are little Europeans, concerned during 1973 and associated

with wellers





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Moushumi Chatterji was mad at the director for having called her at seventhirty, promising that Rajesh Khanna, her co-star would report at the same time. She got up at five, she said, and leaving her baby and her ayah, both burning with 'flu, she wore her makeup, dıd her hair, wore her costume and reported to the s tudio at seven-fifteen, a time when even the doors of the studio were locked. She had them opened, waited till her makeup-room key was found and kept abusing all around that she had been made a fool of. And rightly so Rajesh came at eleven-thirty and she was called down for her shot at twelve, after screaming at the whole production-unit that she would walk out of the film and leave them in the lurch! But once she went on the floor and met Rajesh and Rekha, her other co-star, she got in the mood and even extended the shooting right upto five in the evening — three hours later than she was supposed to have left!

Dimple Kapadia came back from London, looking slimmer and as sweet as her premotherhood days. She said she had finally arrived at a classic diet-secret She plans missing lunch and snacks mid-meals Whenever she gets the food-pangs or finds herself in front of a lunch table, she quickly closes her eyes and imagines the figure of the Bengal Tigress and she cannot eat a single thing out of shame! So someone told her not to get. too thin — thin girls are cold and unemotional but, Dimple quipped back "that's the kind that men are usually fond of, aren't they?" Did she have the old Rajesh-Sharmila affair in mind?

Rekha is considered a Bible in make-up rules and tips, down here in the industry. And she is truly good at teaching her friends, the art of good, striking make-

up. Like she has been grooming Zarina Wahab. Now even bigger stars come to her for her tips. Rekha is sure a Wow with makeup and is the best-featured girl in film today, something on the lines of Mumtaz! Every actor who has worked with her says she would easily be Miss Film-World if there was such a contest going!

Asked Sanjeev Kumar what his latest "dhanda" was? He looked around with a put-on womaniser's hungry expression to elaborate what he was going to say—"Freelancing!" he said and burst out laughing.

Yogita Balı has put on so much weight - it is apparent she is feeling depressed. She knocks off when she is in love and puts on when she falls out of it. Which is contrary to the general rule. And then there is Rekha who keeps coming to her whenever she is around and shows the most friendly advances to the poor Yogita, who is confused as it is, and behaves like nothing had happened. Putting up a cordial front when outsiders are watching is such a strain on poor Yogita, that she eats all the more! She better watch it or the only good match left for her will be Sanjeev Kumar, whose hips and paunch equal hers in girth!

Believe the birthday-party producer O. P. Ralhan gave for himself, was a hotbed of obscenity and mara-mari. What with the cabaret-dancer who stripped down to her nothing and got the men in trouble with their wives. Comrade O. P. is feeling high (and dry?) these days!

Raj Kapoor is looking for a new girl to star in his "Heena", with Dabboo. He keeps telling this to all the actresses who send their promoters to him for his consideration. If my hunch is right, he will end up with Zeenat Aman, if he does not get a new girl, now that Shankar, B. C. and company and everyone else in the industry is putting out continuous searches for "new girls" ever since Dimple clicked it big!

Guess who's getting all the roles turned down by Zeenat? Shabana Azmi. They are the roles which Zee thinks are not good enough for her. Unknowingly, Shabana takes them up. Who knows? She might do well with them, for her chief promoter these days is Shashi Kapoor!

Debesh Ghosh, an acclaimed producer in Bengal, was brought down here by his friend Shakti Samanta, who is now directing a film for him, called "Charitraheen" with Sanjeev, Sharmila and Yogita Bali. Debesh, thanks to Shakti, moves about in the higher circle of the industry but he has unfortunately gotten himself an image of a clown. They all call him "producer-saab," and he smiles when he is sober, to this But when he is high, he wails, "Oh I am not a producer, I am Shakti Samanta's chamcha!"

Debesh, shocked at most of the malpractices of our stars and studios, keeps pointing out to the folks concerned, "This never happens in Bengal I have made three films with Uttam Kumar and even he has never shown disrespect for time." "Of course," shot back one of his stars, whom he was re-buking," "Uttamda never comes late, only these days - not when he was on top form!" Seems in the old days, when one of his filmunits was waiting for him to turn up, he was found lunching leisurely in a Chinese restaurant with a girl! Poor Debesh Ghosh, he swallowed hard over that one!

s baat

"I'll never make another film with Parikshat," said Rajendra Bhatia, a close friend of Balraj Sahani and the man who introduced Parikshat

in a big way in 'Pavitra Papi'.

With a dad like Balraj Sahani, aristocratic features and real dashing looks, talent enough to push Sanjeev Kumar into the shade in his very first film ('Anokhi Raat') and an intelligence which is far above that of the average film man, Ajay (Parikshat in real life) should have been the most sought after guy here in Bombay. But something has gone wrong somewhere for Ajay to state calmly, "I just do not sell any more. Period."

Producers like Rajendra Bhatia and Chetan Anand, who made Ajay give performances that made every person in the audience sit up and notice him, stubbornly refuse to repeat him in their ventures. Though, as recently as in 'Hindustan Ki Kasam', it was Parikshat who shone ten times brighter than even Raaj Kumar. (In fact, it was this film which drove me to Parikshat's doorsteps seeking an interview.)

"Chetan Anand saying that I gave them trouble by playing truant from shooting is all bull "Parikshat defended. Frankly I do not know what to make of Parikshat. Long before I went to interview him, I was told by at least half a dozen people that he'd ditch me or be rude, arrogant and terribly difficult. And then there were his producers who said that one experience was enough to last at least two life times I went expecting some kind of Dracula in flesh and blood. Imagine my surprise when I met a man who, is about the nicest person in filmland !

It's been this way everytime I met him or rang him up Terrific fun There must be at least, an iota of truth in what the rest of the world feels about Parikshat And yet, I have never got the faintest hint of anything difficult about him. One guy even warned me that Parikshat was mentally unbalanced!

With opinions about Parikshat varying so vastly, I can at best, present only the Parikshat I have met so often .however contradictory it may be with the observations of others.

"You're luckly to have brothers and sisters," Parikshat once told me. "Being the only kid is terrible." Parikshat himself, has never been the only kid. Nevertheless, he seems to have · led the loneliest life possible for a kid. the age of 12, he never saw his parents (they were away in England), and after that, he found himself in a boarding school. "From school to St. Stephen's College, Delhi, where I never really got along with the crowd. And then I won a scholarship and pushed off to Russia to

do a course in film direction.
"With most of my formative years spent. outside India, I found it very difficult to adjust myself to the scene here." But what prompted you to come back when all your close friends

were there in Russia?

"A letter from my dad which said, 'don't forget son that India is your real mother. However good she may be, Russia can only be a step-inother to you." The letter had its desired effect—it hit the young man hard. "When my dad wrote to me that a film based on the life of a freet poet was being made in Kashmiri

Here, film making is like a picnic!

'here I come'. ." Little knowing how heavy

a price he'd be paying, to come back here.
"I just couldn't understand the set-up here I was used to working with a team to whom nothing mattered except the work on hand. In Russia, we worked with so much inspiration, like people possessed, that a junior walking up to a senior director to suggest changes, discuss the scenes or even point blank say that the senior was making a mistake, was accepted in the right spirit. Here I suddenly found that filmmaking was like a picnic!'

For instance, during his first shooting spell outdoors, "I found the unit had a whore staying very conveniently in the room next to mine, just in case I felt like some relaxation. To me it was unthinkable that people could bother about anything other than the project we were working on The total dedication and involve-

ment was lacking

On one particularly trying day, when Parikshat was low in spirits ("I was missing my friends terribly"), the producer had his friend take the new hero round Calcutta to liven him up. "I didn't know that what the guy had in mind for my mood to change was to take me to a whore joint ""

To combat his sudden loneliness, Parikshat found himself a girl friend (Aruna Kohli), went steady for two years, and suddenly married her. A marriage that nearly ended in the divorce court till their baby daughter came along two

All the while, Parikshat's career went plummeting down, as release after release ('Anokhi Raat', 'Pavitra Papi' and 'Aansoo aur Muskan') flopped at the box office "On the whole 'Hindustan Ki Kasam' too has not been a hit.

"'Hindustan Ki Kasam' was a terrible letdown. We owed it to those air force chaps to do justice to a film based on their part in the war. But Chetan Anand lost grip completely in the second half of his film." His own role, "was drastically cut, making no sense at all. Unfortunately Chetan Anand, unlike genuinely great men, thinks the world of himself. To cap it, he is obsessed with making Priva into another Greta Garbo!"

Meanwhile, stories about Parikshat's 'eccentricity' continue, the latest being that the producer of his only film, 'Vandna' (opposite (opposite Sadhna) is fed up with him or that Parikshat was offered a cool role in a Punjabi film which he simply tossed aside after sitting on the story for days together! "Just imagine. When he should have grabbed that role, this is what he's

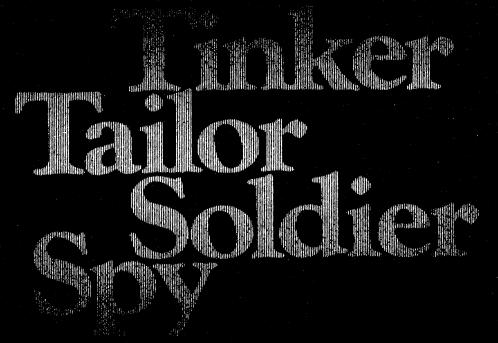
done," said one producer.

While waiting for a big break to come his way, Parikshat spends his time reading voraciously (he keeps his favourite mags, and books in the toilet) and writing - articles, short stories and recently, scripts for films. That's the reason why, in between playing dad to his little daughter, you'll find Parikshat shutting himself in his den, hammering away on his typewriter....

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD

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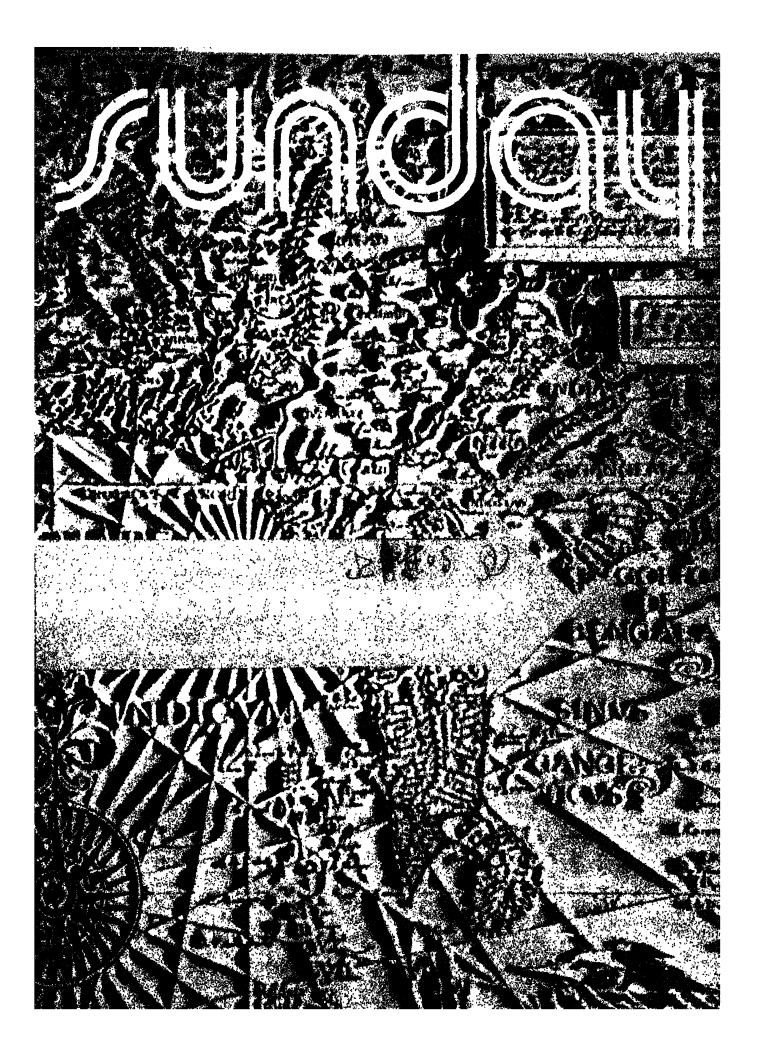
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"it is a triumph!" - DAILY MAIL

a complete novel by john le carré in hindusthan standard diwali annual to be published before diwali.

DIWALI ANNUAL 1974





ARIES (March 21 --- April 20) A new friend-ship now can be launched. For professionals pleasingly and persons in service, this is a Executives ! rewarding week. you are

going to meet an influential person on Monday - consequent advantages assured. Money may come to you unexpectedly. Health of your son|daughter may cause worry.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) Unusual

opportunities this week. Certain important happenings and profitable travel indicated. But in emotional sphere you may not get desired encouragement from the loved ones. In service,

better influences indicated. Girls and ladies, be calm I you

may have to face certain allegation.



GEMINI (May 21 - June 20) A happy and relatively satisfactory period ahead. Honour and recognition for professional achieveprosperity in ment indicated. Greater

domestic sphere assured. In service, a fat pay packet and more responsibilities indicated. Executives I you will be transferred. Bachelors and girls! romance is dangerous for you



CANCER (June 21 - July 21) Some difference may arise with your friends in the social circle, or in place of work. Industrialists, tax problem may keep you worrled.

Executives! please do not stand surety for others. Business-men! your regular flow of income may be disrupted by one of your associates. Ladies and girls! find out who are your friends and who are enemies



LEO (July 22 - August 21) Certain professional problem may keep you worried. A professional associate may come forward to solve the problem and meet the crisis by

playing a new round of musical chair. Executives I your business trips may fulfil your aspirations. Ladies I your expenses may increase and even you may be in debt. Girls I guard your own position and name.



VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) Your unyleiding temperament may make you unhappy. Your anger and actions may spoil domestic peace. In service, tack of sympathy

of colleagues may dampen your spirit. Professionals I you will come out successful in most of your enterprises. Bacheles and girls I wedding bells soon. Ladies I travel for you. Business men! you are prone to accident now.



LIBRA (September 23 -- October 2 are now in a hopeful situation and there is a possibility of pleasure trip. A short trip will bring honour for you. Your faculty of imagination will be spontaneous and praiseworthy. Businessmen, by pleasing words you may avoid confrontation with tax-

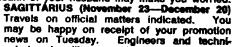
authority. Bachelors and girls I have patience, the sky will become sunny.



SCORPIO (October 23 -- November 22) You may now think of giving up the present job on personal ground. But do not take any hasty decision — situation will change dramatically after Thursday. Travel to a place of historical

importance is strongly indicated. Businessmen, relief from debts assured Bachelors and girls i elders may tend in your favour. Ladies I health of your husband may make you worried.

ABGITTARIUS (November 23—December 29)



ciansi take care during handling machine tools or experimentation. Businessmen! steady progress in the act of your affairs will be the order of the week. Ladies! an encouraging Invitation for you. Girls ! happy understanding with your loved ones indicated.



CAPRICORN (December 21 -It is a lively week for you. Change for better amenities assured. Professionals may expent popularity. In service, additional

indicated. Jusinessmen and industrialists i scarcity of raw material and non-cooperation from assiciates may make you worried. You may expect beneficial aspects in tax-oroblems. worried. You may expect beneficial aspects in tax-problems. Bachelors and girls I a happy love affair.

AGUARIUS (January 20 — Fabruary 18)



AQUARTUS (January 20 — Fibruary 18) Emotional side of your life is favourably starred this week. Friday and Saturday are ior outing and entertainment. In certain car

marriage proposition may materialise. In service, changes for which you have been waiting for are likely to be realised. Businessmen and industrialists ! your income will register a sloady rise.



PISCES (February 19 --- March 20) A spate of invitations and parties for you this week You are likely to enter into unwanted commitments, avoid romance and dealings with

opposite sex. In service, you are going to choulder more responsibilities. Businessmen! your trades are likely to be affected by certain governmental orders. Ladies! be careful?

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nextfunda

JACQUELINE NASSIS AT

Almost six years ago she married one of the world's richest men. He has given her a precious giftprivacy—but her life is not the fantasy of wealth and privilege that gossip has led us to believe

BY GLORIA EMERSON

INTRODUCING THE FIVE-DAY WEEK BY



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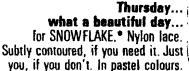
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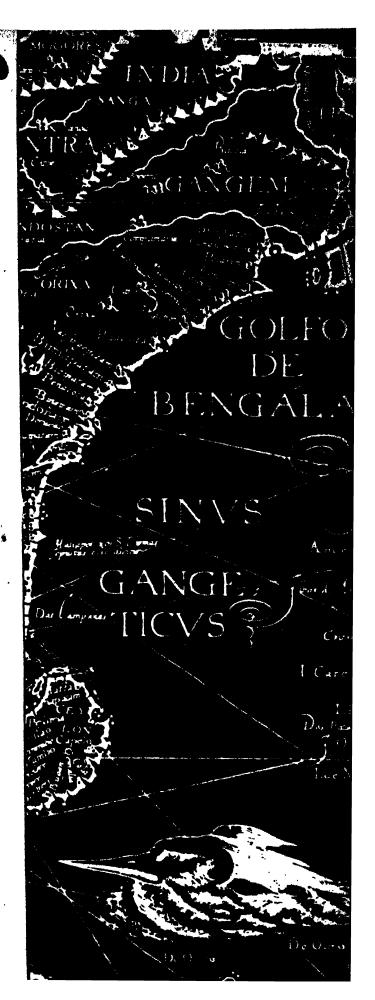


ANDC-10

other activities in the bay

Nature has endowed Bengal with all that makes for an abundant life; and the members of her own immediate family — the Royal Bengal Tiger, the Ganges crocodile, the Jaldapara rhino, the Terai elephant, the Padma hilsa, the Sunderban crab — are all superb specimens of their kind. In contrast, the animals in the care of man are small and insignificant, to wit, the horse and the cow, which are half the size of their great Punjab cousins. Our flies and mosquitoes bear witness to nature's fecundity and the delta dweller's lethargy. The delta is bigger than that formed by the Nile; and it is flanked not by empty deserts but by one of the earth's most fertile and populous plains, famed in history and legend, cradle of numerous empires and three great religions. It is in fact, the most spectacularly placed — and widest — coastal plain on the planet. Between the ocean and the Rockies, or the sea and the Eastern and Western Ghats, lie but a narrow ribbon of level ground. Bengal is a three-hundred mile plain between the world's highest mountain and the sea named after, and wholly dominated by, the delta. It is unique among the States of India in that it spans the Himalay and the Bay. It is also unique in that it has a sea named after it which is an arm of the only ocean named after a country.

Did I say the Bay of Bengal is "wholly dominated by the delta"? Dominated by the natural forces of the delta, yes, — not by Bengal man. This eager sea daily probes far inland, further inland in fact than any other sea, trying to awaken the voyaging instinct of the land-lubbers of Chinsurah and Nabadwip with the



bhadralok of the Gangaside villages have stayed stuck in the mud of their samaj, their suffocating inland politics, their endless squabbles that assume new names — it is now a quarrel between the followers of Achyut Goswami and the Nityananda, now it is between the adi and naba Brahmos, or between the naba Congress and adi Naxals, — but it is always just the bubbles of sour gas from the marshes of frustration. The Bengali bhadralok is a bookish creature with a feeble body and a feverish mind; he doesn't explore, trade, build empires; his image of the world is gathered from the stray pamphlets, tracts and other broken pieces of shastras and manifestos and red books that happen to fall into his hands and with which he fabricates his periscope on the world. The twisted lanes of our inland towns, the cramped teashops, the endless adda on narrow royaks cramp the body and the soul of our youth. And yet the tides, the nor'westers, the monsoons, bring regular tidings of the marvellous sea — Latitude 22° to 5° North and Longitude 80° to 95° East lapping at the thousand mouths of the There could be no more beautiful, Ganga. wider, more exhilarating and yet safer, arena for the training of the body, the character and the soul of our youth than this 839,000 squaremile lake. The Bay is the hope of Coromandal, Kalinga and Bengal youth. The universities can teach the boys to become clerks and bhadralogs; only the sea can train them to be men.

Yet, the very architecture of our sea and riverside towns show our apathy to the freestreets of Kashi and Puri are sewers of people draining into the bathing ghats or the tiny strips of beaches. So is it at Nabadwip. Same at Baranagore. In Chitpur. It is the British (and the French in Chandernagore) who built the strands; but the shops and the houses of the "native quarter" face an inland street and form a narrow bazar. The shops of Diamond Harbour as much as the great banked palaces of Varanasi have their backs to the river. Old Puri, Varanasi, Nabadwip are all boxed up; from no point of these ancient and holy cities, which owe their existence to the sea and the river, can you get a view of the water. It is there to dip one's head into just once; then the last drop of water can be wiped from the brows and the consciousness of the sea erased from the brain.

Vizag and Bombay are different; these cities lie astride hills; and the sea roars, sends up sprays, breaks into long smiles, winks suddenly, scribbles in Arabic and Telegu with a white chalk on top of waves breaking miles offshore, at whoever may happen to be looking out of her Pali Hill kitchen window or pacing the terrace of the Vizianagram palace. The University of Andhra commands a breath-taking view of the Bay of Bengal; the buildings are of roughhewn stone; the bouganvillea erupt in colour like cool green and yet active little volcanoes; and seen between them, the Bay of Bengal is unforgettable. Is it because of this that the only Indian universities to have departments

of hydrography and marine biology are those of Andhra and Bombay? Apart from what the British gathered about the Bay from three hundred years of sailing in it, our knowledge of this sea rests mostly on researches done by the Andhra University. It is the Vizag scientists who discovered and named the Andhra, Mahadevan and Krishna Canyons off the Andhra coast in 1963. All comparable natural phenomenon off the Bengal coast — for example the mysterious Swatch of No-Ground, a sudden 100-mile long, 8-mile wide trench beyond the estuarine fan of the Ganga - were discovered and named centuries ago by the British. Calcutta University fronts not a sea but the confusinglynamed Goldighi, a small, frog-infested pond in the middle of a bazar, symbolic of our closed, boxed-up view of the world as that of the Viswanath Temple of Varanasi. Constrastedly, a research ship from the University of Bombay - Matsya Vigyan — is anchored right now midstream in the Ganga off Kunkrohata.

The Bengali can only eat the hilsa; it is the Bombay scientists who are studying marine life in the river and the coast. There are many mysteries here, of which the migratory habits of the hilsa is neither the most profound, nor most important, - even economically. curious thing is that the continental shelf at the top of the Bay, near the mouths of the Ganga, is extremely poor in the "organic soup" which is the staple fish food and which is usually thick on such nearshore shelves, as, say, on the steps rising from the Atlantic to the Hudson Bay. In this an effect of the monsoons? Of the inorganic sediments carried by the rivers? The dom and the expansiveness of the water. The combined discharge of the Ganga-Brahmaputra systems totally alters the current, the level and the surface density of the Bay of Bengal after the rains. Indeed, no other sea in the world is so wholly under the domination of its own tributary rivers. The Bay is enclosed by land on three sides; it is thus a funnel with the narrow side up; and it is through the narrow mouth on top that the discharge of the world's heaviest rainfall enters the Bay. It takes time for this vast flood to spread out. The sea-level rises by a foot and a half at the end of the rains at Vizag — a remarkable enough variation. But at Chittagong, the level rises by four feet — a world record

In fact, the Bay of Bengal is tormented by two of poetry's most fickle and yet sublimating goddesses: the Ganga - she who dances on Shiva's head and makes even Durga jealous and Luna, inconstant moon, maddeningly beautiful. If the Ganga pours all the rainfall collected south of Himalay through the tiny holes on top of the funnel, the moon drives the tides from the equator up the funnel, and as the gathering tide rushes upward, the neck of land gets narrower, with a corresponding increase in the level and speed of the moving body of water. This is why the bosom of this sea heaves so markedly not only with the seasons, but also the phases of the moon. This love-sick giant could be made to turn Promethean hydro-electric turblies in the canga-Padma river put up at the mouths of the Ganga-Padma river thean hydro-electric turbines if tidal locks were



systems. It has been done successfully in France where neither the speed nor the volume of the tides are anything like the titanic assault inland and then the vast retreat by the sea that take place here. No Aswan, let alone Bhakra, could generate even a fraction of the power it is possible to extract from the Bay of Bengal tides. Nature in the form of both Durga and Kali is flery and strong in Bengal, her child, alas, is the puny Bengal man who is content to merely gather the crumble of the bounty of Nature; he is not ambitious and energetic enough to put the bit in her mouth and leap on her back. He lets the rivers sluggishly spread over vast estuaries, flooding all lower Bengal every 12 hours all through the monsoon Yet, it is possible to dyke up an area equal in size to present lower Bengal now occupied by a shallow sea with a floor of silt; this is the estuarine fan; this is where Nature is patiently laying layer upon layer, the foundation of extension to the delta. She could infinitely speed up the process, and not have to wait a million years to realize her design, with just a little assistance - not aggressive

mastery, not thoughtless wayward, arrogance - but compliance and harmonious assistance from man The rivers could be trained to flow between grass banks, shaded by trees and carpeted over with flower beds, the tides and the winds could supply us with all the electricity we needed; Bengal could be the biggest garden on our planet, without a smoking chimney or

a noisy engine

The best expression of man's new relationship to nature would of course be the newly designed sailing ships that would carry all the coastal cargo No sea is more hospitable to sailing, nor is there any comparable body of water whose welcome has been so spurned by those who now dwell on its shores. The surface currents of the Bay of Bengal turn like two gigantic and regular wheels, one clockwise and the other from North to West. This too is one of the effects of the monsoons and the Ganga discharge The north-east monsoon sets the wheel moving clockwise, while the southeast monsoon reverses the direction So it is possible to use the Bay of Bengal as a two-way conveyor belt; were one to have an empty keg a few miles off-shore from Sandheads, it would make Ceylon if cast in the water in December, or the straits of Malacca if in July. Even the storms are regular and predictable — the season for sudden storms being October in the South and April-May in the North. Rest of the year the wind flows steadily. One has to be very stupid to get caught in a storm unprepared in

the Bay of Bengal.

Why have the beautiful sea roads then been so deserted? They were not so, when in the Fifth Century a wayward prince, banished from Bengal, conquered Sri Lanka and gave it his name. Ships shuttled back and forth, bringing women from his rowdy comrades-at-arm and taking back spices. During the classical period, sailors from South India and Kalinga colonized Bali, Sumatra, Cambodia and Siam. They were swept off by the Arabs who came to dominate the entire sea-route between Cathay and the Occident from the Ninth to the Fifteenth Centuries. They were in turn literally blown off the face of the deep by the Portuguese; Admiral Albuquerqur, for example, chased and sunk with gunfire every unarmed Arab boat and dhow that he encountered between Madagascar and Malucca. The only great Bengali poet who had any experience of sailing, Alaol of the Sixteenth Century, has described the reign of terror that these so-called Christians spread in the Bay of Bengal.

The golden era of sailing in the Bay was, of course, the 18th and 19th Centuries, when it became an English lake. It is the British who have left the most detailed, useful and yet romantic record of zooming up the coast with a following wind, or the agony of being becalmed in an unseasonal lull off Madras. In our century, ships ceased to be living sea creatures and became instead floating factories. The few real sailors who came this way had no call to come up the Bay; Sir Francis Chichester, as also last year's competitors in the first roundthe-world yacht race, skirted the Cape of Good Hope and cut across straight to Australia. All the international ocean routes lie far to the South; it is for nothing that the British chose the Cocos Island and the Americans, Diego Garcia to keep watch on the Indian Ocean shipping corridor between the continents. The Bay, defined by the International Hydro-graphic Bureau as extending north of the line extending from Dondra Head at the southern tip of Sri Lanka to the northern extremity of Sumatra, is our own exclusive sea. The Caracas conference on the law of the sea grants the coastal States exclusive right to the mineral riches within 200 miles of their shores. But it is not enough that we just dredge the Bay bottom for the manganese nodules that the Vamsadhara, Nagavili and Godavari rivers have deposited on the sea floor. Nor should it be

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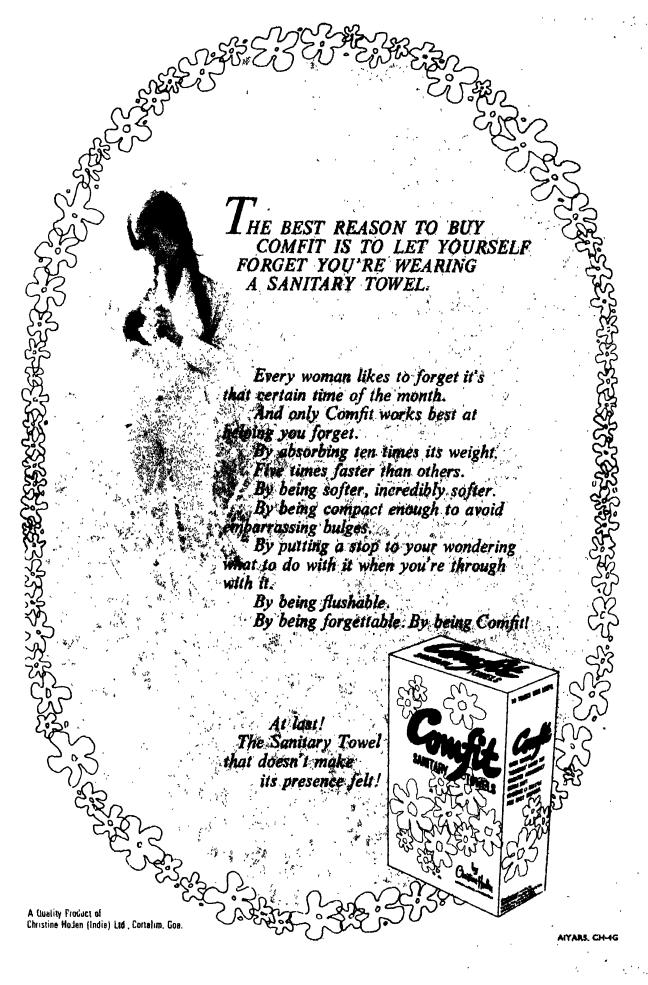
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enough for us just to drill the Ganges fan for petroleum. All these will be done; so hungry is man for oil that he is daunted neither by the ice mantle of Alaska or the sands of Kuwait. But the unique gift of the Bay can only be exploited by a new breed of Royal Bengal Man — clean-limbed mariners and dykebuilders and gardeners, partners of river and wind tide, colleagues of nature in her vast enterprises.

Is this being too visionary? Already, there are signs of the stirring of interest in sailing in Bengal. The Garden Reach Workshops are building a replica of a Kalinga boat of the classical age, the kind of boat used in the Bali trade. The Explorers Club plans to use the craft on an expedition of Indonesia. Also being fabricated at the workshop is a bamboo raft in which seven people hope to drift to Indonesia next season. Mr. Dilip Bose is leading this expedition; and he has received a grant and

some assistance in kind from the Defence Ministry. A third boat is also being got ready for a sail to Indonesia, and if this too is fitted with a centerboard by the workshop, the Garden Reach Dockyard will certainly be fit to be called the cradle of a new era of sailing in India. This third, however, is in all other respects an ordinary Ganga boat, with no special fitting, and is designed for a single-handed venture. It is going to be a year of re-awakening activity in the Bay. Can we not look forward to a Hooghly-to-Malucca race being sponsored by the Bengal Yacht Club? An annual triangular race between Vizag, Port Blair and Trincomalee ought to be very popular, and would be as great a test of seamanship as the Bermudas Cup. By the end of decade, the blue waters of our sea — shaped like an inverted Deccan — ought to be dotted with happy, moth-like sails.



in Problem 3 of the Christmas Competition the bidding was

SOUTH NORTH EAS1 No No

What does North's sequence mean? First, he has game values, or nearly so. As he did not cue-bid spades on the first round, the clubs must be a feature which he was unwilling to conceal. There is also an inference that if North had held a spade

guard he might have bid notrumps now.
North may intend to pass a discouraging response. South has already indicated a limited opening and now has to decide just what his hand is worth. With excellent controls, a key card in clubs, and a major suit which requires only minimal support, he should avoid Three Hearts, which would

he should avoid Three Hearts, which would say. "I cannot help your suit, I do not stop spades, nor have I a diamond feature I have hearts and hearts—and a bed hand "South cannot bid notrumps with no spade guard Three Clubs is better but insufficiently encouraging. Three Spades is appropriately encouraging but may be taken to show at least a botster in spades Three Diamonds, on the other hand, is both forward-going and descriptive. Suggested marking Three Diamonds 10. Three Spades 7, Three Clubs 5, three Hearts 2, 2NT 0.

Problem 4 occurred in an American team event but I altered the sconng to match-point pairs At game all the bidding goes

SOUTH WEST NOBTH EAST 4NT

South holds ♠QJ4 ♥J1097652 ♦J8 ♠6 How many points would you award for (a) Double, (b) Five Hearts, (c) Five Spades. (d) Six Hearts?

As North has only six heart tricks, he may have a secondary suit Also, the spades are a possible defensive value At teams one would not risk being at the wrong end of a slam, but at pairs a raise to Five Hearts may be best, willing to left the opponents play at Six Clubs or Six Diamonds if North is so inclined

monds it North is so inclined. However, an opening heart lead from North will concede a ruff and discard (as happened in actual play). This explains the high marking for Five Spades, as a lead of this suit is sure to be safe. Also worth considering is an inhibitory double of 4NT—a "striped-tail ape" double, so called because South flees like a striped-tail ape if North, taking partner seriously, doubles if North, taking partner seriously, doubles an enemy contract

Marking Five Hearts 10, Five Spades 8, Double or Six Hearts 6

STAMP ALBUM



SAN MARINO, whose latest series features Mediterranean fruits, provides more than a thousand of the 167,700 stamps listed and priced in the 1974 edition of Stanley Gibbons, catalogue, Stamps of the World (1.512 pages, £4.25). Varieties of colour, perforshor and watermark are omitted, so that the catalogue is an ideal guide for the simple-life collector whose main interest is a started stantage. The EA live white displayed. in stamp designs. The 50-line value (above), stopping the pomegranate, is one of 10 in San Marino's present series.

AFTER THAT KISS HIS MOT he'll turn happily to his



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in our lashion

strains do imaginativa childrent's childrent in calculta come from? If the wants inexpensive, coll-the-peg, yet imaginative stuff, it is cartainty not easy to stumble upon them through the space of assembly-line synthetics or outdated cotton dreations. If you are willing to pay a price for it, the exclusive shops do exist, but what's the quarantee that it is going to be something entirely to your liking? possibly the best bet lies in being your own designer and having a passable tailor, at least, that's how the clothes on base pages have been produced, modelled by gauri and gautam and designed by their mothers. It classics in red and white gauri in an austrian peasant dress — all terycot; gautam matches with a white towelling shirt with red cuffs, collar and a fish motif in red, while the red pants, elso in towelling, have a reverse motif, with buttons for eyes.

2. gauri poses in a cute flowered mini-skirt in wash-and-wear popilin, fastened with a gold buckle for that snazzy look, which is complemented by a

casual T-shirt, gautem once again matches her look, casually, with a lemon yellow T-shirt worn with dark brown brief pants and a broad, broad, wet leather belt with a grown-up buckle.

buckle.

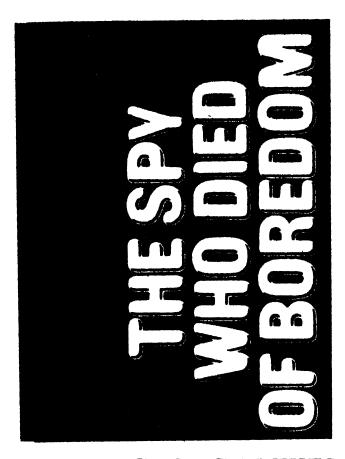
3. sunshine clothes — at calcutia's children's zoo, gauri sports a two-piece sun-sult in a cotton jersey knit and gautam frolics in a sunshine-yellow knit with his name appliqued on.

4. at one of calcutta's numerous ponds or "pukurs" in the heart of the city, gauri lets her fancies sail with paper boats while decked out in a two-by-two dress with chikan lace frills and matching panties; gautam wears an outfit convenient enough to romp in the muck, a one-piece cotton knit in white, red and navy with a floppy cotton hat to match. all the outfits on these pages, incidentally, vary between rs. 10 and rs. 30, the most expensive — gauri's austrian costume, being rs. 50, but you must occasionally splurge for a party

text rita bhirrani pix aloke mitra.







GEORGE MIKES PART VI

'Gurbanov!' Oriana 👚 shrieked, trying to

Just listen to me. Whatever else you have thrown on the rubbish heap, you have kept capitalism, exploitation, the stock-exchange society, the property tycoons, the non-letters of empty office blocks, the artificial shortage producers, the foreign-exchange speculators, the gnomes of Zurich. You don't care tuppence about all this. You don't even care about nationalism and racism. You smoke pot and opt out. Soviet Youth is different. We don't

less conceited. And we do care more.' 'I agree with what you say about exploitation and capitalism,' said Oriana who now, at last, had a chance to speak. 'That's why I am a revolutionary. That's why I want to destroy authority. I want to see the poor become rich

smoke pot. We cannot opt out. We are much

and the rich become poor.

'What will be gained by making the rich poor and the poor rich? We would still have rich and poor.

'Maybe. But 1'd love to see my uncle begging in the street,' said Oriana with sur-

prising frankness.

'That sounds more convincing,' nodded Arkady. 'Rich and poor changing places is still juster than the position between young and old. The young become old; but the old do not become young again. Well, I don't know.... All the old people have been young, once; but not all the young become old....'
'Stop it!' shouted Oriana. 'I know this only

too well. That's exactly what's worrying me. I am twenty-seven. My youth is finished and gone.

'You mean: it is going.'

'No. Gone. They all say you can't trust

anyone over nineteen.'

Then my youth has gone, too,' said Arkady. 'But is it possible, Oriana, that you just rebel against the passage of time and against your

'Of course it is possible. The only difference between revolutionaries, ever, is that some revolt against their uncles and some against their fathers. I think I would support any political party which would humble my uncle. And any party which would make me young again. There is nothing wrong in this. All revolutionaries have become revolutionaries for personal reasons. Lenin, Castro, Robespierre, Spartacus — the whole lot. I am not young any more but I am trying to act as if I were. I conform to the rules of the young. I conform and revolt.

She sounded spirited yet sad. Arkady suddenly felt that his assignment was a pleasant one. He liked her. She was very attractive now, that she was so worked up she looked almost beautiful.

'I am aware of the fact,' said Oriana, 'that I am growing old. I should like to remain young, and that is why....

Arkady interrupted her: "Is that why you play tennis so much?'

'No. Tennis is a spiritual thing.'

'Did you say spiritual?'

'I did. For me it's a passion. A kind of revelation. At the moment I don't play at all well but I am keen. And I shall become a fine player. I must. I am searching for myself. I must find my real self.'

'In tennis? In the red balls?'

'Don't be sarcastic. Don't try to be sarcastic with me, Gurbanov. Yes, in tennis. The colour of the balls does not matter. Every kind of training, skill, trade or science helps you to find the truth. Study Sanskrit or Business Administration, study Law or devote yourself to mending electric kettles, you will learn a discipline and adopt a way of thinking which will help you in all situations of life. It will also shape you and form your character. But tennis is best of all. It requires physical skill, stamina and also mental agility. You have to use the length and the width of the court; you must study your opponent in order to understand him, his strengths and his weaknesses; you must learn to know him and yourself. You must learn about your own powers and limitations. Tennis is a dialogue; tennis is a series of paradoxes and aphorisms; tennis is the road to truth and to



self-knowledge; tennis is life.'

'I've always thought tennis was a game.'

'That is an old-fashioned, ridiculous notion. Worthy of Soviet Communism which is so hopelessly behind the times. I am allowing tennis to shape my life. Tennis will lead me to myself.'

'I've heard this said about yoga. But never

about tennis.'

'You've heard it now. I don't know if you want to meet me ever again. But if you do, you must take up tennis. I want to know you.

'You speak of tennis,' said Arkady, taken aback at the thought that he might have to start playing it, 'as Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, better known as Lenin, spoke of Bolshevism.'

'Or St. Paul of Christianity. But mine is a

better cause than theirs.

Arkady looked at her breasts - rising and falling in her breathless enthusiasm - and

wanted her madly.

'Yes, I should like to see you again. For your sake I'll take up tennis. Or even Christianity. Will you have dinner with me one day? Even before I learn how to serve properly?

'One day?' asked Oriana. 'I don't like this sort of arrangement. "One day" will never come. And if you want to wait until you serve aces, it will be a very long time before we dine together.'

'Will you have dinner with me tonight?'

asked Arkady boldly and hopefully. 'Why not? Wait here.'

She went to change and twenty minutes later reappeared in a white caftan with a gold chain round her waist. She was also wearing a purple sombrero. Fritz, too, had changed to a purple sombrero.

They got into the Hispano Suiza, rolled out of the club and soon reached the M4. The car was noisy but ran smoothly and certainly very fast. The windscreen was so small and oldfashioned that Arkady felt cold and envied Fritz who had settled snugly on the back seat, under the small half-hood. They drove quite a while, then turned into the A30. Oriana drove recklessly but skilfully, she was a compulsive overtaker of everything that moved. Occasionally she shouted at other drivers. The huge engine made an earsplitting noise so it was impossible to chat. When they came to some road repairs Arkady asked: "This place...what did you say it's called?"

'Buckerell Moon.'

'Is it far?'

'No. It's quite near.'

'Where is it?'

'Just outside Tedburn St. Mary.'

'Where's that?'

'Devon.

'And where is Devon?'

But the road was clear once again, they were gaining speed and the roar of the engine

drowned Oriana's reply.

Three-and-a-half hours later she left the main road, drove a few miles along a winding country lane and stopped a few hundred yards



from the hotel.

'Do you mind booking a room in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Higgins?'

'Henry Higgins?'

'Yes. I always use that name. Do you mind?' It was not the name that surprised Arkady he had never heard it before. He hadn't expected a two hundred mile drive in the first place and still less did he expect this easy surrender. He was full of delighted anticipation, but a feeling of dread loomed at the back of his mind. He could not help remembering Ivy.

"Get my luggage from that box at the back,"

Oriana instructed him.

'Luggage?' One surprise followed another. 'I always carry a packed suitcase in the car. Just in case.'

They were shown to a room on the first floor. It had no number but a name: Heloise. As soon as the man who brought up Oriana's suitcase had gone, Arkady wanted to kiss her. She slipped away.

'Don't be impatient, Gurbanov.'

'You are very beautiful and very desirable,' he said seriously.

'Say that again,' she laughed. 'You speak like a real Russian from a last-century novel.

Just say: 'desirable.'

For Arkady the game had ceased to be a game and the job had ceased to be a job. He nearly burst with desire. He forgot about the KGB and even about Ivy. He wanted to have this girl, right there and then. He put his arms around her and pulled her towards him. He felt her small breasts, he felt her two long legs, he felt the place where they, parted and he nearly transfixed her. She felt him, too, and laughed again. 'What is so funny?' Arkady wondered, feeling slightly irritated.

He tried to kiss her and put his hand on her breast. She laughed again, turned her mouth away, let him kiss her cheek and then slipped

away once again, with ease.

'You must wait.'

'Why wait? I cannot wait. I want you. I

want you now. I am mad about you."

'It's so nice when someone is mad about me. I want you to stay mad about me. In the meanwhile: there is plenty of cold water in the bathroom.

She opened the bathroom door for him with

mock courtesy.

It was now about eight o'clock. Before dinner they went for a walk, first in the lovely garden and later outside the grounds where they had a good view of the gentle pleasant Devon hills as well as of the romantic-looking, distant village.

'Tell me about your mother,' said Oriana.

'My mother?'

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Yes. Your mother. And your father. Mr. and Mrs. Gurbanov. And your childhood. And about Moscow. I want to know all about you.

'But there is nothing to tell. I had a very uninteresting childhood and a very uninterest-

ing life.'

What's interesting over there, is unusual

and interesting here.

They went on chatting. Arkady recounted his cover-story, telling it lifelessly and mechanically. He felt rather foolish in the process and would have preferred to tell her the truth about himself, but rules are rules. She told him, in return, more or less what he already knew. Her father — that seemed to be the gist of her narrative — was a completely irresponsible good-for-nothing, who had abandoned her and let her down badly, but she adored him; her uncle Wilfred was serious, responsible, goodhearted, solicitous but she detested him.

'And what do you do?' asked Arkady. 'Have you got a job? Or do you lead the life of an idle capitalist?'

'At the moment. But not for long. Uncle Wilfred is going to give me a very important job. It will only be temporary, though.'
'Doing what?'

'It's top secret. There is an expedition going to climb Mount Everest. From the south. Or may be from the north. Or west. I don't know. Anyway, from the most difficult side. The easy side is not good enough for them.'
'Your uncle is going to climb Mount Everest?'

asked Arkady astonished.

'Of course not. But for that expedition we might manufacture something...quite exceptional....' She hesitated, then stopped. 'Well I must not talk about it. It won't interest you in any case. You may be a Russian spy for all I know but I assure you it has nothing to do with diplomacy. Or nuclear secrets. Or even with women's underwear. Well, we have a very special job to do for this expedition and I'm to be in charge of the operation.'

It all sounds rather mysterious,' said Arkady trying to sound bored and uninterested.

'And when....well, when will you getting busy?' he asked as if his interest were

purely in Oriana's availability.

'Don't know. Soon, if at all. But don't worry. I'll always have enough time for you. I'm not the type to kill myself with overwork.'
Then she added thoughtfully: 'It's not true that I'll be all that free. I shall have to move and I hate that.'

'Move? Where?'

'I've got a new flat. It's very lovely. I must get away from my uncle at all costs. On the other hand I hate — simply loathe and dread — living alone. I have a phobia about it. But I must try.

What will your uncle say if you leave him?' asked Arkady. 'Or doesn't he mind?'

- 'He was dead against it until recently. But now he is all for it. He has a secret formula... top secret....well, never mind what it is, but he is maniacal about it. He wants me to keep

it in my flat, he thinks that is the safest place. People would search for it in his home, in his various offices, his safe deposit, everywhere, but no one would think of looking in my flat. So I may have my flat if I want it. But I am in two minds. I want to leave his house but I am not all that keen on living alone in a flat with a secret formula.'

'What about a girl-friend?' asked Arkady teasingly. 'Or, better still, a boy-friend?'

'No,' she replied curtly sounding annoyed. The food was good and the wine even better. Arkady contemplated the girl with growing anticipation and excitement and suggested three times that it was time to go upstairs to Heloise. At last they went. As soon as they closed the door behind them, Arkady threw himself on the girl.

'Don't be such a barbarian,' she rebuked

with unexpected sharpness.

'One little kiss.'

She meant to turn her head away but was too late. Arkady kissed her passionately on the mouth. She tolerated it but did not respond. Her body stiffened and the whole experience seemed to displease her.

As soon as she was free again, she started to get ready for bed. She moved with great deliberation. Indeed, her slowness was agoniz-

'I want to go to the bathroom first,' she

said and disappeared

Arkady undressed, leaving only his pants on. They were bright red, bought in the decadent West.

At last Oriana re-emerged — still fully

dressed, wearing her white caftan.

'All yours,' she said, indicating the open

door of the bathroom.

Arkady went in and washed his Oriana had put out a new toothbrush — still in its plastic wrapping — for him. Obviously, she was considerate and most efficiently equipped for such occasions. She opened the bathroom door.

'Come and help me,' she said, breathlessly. She was dragging one of the mattresses

into the bathroom.

'Help. It's too heavy.'

'What's that for?' asked Arkady, astonished 'Just help.

Arkady helped.

But who wants a mattress in the bathroom?'

he asked, puzzled.

'You do,' she said, and closed the door. Before he could move, he heard the key turn in the lock. She must have put the key outside without his noticing it. He was a prisoner.

He immediately thought she would call the police and hand him over as a Soviet spy. He must have fallen into a trap. He thought he had fooled her by knocking the tray out of her hands at Hurlingham on the instruction of his superiors, but it was he who was trapped and fooled. Perhaps, he thought hopefully, it wasn't as bad as that. Perhaps she was just mad. Sure, she was mad. Or even more hopefully: she was only joking.

'Let me out,' he said most unconvincingly. He did not know what she was up to but he was certain that she would not let him out.

"Tomorrow morning, darling,' she said

kindly, almost lovingly.

He stopped being a Soviet spy. He was just a frustrated male, with a desirable and maddening woman only a few steps away, yet very, very far from his reach.

'Stop this silly joke, Oriana,' he called in a

hoarse voice.

'It may be silly. But it's no joke. You must sleep in the bathroom.'

'But why?

'Good-night, darling.'

'Listen Öriana...

'Wasn't it kind of me to drag that bloody mattress in? Isn't it better than sleeping in the bath-tub? Well, good-night.

Arkady was desperate.

'Let me out, you bitch. You can't do this to me.

'That's a silly thing to say. I am actually doing it.'

Arkady banged on the door with renewed

'There will be a scandal, Gurbanov darling.' 'I want a scandal. Oriana: you are a

bloody whore.

'You've got that wrong, angel. A whore is a woman who does it, not one who refuses to do

'No vodka for me. I don't want a drink. Not a drop.'

'I'll resign. I'll retire. I'll take a job as a

navvy. I'll emigrate to California.'

Ludmila said nothing.

"They are mucking up the Unalim job,' he declared grimly as he poured out a king-size vodka. 'I don't want any more drink!' he shouted and gulped it down in one go.
'Who are "they" and what is "Unalim"?'

"Unalim", Ludmila, is the name of the pill.

It's Latin, so you wouldn't know.

'Nor would you if it had not been explained

Seryoshka ignored the jibe and continued

with great dignity.

'Un is short for unitas — meaning unity or unified, and alim is an abbreviation of alimentum, meaning nourishment. Unalim unified nourishment. The best food in the world.

Would you prefer it to kievsky and platsek?

she asked irritated.

I would, Ludmila, I would. If I had that English pill or the formula here, I wouldn't mind having Unalim for breakfast, lunch and dinner for three weeks. Say one week. Not counting Sundays, of course.

Ludmila decided not to annoy him further. She tried to show interest: 'English pill? Is

this Unalim made by the English?'

'It is, Ludmila, it is. You have no right to 18 doubt my word. An honest toiler's word, Lud-



If I'm telling you it's English, then English it is. Why don't you believe me? Am I a bloody liar?

Ludmila had her own views on this subject but as he was almost in tears, she kept her

views to herself.

"There have been many universal pills invented before,' he went on, switching from the tearful to the didactic. 'Protein remained the problem. You don't know what protein is, Ludmila, but take my word for it: it remained the problem. Now these British have solved the protein problem but that bloody man Perring tries to keep it a secret. It is the big molecules, Ludmila, which cause the difficulties. Or wait a minute are they the small molecules? No. The big one. The protein molecules. I'm almost sure they are big, not small. The British, I'm told, get their protein from mineral oil. Anyway, they have solved this problem, Ludmila, and all our problems - all our feeding problems - would be solved if those bloody, stupid bastards....

He stopped.

Are you surprised, Seryoshka?' asked Ludmila warmly, feeling she must play the role of the sympathetic wife. 'You can't be surprised. You yourself foretold clearly that those untrained amateurs you had to send to London would bungle everything.

They didn't. It's not the untrained amateurs.

Lolita is doing bloody well.'
'Lolita? Who is Lolita? What is his real name?'

'Boris Gregorovich Gurbanov.'

'His real name, I said, Sergey Alexandro-

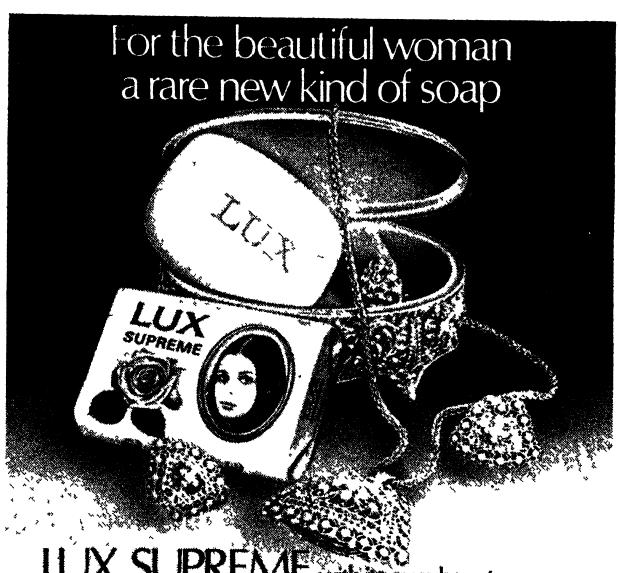
'Arkady Dimitrievich Nikitin. But what does it matter? Lolita to you. Lolita to me. He is the bull of the service. He gets any girl into bed in no time.'

Try to stick to the point, Seryoshka. If this boy, Lolita, is so good at getting all the girls into bed with him and has succeeded in extracting important pieces of information from

'Mind you....' Seryoshka interrupted her, partly answering her, partly just musing to himself, 'mind you, I am far from sure that this information is correct. It sounds pretty dotty to me. The girl told him that the recipe - the formula we are after — would be smuggled out of the factory and deposited for safe-keeping in her new flat. That would suit us but it makes no sense. Why should they do that? I just cannot believe it.'

'Who is lying then? Lolita? Or the girl?'





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Hair Care



Continuing our journey in the discovery of our hair, we come to climate. Like the skin, there are different types of scalp, like oily, normal and dry. But these too change according to the weather or your general health. Normally, healthy hair can start falling due to a virus infection (to be corrected by doctor) or after a protracted illness like typhoid or jaundice. A well-balanced diet and vitamin supplements will strengthen the new hair. In very cold weather, hair and scalp can become extremely dry and patchy. Regular treatment with warm olive oil, massaged well into scalp, left overnight and washed the next morning, will soon restore the lustre in the hair. In rainy weather the hair will tend to crinkle. This can be prevented by wrapping the hair, turban-style, and pinning in place for about five hours, or overnight. Another idea is to brush hair when slightly damp in firm downward strokes, by bending head towards the ground and brushing from scalp to hair ends.

Also, hair will be bleached in patches and break if exposed constantly to strong sunlight. This can be avoided to a certain extent if hair is tied back when in the outdoors. This way,

you will also collect less dirt in the hair. Do tie a scarf around your hair when out in strong

sunlight.

If you are going for a change of colour for your hair, remember that as an average Indian, your choice ranges from dark brown to black. Here too, if your face is lined, don't go for the metallic black look that can make you seem 'hard'. If you are in the salt-andpepper stage, a rinse is the best answer, since it is temporary, milder in its reaction and gives a softer effect. Otherwise, hard chemical colorants will turn your hair orange if you stop

using them!

What are the best foods to be eaten to aid hair growth? Eat plenty of meat, fish, eggs, vegetables and fresh fruits. Drink at least eight to ten glasses of water a day. For vegetarians, include milk, dal, sprouted tarians, include milk, dal, sprouted pulses. Avoid fried and greasy food. Canned fruits, too-greasy sweets and fatty foods are also bad. Multi-vitamin pills and yeast tablets will help a great deal if hair is in a bad condition. As a matter of fact, if you suddenly find yourself a chronic sufferer of dandruff, chances are, you are suffering from an acute shortage of vitamin 'A' in your system.

What causes dandruff? This is scaliness of the scalp and can be induced by skin dryness due to nutritional deficiency. Change in water (hard water is bad) can also cause this, apart from scalp diseases like sebborhoea (an upset of the sebaceous glands) or psorriasis, which does not respond well to treatment. Try one of the following treatments. Most probably, your problem will be solved. But if your condition is serious, you can get even dandruff of the eyebrows. Consult a good skin specialist

immediately.

(a) Shampoo hair as usual. Take half a cupful of Cetavlon and mix with a little water. Apply well into scalp. Rinse off with plenty of water after five minutes.
(b) Take two or three tablespoons Listerine

and the same amount of cold water. Massage well into scalp. Shampoo as usual after about

(c) Take a little Seboderm. Mix with a little water. Massage onto scalp. Lea and shampoo as usual next day. Leave overnight

Dullness of hair is caused by the roughening or the wear and tear of the cuticle. The cuticle is the outermost layer in the hair that gives it a shine. When this breaks due to harsh treatment of hair (either with chemicals — as bleaches or strong shampoos; or manually, with wrong brushes and combs) it loses its lustre. Conditioners can bind them if the damage is not too great. The structure of the hair is as follows: The outer hard translucent layer is called the cuticle and the inner fibrous layer is called the cortex. Hair is neither made up of dead cells, nor is it a living substance. It is in fact made up of a large number of chemicals. In other words, hair cannot really be damaged because the only living part is the root, which is contained in a tiny pocket or follicle beneath the scalp. This is why general health is so important.



So Rekha and Vinod Mehra, who she claims, were married in Calcutta, with Ritesh Mukerji as witness, have "separated" now, and what's more, the "divorce" proceedings are on. She was telling someone how she regretted her "marriage" fortunately done secretly, to poor Vin-Vin. And now, her four-month old affair with Kiran Kumar seems to be fizzling out, because Kiran, ever he may be on the screen (which is not very creditable), is no simpleton like Vinod. He says he is fed up of her demanding ways. Rings him here, rings him up there, chases him whereever he goes. And after a four-month marathon fling with her, he is finally making plans of giving her up. And he's been ringing up ex-girl Yogita Bali, now!

Believe that Dabboo's wife Babita, still lives in her "actress" days. She's always cribbing about her in-laws, about how Dabboo who is shooting from ten-to-ten, round the clock, never gives her any time. And she's looking haggard these days, in addition to her unsmiling looks and perpetual frown! More's the reason why Dabboo should search for greener pastures than Babs—something in the line of Neetu Singh?

Premnath, who boozes round the clock and is in top form, as busy as his yeaster-year hero days and as popular, has suddenly gone on one of his frequent religious hinges. He knocks off at places like Hardwar and Kashi and Hrishikesh, doing meditation and thanksgiving (or maybe repentance). Says he goes off drinks, off talk, off smoking and most of all, off Kamini Kaushal!

And that reminds me of what an actor was saying of the old love-pair, who puts to shame even youngsters. It seems that the snuggling up and the obvious signs of being in love are all exhibit-

ed, in front of her poor old husband. They sat, at one particular function, she in the middle, hubby on her side and Premnath, his arms round her, on the other side!

Now that Mohan Kumar has established himself as a super-hit director, from his "Amirown production, "Amir-Garib" (and that Shammi Kapoor has not clicked with "Manohis first direction ranjan") it seems he is dropping Shammi from his next film, to star Zeenat and Dharmendra. Its a pity because Shammi showed a lot of promise and this would have been his first "outside" venture. One can now well



imagine the hoity-toity statements that will be coming from Mohan Kumar, which have not been heard since his "Aman" made ten years ago, flopped and all his subsequent films also flopped miserably! With the extraordinary success of "Amir-Garib", then, Mohan Kumar has got a new lease of life, besides giving Dev Anand another one.

Rishi Kapoor threw a party at his home to celebrate his birthday. And told his elders, Papa Raj and Mamma Krishna, that he was just calling a "few friends" of his over. So the elders relaxed, thinking just a few teenagers would be coming for dinner. ten o'clock, Come "friends" dropped in . Shakti Samanta, Raj Khosla, Pramod Chakravarty, and all the oldies one could think of. Since when did old producers become Chintu's "friends"? An embarrassed Raj Kapoor and his were then hauled out and made to host just "another party" like they've been doing for years and almost every week, since Bobby clicked!

Believe villain Manmohan has been told by docs that even one more drop of liquor is as good as poison for him. He has, pitiably, come to the phase in alchololism, where the hands start shaking and only drink can subdue the trembling! So he's so dead scared that he studiously avoids all of the parties which have been recently held, and is not seen officiating over the bar, his hitherto accustomed place!

And guess who's stopped attending parties all of a sudden — the biggest party-"bazzes" of the town, Anju and her mamma Shanti Mahendroo! Ain't that real shocking? No, not really, said a cool-guy. The charm of being ex-Rajesh Khanna's girl is finally wearing off and no one finds it interesting to meet her now!

Poor Rajendranath! Everytime any critic talks badly about comedians, Rajendranath is invariably dragged into the conversation. And no one is more aware of the sad state of filmmaking today, than Rajendranath himself.

"Comedy for comedy's sake? And how! I was once signed by a producer for a comedy role. When I landed up on the sets I found everyone totally unprepared. They'd got a comedian but did not know what to do with him! I was told, 'Arre kuch bhi karo yaar'!" And the maker hoped to raise his laughs! At another time, Rajendranath reported for work and found the director wanted him to sit on a basketful of eggs! The eggs will break and that'll make the audience laugh," he was instructed! And no amount of pleading would make the director change his brand of being a laugh-getter!

Sometimes, in fact very often, Rajendranath has found much to his dismay, that he has rotten dialogues ("with double meanings") to deliver or terribly sick actions to do. "I hate dressing up as a girl. Lekin karna padta hai. I recently saw '5 Rifles'. And Johar is in it dressed as a girl again. I hate it. But in Johar's case I can only say, every man to his taste!"

While Rajendranath spoke resignedly about

the fate of people like him in the hands of unintelligent film makers, out came a story about how he was forced to mouth a particularly vulgar piece of dialogue. "I tried to tell the director that the censors would never allow it. And do you know what the director told me?" Rajendranath was taken to a corner and confidentially told, that the director would get it passed by "the censors because he himself would be on the censor board soon! "Of course it was a fast one he pulled on me. He was never on the board!" What's worse is, "this guy is now a Young Turk. No wonder the country is in the shambles it is in today, with people like him as M.P.s!" (Rajendranath is, incidentally, one of the few film actors who reads every bit of news religiously. "Deny me anything but give me my daily newspaper!" he once told me).

Reverting to Rajendranath's revelations of what goes on behind the silver screen, the comedian is convinced that, "most film makers are sadists! They get some vicarious thrill by watching us perform obscene scenes. once a producer forced me to wriggle under a blanket with Praveen Chaudhury (a comedi-enne)! I don't know what pleasure he got watching us do this scene, which was totally

unnecessary.'

Probably the producer knows what the audience wants...at least what the front bencher enjoys, I said. "That's not true. The audience today is very clever. They can't take crude comedy over and over again." How do you like being typed a comedian? "I don't dislike being a comedian. But I feel very sad when I'm forced to be vulgar..." Like the 'Tum Haseen Main Jawan' role of a sailor whose towel comes out every second minute? "No, no. Did you find it vulgar? I rather enjoyed doing that role. With sailors who've no females on board, this behaviour is quite normal. No I didn't find it vulgar."

Vulgarity aside, Rajendranath has faced another big evil — chopping of scenes! Like

which has a good role for him. "But they've chopped off a good scene of mine, when I'm caught with Jayshree T. in a room. It would've been good for a laugh but I was told it's being snipped away because the film was too long.

Is this role also chopped as badly as in 'Geetaa Mera Naam' where you suddenly disappeared never to reappear? "No not that drastically. My role in "Geetaa Mera Naam' was cut very badly, making no sense at all"

The role that Rajendranath is over enthusiastic about now is 'Pafor Chakler' (which

siastic about now is, 'Rafoo Chakkar' (which has Chintu and Paintal as girls!). And of course, Rajendranath's own production, Gatecrasher'.

Deny me anything, but not my daily newspaper

Being his first venture, Rajendranath is playing safe. He's got saleable ingredients like R. D Burman, Nitu Singh and Daboo Kapoor in the film, besides a good role for himself. "No. No. I'm not O P. Ralhan to have a solid parallel role for myself. I'm only a small part of the story. The film is almost entirely based on the lead pair"

While we sat talking on his neat balcony (with a fantastic view of Bombay by night) after dinner, Rajendranath's wife came to say 'bye' She was going to see a trial show of 'Patthar aur Payal' A smart, attractive person. "She's not just attractive but a very nice person too. She's helping me no end with my film It's good to have a wife who's interested and can help you in your work." His wife who runs a dressing-making shop for ladies, is getting Nitu Singh's wardrobe for 'The Gatecrasher

Once the topic turns to his own film, Rajendranath forgets everything else. "Don't quote me because the film industry is such that once a producer gets wind of what's in my film, he'll plagiarise the idea completely." And goodness knows who can make a faster film these days, with dozens of films awaiting

release or completion

"I'm going to get some of my friends - all top stars — to make brief appearances in cameo roles. It'll be interesting for the audience."

"If you're free, please drop in at my informal mahurat, very near your office Daboo and Asrani will be shooting," Rajendranath invited me. I couldn't believe my ears Asrani? When every established comedian feared Asrani and Paintal as their sole competitors? "I have no complexes. I know where I stand. Asrani is a fantastic artiste and a good friend of mine. In fact, I think he has a better roles than mine in my film! I offered him a choice and he opted for a role which can shape out better than mine. Ask him when you meet him "I won't ask Asrani because I trust Rajendranath. After all, he is the one actor who's had the guts to speak out about the film makers. And also, the guts to admit that his title, "The Gatecrasher', was inspired by himself! "When I was a nobody I used to gate crash into film parties regularly !!"

N. BHARATHI.



SISSINE ONASSIS AT

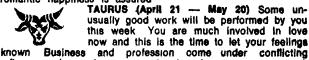




ARIÉS (March 21 -- April 20) Moments of anxiety for you in domestic sphere in service and in profession avoid cussions with associates heated dis-In business

Increased income may be expected. A peceful week for industrialists. If single, this is a dramatic week for you. Much

romantic happiness is assured



influences in service no spectacular changes are expected GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) An excellent week to think in terms of future ambitions Your imagination and intuition will help

stride over your official problems Some romantic moments are yours this week. If you are artistic by nature sensitive by disposition social and professional

success is assured



CANCER (June 21 - July 21) This is the time to have financial reserves put aside for future in service, do not take your colleagues for granted --- check reports

and statements prepared by your associates Professionals I hold your tongue Businessmen! make investment on or after the 16th For bachelors and girls, a drab week,

LEO (July 22 — August 21) Tension and



stresses at work will be over from Wednesday Businessmen! be careful in handling legal affairs Professionals! an emotional

upset is due in the first half of the week Ladies, bachelors and girls! this is a week to be social. Your old friends will help make your dreams come true. An ambition may be fulfilled



VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) in service follow routine only Professionals I get together with professional associates Businessmen !

and other allies indicated Businessmen!
this is very much a work week Girls and ladies! you enjoy dwelling on fantasies and this is the time to draw line between reality and fantasies



LIBRA (September 23 — October 22) week for following your instructs as hunches be good Many of your problems will be solved before Thursday This week is extremely satisfactory for those who are in service. Businessmen! you can realise your ambition in long trips Bachelors and girls! gloomy circumstances will be over by Saturday



SCORPIO (Óctober 23 November 22) All round progress assured in service, you will have an opportunity to greater heights that you hoped for Businessmen! you will be able to make more money than usual this week Industrial-

ists I you will be making a mistake if you try to rush away from present circumstances. Bachelors and girls I you can expand your outside activities



SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20) You are going to enjoy increased popularity in your professional circle. In service, conditions will improve Executives I now you

can go ahead full speed with whatever you have agreed to do and get done efficiently Bachelors and girls I if you are involved in love, you will have more comfort and ease



CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19) A week of achievement You are likely to be deeply involved in romance but the planets are not inclined to help you in service, extra Professionals I travel abroad or communica-

income indicated tion with foreign friends will keep you in best of spirit Ladies ! health of your husband may cause worries Girls I control your emotions



AQUARIUS (January 20 -Domestic peace is likely to be disturbed After mid-week, expenditure will mount Pro-

associates Businessmen I Friday and Saturday will bring you tremendous success in service, you are going to be promoted, Executives I avoid travels as they are not likely to be pleasant.



PISCES (February 19 — March 20) Unalleyed benefits are not to be anticipated in any sphere of life. For bachelors and girls, this is not a favourable week for courtship or

love Businessmen i you can now go forward with your plans. Industrialists i tax-problem may irritate you judies i certain sudden expenditure may make you worried

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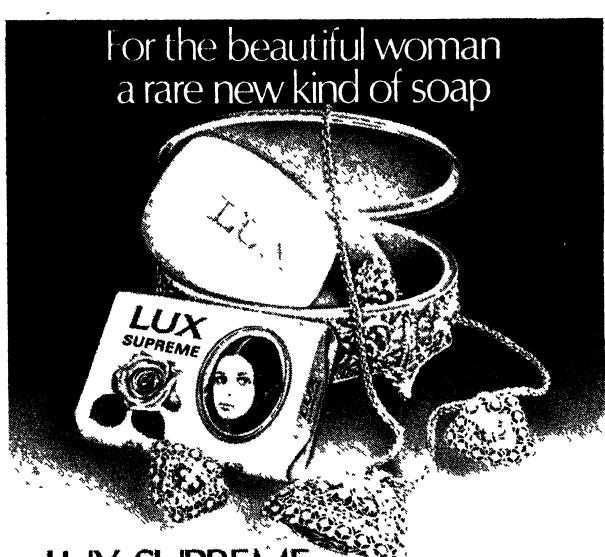
13 OCTOBER 1974 VOL II ISSUE 31

Jacqueline 5 **Beauty Beat 12** The Spy Who Died Of Boredom 14 In Our Fashion 20 Khaas Baat 22

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THE PRESIDENT'S SECRET ARW

For the first time in the history of the Central Intelligence Agency if has been attacked from the inside by a former high-ranking officer-VICTOR MARCHETTI, who worked in the Director's office in collaboration with JOHN D. MARKS, he has exposed the secrets of its world-wide undercover operations. The CIA, backed by the Govern ment, tried to veto the book before it was written then obtained a court order to delete 339 passages. After a long legal battle the authors have got their book into pont



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SHE is, after all, not just the woman who looks smashing in blue jeans or a ruffled Valentino dress, who meets her husband for lunch in Paris. who this month might be on a yacht or in any of three different houses for a few weeks, and whose taste has always sent the rest of us spinning She is not just the woman who has hairdressers come to her, or who had a cook in a Fifth Avenue apartment who said he quit because she likes cucumber sandwiches for tea.

Perhaps we are not a nation with a long or rich memory but rather a people who prefer to forget. But to think of her in just these terms to see her life only as thrilling theater lived by the very rich — is to cheapen and cut off our

own past.

What she is, and always will be, is the same woman who in that November of 1963 moved Charles de Gaulle to say: "She gave an example to the whole world of how to behave." He was a stern and unusually critical man, not easily impressed by the courage and comportment of

others.

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was 45 years old last July. On each of her birthdays we stop and try to step a little closer. More is written. More is read. So much of what we think we have learned about her is not quite true. The world's most written-about woman keeps her silence and tells us nothing.

Recently she and I talked briefly on the telephone in New York. She often answers it herself. There is no social secretary or butler. A small point: Her voice is not really that of a little girl. It is light and soft. She never mumbles or squeaks. It is not the voice of a babyish woman or one who tries to be cute. She makes me laugh, for she can be mock-



ing and witty. The day is so glorious I ask if she is going away. Her answer is such an ordinary one.

"When school is out," Mrs. Onassis There are the children, of course Caroline, who is 16, is at a boarding school called Concord Academy in Massachusetts. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr., who goes to a private school in New York, is 13. Her answer is what my cousin or best friend would say if I asked them about summer plans. Their words would be "when school is out."

"What do you think her life is like now?" a friend of mine asks. This is a married woman who lives in the suburbs, doing the laundry of her four children as we talk. What she really wants to know is how much shorter is Aristotle Socrates Onassis. Is it two inches, or

is it three?

My friend, as do many other women, sees Jacqueline Onassis in rooms with huge chandeliers, furs strewn everywhere, and all those hundreds of dresses hanging in a real room,





not in closets but what Hollywood women calls a wardrobe room. There is a private airplane, of course, since Mr. Onassis must surely own all those jets that fly for his company Olympic Airways.

None of it is true, of course. Yet my friend does not really want to hear that Jacqueline Onassis takes taxis, goes to the movies with friends, refuses cocktail parties and big balls, makes lists of sheets — she likes linen ones — and spends huge amounts of time with her children. There is no private plane, no wardrobe room.

It makes my friend feel cheated. But I have nothing sensational to report. She has been married for nearly six years to an elderly Greek multimillionaire who travels constantly and whose age we do not know. He is 68, perhaps, or 74.

It would be foolish to pretend that Jacqueline Onassis has a run-of-the-mill life, worrying about grocery bills or rent. But the point is that she is not as removed from the realities as many people prefer to think. She does not choose to be. It was never her idea to imitate Garbo, to seek solitude, to raise a family apart from others. She remains curious and alive. One crucial reason is the children.

The Collegiate School, where John is a pupil, regularly holds meetings for parents and teachers that Mrs. Onassis rarely misses. No fuss is made over her Once when she arrived other parents were wearing their names pinned on their chests. Another woman greeted her and said: "Why Mrs Onassis, you don't have a name tag on." They both laughed.

I cannot remember where I read it, but once she said that if you are a good mother it does not matter much what else you have done. It rings true. She has gone to baseball games, to children's movies, to school plays, as so many others do. Mr. Onassis is good with the children,

I am told. They like him.

My friend is taking the laundry out of the dryer and wants to know where the Onassises live. It is a question that fascinates her but not me. There are residences that they share, or own separately, or go to alone. Mrs. Onassis is rooted in a 15-room apartment at Fifth Avenue and 85th Street. The dining room has walls the color of coral. There are Louis XVI chairs for a table that seats eight. She does not entertain often.

Pictures of their father are in the children's rooms but nowhere else for, more than ten years after the death of President Kennedy, she is unable to see his face casually. There is a small country house in Peapack, New Jersey, an easy drive from New York, where riding and hunting and horse shows are as much a part of life as the trees and fields. It is a world she has known and loved since she was very small, up on her own pony, and wanting to move. Yes, Caroline is that way on a horse, too.

There is a photograph of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis that hangs in the office of a close friend. It tells us much more than the hundreds of others where she is sitting still, or giving the wistful polite smile that seems a camouflage of feelings, not a measure of them. It is a picture of her riding very hard, perhaps about to jump, rising up, with the wind pushing back her hair and shirt. Her face is calm but very intense.

In the summers, she has Skorpios, a 500-acre Greek island in the Ionian Sea, which Mr. Onassis owns. They have a pinkish villa with a swimming pool. There are only three main bedrooms. The gardens delight and please her. She has begun to read books on flowers and their planting and arrangement out of doors.

She has not changed much since the days when she was First Lady, wanting the deadly, stiff clumps of gladioli and snapdragons out of the White House.

The last question my friend asks is why she married again, and why him. I have no answer. Those who do would not explain. But she has always been drawn to men of power, of strength, who took the deepest risks and expected to win. He has also given her a huge gift. Call it privacy. He understands the need for it. No one asks Mr. Onassis how many shirts he owns, or how much money he has made. He has built the buffer zone, cushioning her from a curious world unable to ever stop watching that famous widow. Perhaps, too, he makes her laugh, or they enjoy each other, and he has stories to tell she has not ever heard. Perhaps he is a man she can lean on when she feels like it, but who lets her breathe and be alone when she needs that.

There is something wrong with lists: The details they give can be hollow. To know, for example, that Mr. Onassis has a beautiful yacht called *Christina*, which is supposed to have two El Grecos, 40 telephones and antique silver, is not really to know what Mrs. Onassis thinks when she wakes up or wants to eat.

To be told that Mrs. Onassis goes back with the children to Hyannis Port, the homestead of all Kennedys, is only to guess at what memories can not be put aside and safely held down. Money cannot help with that. Friends say that she has kept the house where she and JFK lived, after Caroline was born, so that the children can go back every summer for the things she feels the young require: real roots and a mixing of the generations, the pull and push, the talking and sharing. Caroline and John have 26 first cousins who nearly always come pouring into Hyannis Port from all directions. They are of different ages, temperaments, needs and talents. There is a tribal tangle, ruled over by the grandmother, Rose Kennedy, who loves the commotion and contrasts and closeness. There are aunts and uncles, friends, pets, the sea and sun and the coming together of that huge clan whose history is so much a part of ourselves. Her children like it there.

Mr. Onassis, who is called "Ari" by his wife, has been to Hyannis Port where he charmed Rose Kennedy, but he would prefer to be on his island with his wife each August than on Cape Cod.

It is Caroline who now writes the verses and sketches. Her mother does not write or paint,



Aristotle Socrates Onassis

which is too bad, for genuine gifts were once there. Once, when Jacqueline Bouvier was a young tourist moving through Europe in the summer, she filled up a sketchbook. Most of her friends were working their Kodaks, and perhaps seeing less.

There is no shortage of people who want to see her: the Kennedy men who have always kept in touch long after leaving. Washington, the writers and artists whose company she once said she preferred to that of politicians, the Europeans who share many of her interests and tastes, the New York friends who are just as wealthy and well-dressed, the school friends, the ones from Newport where she spent summers as a girl.

I do not think she sees many of them at regular intervals. Perhaps the person she has been closest to for the longest period is her younger sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, who is separated from a titled Polish businessman. The mother of two children, she has moved from London to New York. Once, when the sisters were very young and many men danced for their attention, there were stories about an animosity between them. Indeed, Jacqueline is supposed to have said once at a dinner party, Didn't Lee look better now that a mole had been removed from her face? I am not persuaded the story holds up but so much for sibling rivalry. The sisters are close, live a few blocks apart and see each other often.

There is always a photograph of Jackie wear- 7



Ari and his mate

ing a new white raincoat or tying her scarf a different way. It tells us nothing more, yet a photograph of her sells more of everything: raincoats, scarves, newspapers, magazines, sun-glasses. She is our national obsession who keeps her long silence, and curiosity grows. How much money does she spend every year? Does Caroline remember playing in her father's office or once telling the White House press corps that JFK was "not doing anything - just sitting upstairs with his socks off"? Does her son, who was three when the President was buried, remember the funeral? What color is her bathroom? What is her Greek husband like, in every way? Is it true that she was never close to the Kennedy sisters? These are the questions that would be asked. She is wise to stay aloof. She is right to refuse to reply. It is not history we want so much as more good gossip.

Recently, when she was told of an article that mentioned what she owned or what it was thought she owned, Mrs. Onassis said scornfully: "All that junk." I do not know if she meant real possessions or imaginary ones. She sometimes speaks that way.

It is not to our credit that there were such howls and complaints when she married again. Finally, to silence her critics, Richard Cardinal Cushing, who had married her in 1953 and bap-8 tized the children, had to speak.

to marry, and why should I be condemned and why should she be condemned?" the Cardinal asked. So many Americans felt wronged. The comment of a retired, 70-year-old bookkeeper was not untypical. "I'm terribly disappointed," she said. "She could have done better. To us she was royalty, a princess, and I think she could have married a prince. Or at least someone who looked like a prince."

So that was it: He did not look like a prince.

"Why can't she marry whomever she wants

But even before her remarriage, there was a growing grumbling about the life she was leading, although the public could only guess most of it. Many Americans wanted her to lead antiwar demonstrations when Lyndon Johnson was in office, or to calm the Black Panthers, to give all her money to the poor and the old, or open a commune. But she was never a junior Eleanor Roosevelt, whose life was committed to social injustices and urgent causes. She was never elected to office. She had promised us nothing. But we wanted her to help us, to make things nice again, to make us feel less frightened. It would not do for her just to look pretty and pay attention to the children and go to the theater, you see.

There was a caption once, under a photograph in that chatty brash newspaper for the fashion world, that said: "The social butterfly has come down to earth."

On the April day that story ran, in 1968, she was again in black, again kneeling before a coffin, again the woman with the trembling face and eyes that told us too much. She was in the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, at the funeral service for Dr. Martin Luther King,

Jr. He had also been shot and killed.

A New York *Times* reporter, a man not given to the slightest exaggeration, wrote: "The crowd outside was overwhelming and Mrs. John F. Kennedy, widow of the President, was virtually lost from view as she was slowly escorted through the crowd. Despite the harrowing experience her composure remained intact.

It is an old story, to be sure, but which of us could have done better in that cruel and long decade? She had never chosen to be our heroine — although at times it could not have displeased her — but the penalty paid for being a legend is very high indeed.

There was not one unimaginable loss, but two. There are friends of the Kennedys who think that when Senator Robert Kennedy was shot on June 5, 1968, in Los Angeles, much died in this country, including something of them

and something of her.

When she was travelling in Mexico in 1968, that restless and original woman who cannot see too many ruin, it was noted that she wore heavy walking shoes to see the great remains of Uxmal, that she spoke Spanish, that she spent \$62 for souvenirs in a gift shop in Chichen Itza, and much more. On Cozumel Island she was asked if she would help her brother-in-law campaign if he decided to oppose LBJ for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

What a complexion! All hers? Satin Glow is so natural you can't tell. The secret is in applying it right.



Before: People rarely looked at her twice

Rita looked quite ordinary. Wrong makeup made matters worse. Too light a shade gave her face a patchy look. Then a friend showed her how to choose and use the right makeup. They found the right shade for her in Satin Glow.



After: Heads turn to look at her now

Satin Glow goes on smoothly, evenly. Covers up flaws beautifully. Plus it gives Rita's face a translucent glow. This gives her new joy and confidence and that certain radiance.



Lakme Satin Glow

Liquid Makeup
in seven shades specially created

to blend with Indian complexions

Lakme SATIN GLOW LIQUID MAKELE

RADEUS/L-121

Her answer told us very much.

"Whatever Senator Kennedy will do I know it will be right," she said. "I will always be with him with all my heart. I shall always

back him up."

If Senator Edward Kennedy ever decides that he does want to be a candidate for the Presidency it is not likely that Mrs. Onassis, who has never campaigned in her life, would make speeches or public appearances. Her support would come in other ways.

A man in Cambridge who loved Robert Kennedy told me, without saying so, the difference between the late Senator's wife, Ethel, and JFK's widow. When asked how she was able to bear the death of her husband so well, Mrs. Robert Kennedy said it helped her to think of "Bobby and Jack together again, in heaven." Although Mrs. Onassis has always been a devout Catholic, I do not think she could have ever put it that way.

Sandy Vanocur, a former NBC television commentator and a friend of the Kennedy family, described how disturbed Jacqueline Kennedy was on the flight, from Los Angeles to New York, bearing the casket of Robert Kennedy. She thought it was the same plane that had taken her husband's coffin from Dallas to Washington, D.C. It was not the same one,

they told her.

If all else blurs and fades in our minds, perhaps we might remember how she felt that day, six years ago, fearing she was back on the same Boeing 707 and it was happening again.

An actress named Glory Van Scott put it the best way. She met the former First Lady backstage, with the other members of the cast, after a performance in February, 1969, of a play called *The Great White Hope*. "She showed us the world doesn't have to finish you off," the actress said later.

It did not. We should be glad. So it should not matter at all how she lives now, where she goes, what she spends. She was never a political animal, or a born and willing campaigner, who wanted to talk to Congressional wives, or go to teas, or do what the voters expected of her. She is free now to be what she wishes.

Both her critics and some friends, who never, never want their names used, have said that she really likes publicity as long as it is flattering and nice. I don't believe this. Once, in 1966, when she was visiting the Duke and Duchess of Alba during Seville's annual sixday Feria, the crowd of reporters was so thick and so demanding that she was obliged to face us. I carefully wrote down that she wore low-heeled black shoes with silver Pilgrim buckles, a Valentino white jacket and black skirt, and pearls. What I left out of the stories was the impression she gave of genuine shyness, an almost shrinking back from the crowds and cameras and shouting. She never did like being hemmed in.

Much happened in October, 1968. There 10 was her wedding, which made us forget Viet-

nam, and we were glad to, and the problems of the students and the shaking in troubled cities. Nearly two years later, it was learned that Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, a beautiful and useful historian, felt that she had lived most of her five years in the White House under the shadow of Mrs. Kennedy. In her memoirs, A White House Diary, Mrs. Johnson dictated her thoughts on the eve of the wedding.

"Remembering her eyes when last I had seen her at the funeral of Bobby Kennedy, I thought this complete break with the past might be good for her." Mrs. Johnson added that she went to sleep that night feeling "strangely freer" because of the wedding that would take place the next day on a Greek

island

Perhaps we always expected too much in those shiny, fatter years when the country seemed so much younger and more confident. There was such a sharp new glitter to her in the White House days: the First Lady who made her debut at Newport, who went to Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, and Vassar College for two years, who studied at the Sorbonne and spoke other languages and read poets because she wanted to. What annoys people now — the habits and pleasures of the upper class — is what bewitched us then.

Her mail, which averages 40 letters a week, is answered by a school friend. Nancy Tuckerman, who began to work as her social secretary in 1963 and even now, although she is director of public relations at Olympic, stays in touch and helps in different ways. Mrs. Onassis does not comment on manuscripts or works of art sent to her, provide pictures of President Kennedy to school-children who want them, give money to people who ask for it, accept invitations or let her name be used by organizations, boards of directors, task forces or charities. But she is often generous, kind and sensitive. It is probably just as true that she can be temperamental, impatient, too fussy, stubborn and sharp.

Her impulses are sometimes splendid and touching. Within two days after the assassination of the President, she wrote a note to Mrs. Marie Tippet, the policeman's wife who also became a widow on November 22, 1963. In the spring and early summer of 1971, she worked as a volunteer teachers' aide at a shelter for ghetto children on East 112th Street in Spanish Harlem, run by New York Catholic Charities, which cares for the children of drug addicts.

It was her idea and influence that helped open a textile factory, which uses African motifs and colors, in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area in central Brooklyn, once considered a degrading and hopeless place for blacks to live. The fabrics are now produced by Design Works, one of the projects opened by and affiliated with Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, in a move to provide not only employment, but self-operated businesses to blacks in the community.

She let some of the fabrics be photographed in her dining room, with her Sevres porcelain and 18th-century French furniture, to help

Design Works. She went to a party in the Great Hall of the Metropolitan Museum where the cloths were hung on display in November, 1971. So did about 1,500 other people, some of them to see a collection of Design Works of Bedford-

Stuyvesant and others to see her.

Perhaps it is not philanthropy at its most profound, but the spirit of caring is there, carefully directed and not spilling, then stopping.

If there is more, she will not tell.

The last time I saw Jacqueline Onassis was in October, 1972, when she and her husband gave a party for 62 people in the Champagne Room at El Morocco. It was their fourth anniversary. I had been abroad so long the date

meant nothing to me.

She wore a black top, a long white skirt and a heavy gold belt that looked Moroccan. I thought she had the smallest rib cage of any grown-up woman I had ever known. I asked if it was her husband's birthday but she only smiled and led me to him to say hello. He was sitting down but the huge, dark face was striking. It was, as they say, a perfectly planned party, with eight round tables covered in pale-pink linen, seating eight. There were pale pink and white carnations with small pink rosebuds in the centers of the tables. The Pol Roger 1964 champagne was very cold and good. There was a 1967 St. Emilion wine. I ate a lot. Princess Lee Radziwill wore orange and was amused by Mike Nichols, the director, who had a cough that seemed to rise from his knees. Pierre Salinger made me laugh. Mrs. Mrs. Sylvia Amanda Burden looked pretty. Fine Kaye, wife of Danny Kaye, looked sympathetic, while Stephen Smith, the husband who manages the Kennedy family fortune, did not when I tried to say that Vietnam had stained and torn us. Then I remembers of the same had stained and torn us. bered Kennedy men do not like mournful, loose talk, least of all from women like me who do not compress what they want to say. An important banking official gave a toast to the "bride and groom," words that made Lee Radziwill make the tiniest grimace. The party ended around one A.M. Mr. and Mrs. Onassis went downstairs to the nightclub with several Most of the guests went home. I cannot explain why I was glad to see her again, giving a party like that. It told me that she was still herself, after all the years that had passed, and that she still wants the fresh flowers and the pink tables. There is nothing wrong with that. No one could want to see her become drab or dull.

Not many women I have known have been driven back upon themselves as she has. It is a long and hard journey none of us need envy. She is a survivor, someone who showed that the world couln't finsh her off, as the actress said.

161 Ar 15 TV WAX

GLORIA EMERSON

CUMBIDERING now much is written about aqueszes, not much attention is paid to the pseudo-aqueeze. There is a technique in this, even though its success may depend on an opponent's error.

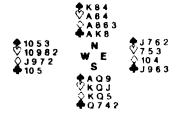
As with a genuine squeeze, the technique is mainly that of cashing the winners in the right order.

*K84 A863 **P** A K B ♥ 10 led

The contract is 7NT and West leads the 10 of hearts. There are three winners in each suit, and a 3-3 break in clubs or diamonds will give South the contract There will also be an automatic squeeze if either opponent has four clubs and four diamonds. What is the best sequence of play to provide the additional chance of a defensive error?

Players tend to begin by cashing the suits in which they have no potential menace. Here, where South hopes for a club or a diamond discard, most players club or a diamond discard, most playma-would begin by cashing the major suits it is better, however, to play three rounds of diamonds. Nothing is lost by this as neither defender, seeing the four-card length in dummy, will discard a diamond if the other suits are led first.

The advantage occurs when one defender has clube and length in one of the major suits. Suppose this is the full deal.



On the third diamond East discards a heart. South now takes three rounds of hearts, forcing East to discard again. This nearts, forcing East to discard again. This time he has a problem and may part with a club. By playing in this way South does not forgo the chance of a genuine squeeze. If South begins by cashing three tricks in each major suit. East has no problem, as he can see that the Jack of spades is

as ne can see that the Jack of species is expendable.

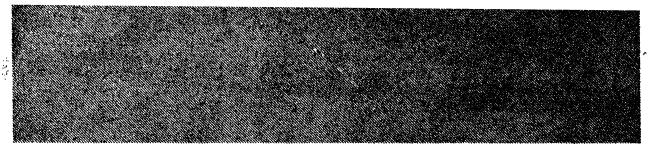
The principle is that when it is hoped to add the possibility of a pseudo-squeeze to the other chances, one should cash first the winners in the suit where the length is visible in dummy

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM



THE FIRST French stamps, issued in January 1849, were closely modelled on Britain's Penny Blacks of 1840 The 20-centimes stamp for ordinary inland letters was printed in black but as France had dispensed with King Louis Philippe 10 months earlier, the portrait was that of Ceres, the Roman goddess of agriculture and plenty
Although fewer were printed, the 20-

centimes Ceres is less expensive than the more popular Penny Black. The cheapest 20-centimes is now catalogued by Stanley Gibbons at £3-50 is used condition, com-pared with £12 for the cheapest variety of Penny Black



HANDY HOME REMEDIES

Did you know a great beauty is oatmeal? You can either buy it from a bania shop or buy the grains and powder them at home or use the quick cooking oats that is available for making porridge, but the last is better as a face pack, not as a scrub.

For a face pack for an oily skin, mix oats or oatmeal, a teaspoon of honey and enough milk (with *malai* removed) to make a thick gooey paste. Apply on face, neck and arms. Allow to dry for about half an hour. Wash off with plenty of tap water.

with plenty of tap water.

A spoonful of oatmeal in bath water will soften it To remove spots from a blemishy back, apply oatmeal paste on affected area. Use a long-handled bath brush and scrub back.

To improve greasy skin and tighten pores. Mix powdered oatmeal with the white of an egg. Apply on face and neck, avoiding area around eyes. Wash off with plenty of water after half an hour.

Here's a method to remove blackheads without steaming face. Apply slightly moistened cereal grains like oatmeal on the heads. When the grains dry, rub off with a turkish towel. The friction will dislodge the blackheads.

Olive oil mixed with a little salt and massaged on feet and legs will remove dead skin and smoothen them. A soak in warm olive oil once a day and a light massage for about 10 minutes will improve brittle nails. Similarly, scanty hair will improve when treated to a weekly massage with warm almond oil and washed off with the juice of reeta nuts or shikakai. Warm olive oil is good for dry hair. A drop of sandalwood oil on a pimple will dry it up fast.

Here is how you make a moisturizer at home.

Lettuce leaves (cabbage and even very fresh tender french beans help) contain iron, vitamins and mineral salts which revitalise skin. This can be bottled and kept in the fridge for almost 10 days. Take eight lettuce leaves, washed. Shred and boil in one pint distilled water. Boil for 10 minutes. Strain and bottle after cooling. Pour a little of it onto a pad of cottonwool. Apply gently on face and neck in upward strokes. Leave on skin for at least three minutes to allow the skin time to absorb it. Now apply make-up over it.

The tannin in tea cools and soothes tired eyes. So take two tea bags and dip in cold water until completely wet. Squeeze and place on eyelids and relax in a dark room for about 10 minutes. You'll feel absolutely refreshed.

To remove spotty, greasy marks on hands that are there after cutting raw bananas, peeling potatoes or chopping onions, use a homemade hand lotion that will not only soften and whiten hands but also kill food odours. Mix equal parts of lemon (not lime) juice and pure glycerine. Shake, blend and store. Will keep for some time. Apply lotion in upward strokes on hand. Now rub palms together as though you are washing them. Leave on for as long as possible before washing off with tap water.

Sour curds, or yoghourt, has been used in the Punjab to wash hair. You can also use it to relax tired feet. Mix four tablespoons thick curds with a tablespoon of vinegar. The acid in the vinegar will clear the dead skin and the rough patches. Keep covered in the fridge. Will stay for up to a week. Apply mixture on feet and under and also in-between the toes. Massage firmly. Leave on for 10 minutes and rinse off with plenty of warm water.

HANDY HOME REMEDIES

here have all the GreyFlannels gone?

As long as a man does his job and does it well, why should it matter how he dresses?

Ask Mr Five Per Cent

The way one dresses should relate to time, to place, to personality and to occasion. For instance, could one think of attending an important meeting in anything but a suit? One must accept, then, the necessity of the suit for its symbolic value.

"In his suit a man is seeking a sort of perpetual visiting card.'

Follow My Leader

The suit indeed, is the centre of a man's wardrobe. It dictates the choice of shirt, shoes, socks and tie. It is his symbol of conformity and individuality. It brings out two opposing psychological needs: the need for association and the need for self-expression. For a man wants to be like the others when he considers them superior, and unlike them (i.e. more 'fashionable' than them) when he considers them inferior to himself.

I'm O.K., You're O.K. For more than a century since 1840 meds clothes remained dull and repressed. This restriction, rooted in intense classconsciousness, is now on its way out. A man no longer needs to show by his clothes that he belongs to a certain social caste.

That's democracy.

What are they up to now? Yet the suit remains remarkably constant. in its appearance. Double-breasted, single-breasted, wide lapels, narrow lapels, one-button fastening to fourbutton fastening. . Each season designers claim to have given it a new look, but all we end up with is yet another

variation on a long-

familiar theme.

Born 1650. Still going str

The Greening of America

What is new, however, is the dramatically altered role colour plays today in male fashions. Colour is now recognized to be the first and most important factor in the marketing success of fabrics and fashions. Deciding on what colours will be offered has now become a serious full-time job combining elements of both science and art.

One example: When Ford Motors introduced their "Maverick" for the young in April '69, the car came in bright colours and was given lively contemporary names. And gold became "Freudian Gilt." A red was called "Thanks Vermillion." Green went by "Anti-Establishmint." And, of course, there was 'Hulla-Blue.'

People loved it. And "sales took off like a scalded Mustang.'

You'll have something to say in Raymond's Suitings 6



GEORGE MIKES PART VII

'Everybody is always lying, Ludmila. That's how the Service operates. These lies are the cornerstones of our existence. I have no quarrel with that. The trouble is....the trouble is...

His face became so distorted that Ludmila thought he would burst out crying. She had not seen him so distressed for years.

'What is the trouble, Seryoshka?' she asked

affectionately.

The trouble is that the GRU has got hold of our information. Or, possibly, got hold of the same information at one and the same time as ourselves. Hard to say which is worse.'

This was serious, and Ludmila knew it. Seryoshka had every reason to be distressed. To fail in an important operation was bad enough but such failures were unavoidable from time to time. But to fail while the GRU succeeded that spelt utter disaster. That might mean the -downfall of Makarov; conceivably even of the great Yu. V. Andropov. And absolutely, without a shadow of doubt, the liquidation of Sergey

Alexandrovich Orlovsky.

'Do you know what happened exactly?'
Orlovsky told her. This man, Lolita, slept with the girl Oriana Perring, at a place called the Buckerell Moon, in the county of Devon. There he found out that the formula would be employed, quite exceptionally, to manufacture a limited number of pills for the use of some expedition. He also found out that it — the formula -- would be moved to the new flat of this girl, Oriana Perring, where it would probably be deposited in a safe. The girl's uncle, the multi-millionaire capitalist food-manufacturer, has an obsession about that formula and has decided that while it would not be safe in the factory, no one would dream of looking for it in his niece's flat.

Ludmila nedded. So far so good.

'Our man Lolita reached his own home at 11.30 a.m. next day, after sleeping with the girl at the Buckerell Moon. He shares a flat with a man called Ivan Stepanovich Anatolsky, a member of the Trade Mission who — inexplicably — got mixed up with some actual trade. He has nothing to do with our problem. Not yet. But as Lolita was expected to turn up with some valuable and eagerely awaited information, his contact — working directly under the Resident Director — a man called Rosamund, was also in the flat, cleaning the windows.'

Orlovsky stopped for a second. But as Lud-14 mila found nothing extraordinary in the state-

ment that a man called Rosamund was cleaning windows, he continued.

'Anatolsky was about to leave these two -Lolita and Rosamund - alone when an unexpected thing occurred. Mabel threw a terrifying scene because she....

Wait a minute! Who is Mabel?'

'Mabel is a Cockney charwoman.' 'What is Cockney?'

'Cockney is an English tribe. Like the Khirgiz or the Uzbeks here. She is their regular cleaning woman, very touchy about her posi-tion. She screamed with fury, saying that if her window-cleaning was not satisfactory she would leave the whole bloody bunch of them. She said that to bring in a strange window-cleaner without even telling her that her window-cleaning was not good enough, was a disgrace and she had never been so insulted in her life. She put on her hat and wanted to leave for good. She had to be stopped.'

'Why?'

You mean why did they have to stop her? Well, the men have all been instructed to avoid scandals at all cost and the bloody female would have gone all round Highgate — that's the name of that London district — telling horrifying tales about the inhuman, barbarous and uncivilized Russians. Besides, I understand it is extremely difficult to find a cleaning woman and Anatolsky was not too keen on losing her. So she was told that in future window-cleaning would remain Rosamund stopped his exclusively her job. window-cleaning and Mabel took over from him and began cleaning those bloody windows with great zest, partly to show how much better she did it and partly to underline her victory."

'Well, these aren't very exciting or even relevant details,' said Ludmila drily

No. But we had to chew over everything that had happened in that crucial hour. Ivan went to his room. Lolita started reporting to Rosamund, and Ivan — Anatolsky, I mean left about twenty minutes later.

'How much did they say while this man Anatolsky was actually still in the flat?' 'A lot. But they insist that he was safely out of earshot and they were whispering, into the bargain. Ivan left and Lolita concluded his report.

'By that time only Lolita, Rosamund and the English Khirgiz-woman remained in the flat?

Yes. And now we hear from our spies at the GRU headquarters here in Moscow that they know that the formula will be used and that it will be transferred to Oriana Perring's flat. And, no doubt, they know from their spies at our headquarters that we know that they know.

Were there any GRU bugs in that flat?'

'They checked everything and they swear they are absolutely sure there weren't.'
'Who is suspect, then? Ivan? Rosamund?

Or Lolita?

Everybody is always suspect. But we can't get rid of them all because then we'll never get the formula.'

He had another vodka. This time Ludmila did not even try to stop him.

J. Com 注篇



'Yu. V. Andropov has already reported to the Council of Ministers, the Politbureau and the Presidium about our pending success which would solve our national food problems for ever. What's this, Ludmila ? Platsek?'

'Platsek.'

'Give me a big helping, Ludmila. Heaps of platsek. Before we are all reduced to Unalim. Although—' he added with a sigh — 'the danger of that seems rather remote.'

Arkady sat down in an armchair in front of the tennis pavilion, watching a mediocre game with awe and admiration. These men were actually hitting the ball: not terribly well, but hitting it over the net. He had three lagers and — having recovered some of his strength — took the tube to go home. He was greatly disturbed by Oriana's disappearance and even more worried about his tennis. It would be a long time before he could face Oriana on a tennis court — if, that is, he was ever to face her again.

He found a letter waiting for him. A white, printed card in an unsealed envelope informed him that Miss Oriana Perring would be at home on Wednesday week. Cocktails 6-8, RSVP. And written by hand on the top left corner: Housewarming. The most important information, however, was Oriana's new address and telephone

number.

He thought hard. He had to act. He must make a move but he was unwilling to do it on his own initiative. He tried to reach Rosamund but failed. At eight o'clock, on a sudden impulse, he lifted the telephone receiver and dialled

Oriana's number. 'Yes?' said her unmistakably pleasant sexy

'Gurbanov.'

'My little Russian?'

That sounded reassuring enough.

'Well, yes.'
'What can I do for you? You are coming to my house-warming, aren't you?'

'Yes. But I'd like to see you long before that.'
"Then come along.'

'When?

'When?' she repeated, sounding annoyed.

'When? Now, of course.

Arkady, entering the mews flat in Belgravia. shook hands with her a trifle ceremoniously. She offered him her cheek which he kissed lightly. The flat was attractive, elegant and spacious but Arkady had little interest in these trifles. He was impressed by the luxury but had no eye for detail. Oriana kept up a running commentary, fussing over chandellers, stand-

ard lamps, and the cover of an armchair. Didn't Arkady think that the Danish coffeetable was a trifle too dark? Yes, perhaps: just a shade, said Arkady, not being quite sure which of the small tables was the Danish coffeetable. He felt uncomfortable in these new surroundings and so did Fritz. Whatever he thought of the Danish coffee-table, he was obviously missing many of the familiar landmarks of his former home.

If Arkady had no eye for the finer points of the mews flat, he certainly had an eye for Oriana. She looked prettier and more exciting than ever. She was wearing pink slacks, a black top and a pink turban. She was flushed with excitement over the new flat, and was surprisingly but obviously pleased to see Arkady.

'I looked everywhere for you in Hurlingham,'

he said.

'In Hurlingham?' she asked with as much astonishment as if she was hearing the name for the first time in her life.

'I've taken up tennis, as instructed.'

"Tennis?" she repeated the word, again as if she had never heard of this particular game.

Yes, tennis,' replied Arkady, slightly piqued. 'You said I must take it up if I wanted to remain your friend. I do want to remain your friend, so I have taken it up.'

'But tennis is a *ridiculous* game,' she said seriously. 'Crude physical exercise. Primitive.

I've given it up.

'You've what?' 'Given it up.'

'But why on earth?'

'Because you opened my eyes.'
'I?' Arkady protested. 'I never said a word against tennis.'

'I explained to you — you must remember the occasion — how tennis would shape my life. How tennis would lead me to my true self. You said that you'd heard this sort of thing said about yoga but never about tennis. D'you remember?'

'Well, vaguely.'

'You were a hundred per cent right. opened up a new world for me. It's yoga, not tennis. It's the asanas which open up a new world for you, not your backhand. It's uddiyana and nauli that lead you to yourself, not the dropshot. Tennis is childish and one-sided; yoga is a three-pronged development: physical, mental and spiritual.'

Arkady was listening to this with pleasure. He would be able to forget about Methuselah's mobile wig. ! But would he have to take up yoga, sit in a bare room with legs crossed and con-template his navel? Never mind. It would be less exhausting and humiliating than chasing those wretched balls.

'What do I want, Gurbanov? What do I want? It's not an easy choice. The yoga of wisdom? The yoga of higher spiritualism? The yoga of ideas? The yoga of devotion? The yoga of humility? Well, what do you say?'

'The yoga of devotion,' Arkady heard him-

self say, with startling firmness. Oriana shrugged her shoulders.

'Perhaps. Anyway, they all start with hatha 1.

yoga.'
"They do?' asked Arkady, trying to show unflagging interest.

'These are Sanskrit words, Gurbanov. I guess

you don't speak Sanskrit.'

She guessed right, so she had to explain. Ha means the sun; tha means the moon. Hatha yoga means sun-moon yoga. And yoga itself means union, man's ultimate union with God, man's ultimate union with himself."

She went on with her explanations for another twenty minutes, then asked: 'Do you

want to see the flat?

Arkady wanted to see the flat very much indeed. He duly admired everything, listened to her various plans and offered his advice freely. 'There is to be a cosy corner here, do you think blue or yellow concealed lights would be better?' (Arkady voted for yellow); 'I don't like the shade of green in this curtain, isn't it awful? I wanted green all right, but for goodness' sake, not this green'; 'I'm thinking of putting a gallery?' Arkady did not know that the statement of the statement o what a gallery was, but after thorough consideration he decided the room might be just high enough and this pleased Oriana no end. The garage — she found this most annoying was not large enough for the long Hispano Suiza, so she could not close the garage-door when the car was inside.

During the whole of this tour Arkady was looking for a safe. He saw none. Oriana opened one of the built-in cupboards to show him her clothes and on the bottom shelf lay a heavy metal box. He looked at the box with great interest.

'My jewellery,' Oriana explained.

'It's careless to keep it there,' said Arkady.
'A portable safe is a silly idea. A burglar can take it home and open it at his convenience.'

'It's pretty heavy, you know.'
'Still. With all that valuable jewellery in it.

And that famous formula of yours.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he realized that he had made a stupid blunder. Oriana, for a split second, gave him a sharp and startled look. But all she said was 'My jewellery is not all that valuable. True, I shouldn't like to have it stolen.'

No safe, anyway. Either it was yet to come

or they had changed their plans.

They went back to the sitting-room. Arkady wanted to ask her when she would have less time for him — in other words, when she would start working for her uncle. He decided, however, that after his careless remark about the formula, he had better avoid this subject.

She began discoursing on yoga again, on the Poses of Bird, Poses of Raven, Poses of Tranquillity and Poses of Quiet Meditation.
'I am not too good yet, of course. It takes

years and years. But I stand on my head every day for at least eight minutes.

Show me how,' said Arkady.

'You really want to see "

She took off her trousers. She had a gar-



ment like a black swim-suit underneath. What Arkady had taken for a jumper was the top of it. Her thighs were white, her neck long and graceful. 'She has to take her trousers off,' thought Arkady, 'for me to notice her neck.'

'Help me to get on to my head, then let go.' she said, 'It isn't easy. The Road to Union is long and tortuous. God is far away; oneself is farther away still.'

To Arkady her self seemed very near indeed. She put a cushion on the floor, by the wall, and leant forward, so that her head touched the cushion and her lovely behind pointed upwards.

'Lift up my legs. Gently — I'll move them up myself at the same time. Keep me up there

until I yell.'
She kicked her legs up, and with Arkady's support stood there, close to him, with her head downwards. She had a serene, spiritual expression on her face. The skin on her thighs was very smooth, her waist was slim, the shape of her small breasts clearly discernible. thought it would be fun if he, too, could stand on his head and make love to her like that. An interesting position, not recommended in any yoga textbook — he felt sure — not even in the Khama Sutra. Impractical, since he was unable to stand on his head - he'd have to do it another day. The urge to do it some way was growing

He noticed the zip on the front of her swimsuit and pulled it down, which meant, of course,

pulling it up.

'What are you doing?' she exclaimed; collapsed on the floor, and was up on her feet again in a moment 'Are you mad?'

'In a way yes....You madden me....Come

Come darling ...

She heard the intensity in his voice, saw the burning desire in his eyes. She knew that he would rape her if she failed to agree.

Arkady encountered much less

than he anticipated.

'Must you?' she asked meekly.
'I must....'

He led her to the wide sofa, covered with an orange rug. He pushed her down and he un-dressed with lightning speed. He leaned over her stark naked. There she lay, still in her swimsuit, which was open down the front - she had made no attempt to zip it up. Fiercely and impatiently he tried to pull the swim-suit off, but it is far from easy to pull off a tight swimsuit. She did not help but did not resist either.

He pushed the top of the swim-suit down and her bra came into sight. It was black. A black bra? Where had he seen a black bra before, what was this horrible sensation it inspired? Ivy! Oh God, the last — and first time he'd seen a black bra was on Ivy!

The memory proved fatal. His fiery passion would not have been quenched more quickly if someone had thrown a pail of iced water over him. In his shame he longed to disappear without trace; he hoped the couch would open and swallow him up. He wished he could die. He had heard this cliche many times - 'I wished I could die' - and now he really knew what it meant. He wanted to die on the spot and



escape his shame and humiliation.

It took a little while for Oriana to grasp what had happened. When she understood, she seemed delighted. Overjoyed. She started kissing his face with a tenderness she had never shown

'Darling....' she said softly. 'My darling little Russian....'

Arkady — not in the habit of praying prayed for sudden death.

You're the only impotent rapist in history.' She said this affectionately, not offensively. 'Sweetheart...my harmless little Russian' She covered him with kisses. She kissed his

neck and chest and went further and further down. Her kisses produced no beneficial results.

'Don't worry darling....Please, don't worry. I love you now...as you are. I really do. Forget about it! It's of no importance.'

Arkady looked at her and her black bra. She was sweeter and gentler and more lovable than ever before. But what was she talking about? He looked at that disgusting piece of India rubber between his legs. Alas, it was no use. But no importance?

'You won't want to see me after this, I sup-

pose,' said Arkady.

'But I do. I am busy telling you that I do. Very much indeed. But next week it will be just a little bit difficult. You see, I start work seriously on Monday.'

'With chips?'

'Double portion,' said Arkady. He looked at the girl. She was tall and dark and although she worked in this fish and chip shop among the smell of grease and flying particles of cheap cooking oil she looked as if she were just going to step on stage, to sing the leading lady's romantic love-song in an old-fashioned musical. Her eyes were made up, definitely for the stage; her false eye-lashes were so long that when she blinked they nearly got into the pan of frying cod; her eyelids were blue, her lips purple, her hair bluish. She managed to stay impeccably clean in a dirty shop and in a dirty job.

'Need any more new potatoes, Jean?' the

fish-fryer shouted. He stood on her left, quite close to her, but he had to speak loudly to be heard over the noise of frying fish and chips.

Arkady paid for both of them. The girl pushed down the keys of the cash register, a little drawer shot open, a bell gave one shrill ring. The girl handed him his change.

'You are a very, very pretty girl, Jean,' said

Arkady.

'Thank you,' replied Jean, obviously pleased 17

with the unexpected compliment, and bashfully lowering her false eyelashes towards the boil-

Boris and Arkady sat down at one of the few small tables, squeezed into the corner. The chairs were too small to be comfortable, the table was greasy, and a piece of cod (fried but unchewed) had been left near the ashtray, chock full of ash and cigarette stumps.

'Are we safe here?' asked Arkady, not too

anxiously.

'As we were not followed — I am sure of that — it is extremely unlikely that anyone of our people would accidentally run into us in a Fulham fish-bar. Besides, we are safe anywhere: now we are not forbidden to meet."

True,' nodded Arkady, his attention fully concentrated on a piece of fried cod, still sizzl-

ing on his paper plate.

'He was roaring drunk,' said Boris.

Shevchenko is always drunk. But he varies the manifestations of his drunkenness with great ingenuity. Usually he receives you half-drunk and completes the other half in your company; sometimes he receives you still almost sober, gets drunk with you and settles official business at two or three in the morning. Today's performance was new to me. He was dead drunk when we arrived, yet somehow he managed to get drunker still without passing out and, in spite of this, he dealt with our business quite

'The man is obviously terrified. Did you see all those postcards on his desk? He kept

looking at them, all the time.

'Snowy scenery. White mountain peaks. Happy skiers. I think he wants to get used to the whiteness. There's a lot of snow in Siberia, you know.'

'But not much skiing.'

'As we shall all find out, no doubt. Shevchenko as well as us,' Arkady remarked seriously, but he seemed more interested in his cod than in Siberia.

They ate in silence for a while. Boris remarked: 'The whole thing is a bloody disaster.

Whatever we touch, misfires.

'It will be all right,' said Arkady, sucking a large fish-bone. Boris looked at him.

'I'm surprised at you, Arkady. You, the eternal pessimist, trying to cheer me up. I expected you to cry large, Slav tears. And you are telling me that it'll be all right? Any reason for this optimism?'

'Plenty,' said Arkady licking his bone. 'I have every reason to be confident. It'll be all

right. Leave it to me.'

'You really have a plan, Arkady?' asked Boris, 'or were you bluffing?'

'Oh no. I really have a plan. A good plan too.'

'Centring round Oriana?' 'No. Centring round Fritz.'

'Who's Fritz? 'Oriana's dog. A dachshund.'

'You're joking."

'No.'

'You've gone mad.'



'No.'

'Do you want more fish?"

'With a double portion of chips.'

When Boris came back with the fish and

chips, Arkady continued.

You asked me if I was serious. Within the framework of our reference, I am deadly serious. But is this a serious affair, Are we actors in a genuine drama or in a

'I am never sure of the borderline,' said

'We are supposed to be grown-up people,' Arkady went on, 'but here we are masquerading as rubbish or waste-paper collectors and window-cleaners, trying to photograph documents from the top of a ladder, with telescopic lenses.'

'And plotting about dachshunds, telescopic lenses.

Yes, that too,' Arkady agreed.

'But I think it's serious, in spite of all that,' said Boris. 'The lives of millions, the fate of nations, really could depend on just such childish tricks. This job of ours is more serious than discovering nuclear secrets, Nuclear secrets are known to everyone. sides, nuclear secrets help no one and may harm many. But we really need this Unalim for the future welfare of our people. I am fully and whole-heartedly with our people and with our bosses in this, Arkady.

Arkady went on eating his fish and chips

in thoughtful silence.

'But it is a comedy, too, at the same time.' Boris continued. 'Everything is comedy. People standing at a work-bench, performing the same jerking movement a thousand times a day and making a living by it; sinful and erratic people, pompous and self-seeking people, sitting in judgement over decent ones; ignorant chaps trying to teach even more ignorant chaps things they don't understand and receiving high rewards for their pointless efforts, performed in bad faith; men sitting in little tin boxes, driving around to their ridiculous futile destinations, with serious faces. Politicians shouting "Long Live Freedom!" and enslaving millions; other politicians shouting "Down with Exploitation! Long Live Socialism!" and mucking up the lives of other millions - exploiting them with old-fashioned capitalist tricks. People - noblehearted fools - dying for causes, their sacrifices being abused, distorted, forgotten or -- worse still — taken advantage of by people they loathed all their lives. I could go on, Arkady but I won't. Life is a joke and not a particularly good one.'







guards her stack of fashlon magazines, particularly vogue, which keeps her in with the stretches of green that are the royal calcutta golf club, which is the oldest golf club in still be viewed with a certain gay abandon, taking time off from a fluit time secretarial the world outside great britain. among her other collection of oddities, mita jealously fashion and gossip of the world. and so, with a combination of imported finery and for vivacious mits sengupta, who has just turned the corner from her feering like can ob, the fresh-air-outdoor-girl in her gets full play photographed by us at the vast Indigenous ingenuity, mita's wardrobe is enviably uptodate, and on these pages we

(1) a casual classic in black and white, the black lacy top full of the fussiest frills to set off a severe pair of well-cut white trousers.

(2) taking a straightforward combination of navy flares and lemon crepe shirt by surprise is a white tank top piped with a broad black outline. a businesslike outfit, that's

acceptable any time of day. anyone for a round of dictation or golf?

(3) navy and red make good school uniform; with mits these colours make forays into the graceful world of long skirts, investing them with an elegant galety.

(4) having outgrown her dresses, they make perfect smocks. after all, fashion is a cycle - yesterday's clothes tailored differently.

text: rite blimani, in our fashion pix: aloke mitra in our fashion





▲ Guess what? Good ol' Mumtaz is in town. And mighty change — for the better. Slimmed down to beanpolesize and looking fairer than ever. She has acquired a new, Afro-Gujarati accent to her already phoota-hua English! But in looks, she is more gorgeous than any of our gals down here. She came to Bombay on her way back from United States, where she and her husband Mayur were having an extended honeymoon. Mayur has since gone to Beirut and will be joining her, to take her back to their London home. And has she changed! She told me her in-laws had strictly forbidden her from meeting any presswallas — in fact she wondered how I found out she was here. She has lost her old friendliness and "bindas" behaviour.

And I am not the only one to notice this change. Rajesh and Dimple, when they were in London, it seems, called her up and she was maha-cold to them. Not only did she not invite them to her palatial home but she didn't even offer them a drink. Rajesh's grouse :--Mumtaz never accorded them any hospitality when they had come to her "home-town" (London). Mumtaz's grouse: It was Dimple who rang her up to tell her that they were there . her relationship, she said, was with Rajesh, not Dimple! Were his hands full of "mehndi?" she fumed at Dimple back in Bombay. Dimple, sore at this crack said, the trouble with Mumu was that she only liked men!

Pramod Chakravarty and his unit, who had been threatening to leave for their foreign location of "Barood" did actually leave for a month-long schedule. Chintu, the film's hero was accompanied by chief chamcha, Ghanshyam, a pint-sized court-jester type, whose main job it is to make Chintu laugh, by mimicking folks and animals and handing out his fags and matches and the like. He is his personal aide-camp and his Man Friday. Ghanshyam, going abroad for the first time, got a briefing as to how to be-22 have, when once there and how to travel abroad.

Heard of Shatru once again, after a long time. He had his shooting with Raj Kapoor in Roop Tara Kapoor in Roop Tara Studios. The film, produced by Shatru's secretary, Pawan Kumar, seems like a Rajesh Khanna camp gimmick. Rajesh made "Roti" a bigbudget film with an off-beat theme for his uncle and exsecretary and another man in partnership and called the concern after his home, "Aashirwad" pictures. Shatru has called his secretary's film "Khan-Dost" and the banner after his home, "Ramayan." And getting close to Raj Kapoor is another gimmick, which Rajesh had tried when he had suffered a setback — so dear Shatru, or "Sonoo" as they call him, is doing the same!

Rajesh Khanna threw a party for a get-together of the press folks. Strictly press. This is the second time in four months that Rajesh has called the press. A thing which Anju would never let him do. Said he had nothing to announce, but that he keeps so busy, working double-shifts day and night, that he never gets any time to give to the press (which he thinks is still hungering for him). When he announced this party, he kept telling everyone how sure he was that everyone anticipated an announcement extraordinary from him - either that Dimple and he would be starring in a film or that she was starting her career. As it turned out, it was a tame affair and he really just wanted to meet journalists.

One hero who is recommending Reena Roy a lot these days, is Sunil Dutt.
And to each of his new producers. He has cut Anju Mahendroo out of most of these films, to put Reena in, or so Anju was complaining to a friend. Otherwise. Sunil Dutt is very sweet to her face, praising her and saying that she was the saving grace of the film "Premshastra" and how nice she looks, etc and then he goes off and cuts her out of his films, she grumbles!

Goldie, "Vijay" Anand threw a party to celebrate the launching of his film (untitled yet) starring a new, young pair — Premnath's young son, Junior, and the Institute girl, Loveleen. Goldie stood at the entrance amiling benevolently in his smiling benevolently in his russet-pink silk kurta and lungi and his rudraksha with the pendant of Bhagwan Rajneesh. Junior, was Goldie's assistant in direction, for more than a year, quietly working like any studio-hand, I have often seen him go to give shortready calls to artistes on the sets of Goldie's films. And there he was, at the party, trim, well-dressed and looking far from a studio-hand. So I asked him, how come this change of line? He smiled (a lot like Premnath senior), and said he always knew he would take up acting and was only biding his time till he got a break. He got it through his Guruji Goldie.



Parveen Babi, to this says she doesn't know how she made her name and fame. She said she had this ordinary meeting Ishara, where he asked her to do his film, "Charitra". She did it and went to sleep - The next morning, there were ten producers waiting for her to get up and sign their film! Some kind Cinderella eh? Without the fairy godmother; and Danny is hardly one lands and

an actress. But once I'm here I mean to stay and fight for it," said Vani Ganpathy. If you've seen (or heard of) a film called 'Pyasi Nadi', you'll know who Vani is. Never mind if the film flopped so badly as to prompt its leading man Vikram to tell me, "Such a flop. The whole bloody ship sank. I was the lone survivor."

However, when Vani talks, it sounds like she is the lone survivor. "Of course I felt bad when the film failed to click. Because one expects or at least wants the

If you've seen (or heard of) a 'Pyasi Nadi', you'll know who Never mind if the film flopped as to prompt its leading man tell me, "Such a flop. The whip sank. I was the lone sur However, when Vani talks, like she is the lone survivor. I felt bad when the film faile Because one expects or at least first release to be successful. "But my film ran for eight seen films with Radha Saluja running for less than three eight-week run is heartening think of these films which've f more miserably than 'Pyasi N spite of all this, when I told hadn't seen 'Pyasi Nadi', her action was, "Good for you!") According to Vani, strolling without formal training in act handicap. "In 'Pyasi Nadi' I Vikram who is from the Institute of directed just as much as I "But my film ran for eight weeks. I've seen films with Radha Saluja and others running for less than three days! My eight-week run is heartening when I think of these films which've fared much more miserably than 'Pyasi Nadi'." (In spite of all this, when I told Vani that I hadn't seen 'Pyasi Nadi', her instant reaction was, "Good for you!")

According to Vani, strolling into films

without formal training in acting isn't a handicap. "In 'Pyasi Nadi' I found that Vikram who is from the Institute had to be directed just as much as I." If you ask me that's no excuse because 'Pyasi Nadi' is no standard to go by! After all Vani herself admitted that the makers had taken no trouble to polish th film. "My next film 'Andhera' with Sameer in the male lead is a much better film. It's certainly well made unlike 'Pyasi Nadi'.."
While Vani's first film didn't do good

biz. and she signed films like 'Andhera', Hema Malini's mother entered scene and almost took Vani under her wing. Two films (one with Hema and Dharam) were planned by Hema's mother and it looked like Vani was making it at

long last.

But from out of the blue we were flooded with news of Vani being shunted out of Hema's films because Vani's parents had reportedly incurred the wrath of the Dream Girl's mama by going around telling all and sundry that Vani in her first film was a hundred times better than Hema

in 'Sapnon Ka Saudagar'!
"Utter rubbish! Firstly my have never opened their mouths about Hema. They don't interfere in my career at all." (To such an extent that Vani doesn't want her dad to speak to her 'Andhera' producers for the cash — about Rs. 30,000 — owing to her.) Back to Hema, "Thankfully Hema's mother is used to rumours and knows how to ignore them. It was she who rang us up and told us about these reports, adding that we should get used to them and learn not to listen to them."

In short it means that Vani is still very much there in Hema's camp, doing a parallel role in the Dharam-Hema starrer, 'Dream Girl'. "Hema's mother wanted to do one film at a time. That's why the second venture with me in the lead is in cold storage, only for the present."

Meanwhile, 'Andhera' awaits release. And Vani takes time off to go to Madras

"It's so funny. for a Tamil film. people there gave me a bra and pantie for a cabaret scene. I told them that one can look sexy even fully clothed!" The two worlds of Hindi films and Tamil films are so different that once Vani was even told that her eyebrows were too thin and to please pencil it!

But regional films are still among her favourites with a Malayalam assignment in the offing. "I was offered one in Telugu too. But I quickly turned it down because I can't speak the language for nuts!"

An exciting project under discussion is a film based on the book 'The Final Diagnosis', to be made in Hindi and English, with Raaj Kumar, Shashi Kapoor, Simi (all tentative) and Vani. The character of Vivien (the young nurse who loses her leg) is to be portrayed by Vani. If the proposed project does go on the floors with a cast as hand-picked as this, Vani cannot hope for a better break-in the Hindi and international film scene.

Another good film which had Vani in the lead opposite Ajay (Parikshat) Sahani is a F.F.C. financed one. Unfortunately both Vani and Ajay have stepped out of the film. "I must first establish myself in the commercial cinema before trying art

films."

Before she even dreamt she'd make it to films one day, Vani became an acknow-ledged dancer. These days she's said to be one of the highest paid (excluding Hema whose star value fetches her an exhorbitant sum) dancers. Unfortunately the moment a classical dancer steps into films, her name gets branded. instance, the last time Vani had a dance performance, the balcony audience yelled out for a film dance! The same is the case with Hema and Vyjantimala (in her heyday)

All this probably accounts for the sober and far-from-bold approach Vani has towards her career and her interviews! "A bold scene or a bold statement wouldn't be tolerated in the classical dance world."

Reverting back to films, Vani says she's not scared or even apprehensive about a parallel role in 'Dream Girl'. Never mind if top stars like Hema and Dharam are around to hob the limelight! "I know I'll do well in it," Vani told me staunchly. As a person I don't know much of Vani. She strikes me as a terribly ambitious person who'll leave no stone unturned to reach the top, though of course she also seems to be the kind to steer clear from the dubious methods resorted to by newcomers today . . .

With a figure like Zeenat Aman (same height too), with first class dancing talents and with assignments that sound exciting, maybe Vani will make it to the

top soon.

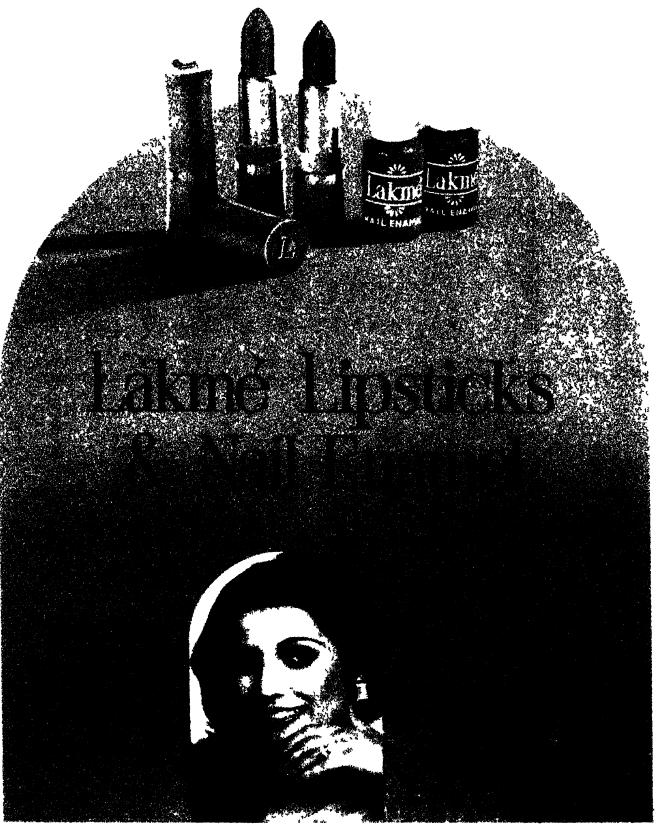
But then I'm forgetting that the only important ingredient these days for instant stardom is tons and tons of luck!

N. BHARATHI.



THE PRESIDENT'S SECRET ARMY

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A fog of mystification and elaborate security hides the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency, with its world-wide network of secret agents and allies. Originally formed with the respectable purpose of ensuring that the Government was better informed, it has become a clandestine operational tool of the United States Presidency, organising undercover intervention in the internal politics of foreign countries.

Now the facts have been revealed for the first time by an ex-CIA man, VICTOR MARCHETTI, who in 14 years rose to a top-level job, working in the office of the Director. In collaboration with JOHN D. MARKS, a former intelligence agent in the State Department, he resolved to break the wall of silence around the Agency.

Backed by the Government, the CIA tried to kill their book before it was written, then held up publication for nearly a year. Under a legal ruling, it ordered the deletion of 339 passages. The authors and publishers (one of the biggest in America) fought back in the courts, won the reinstatement of 171 passages (including those published below in ITALICS) and defeated the CIA and the Government by publishing the book, leaving blank spaces (identified here as * * *) where the text is still censored.

Our opening extract from this book—the first in American history subjected to prior Government censorship—describes how successive Presidents used the CIA and lied for it.

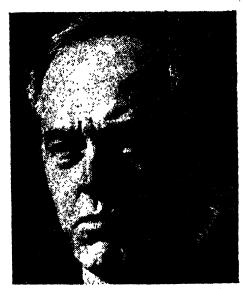
THERE exists in the United States today a powerful and dangerous secret cult — the cult of intelligence.

Its holy men are the clandestine professionals of the Central Intelligence Agency. Its patrons and protectors are the highest officials of the Federal Government. The Agency's methods and assets are a resource that come with the office of the Presidency. Richard Nixon and Secretary of State Kissinger used them to the full.

The purpose of the cult is to further the foreign policies of the US Government by covert and usually illegal means. Traditionally, the cult's hope has been to foster a world order in which America would reign supreme, the unchallenged international leader. Today, however, the dream stands tarnished by time and frequent failures. Thus, the cult objectives are now less grandiose, but no less disturbing. Its world wide war against Communism has to some extent been reduced to a covert struggle to maintain a self-serving stability in the Third World, using whatever clandestine methods are available.

The CIA is the primary instrument of the cult of intelligence. It engages in espionage and counter-espionage, in propaganda and the deliberate circulation of false information, in psychological warfare and paramilitary activities. It penetrates and manipulates private institutions, and creates its own commercial organisations (called 'proprietaries'). It recruits agents and mercenaries; it bribes and blackmails foreign officials to carry out its unsavoury tasks. It does whatever is required to achieve its goals, without any consideration of the ethics involved or the moral consequences of its actions. As the secret action arm of American foreign policy, the CIA's most potent weapon is its covert intervention in the internal affairs of countries the US Government wishes to control or influence.

Alian Dollac & William Colby



Howard Hunt: Watergate burglar.

Members of the cult of intelligence, including Presidents (who are always aware of, generally approve of and often actually initiate the CIA's major undertakings), have lied to protect the CIA and hide their own responsibility for its operations. The Eisenhower Administration lied about the CIA's support of the unsuccessful rebellion in Indonesia in 1958, and Francis Gary Powers's 1960 U.2 mission. The Kennedy Administration lied about the CIA's role in the abortive invasion of Cuba in 1961, admitting its involvement only after the operation has failed disastrously. The Johnson Administration lied about all of the CIA's commitments in Vietnam and Laos. And the Nixon Administration publicly lied about the Agency's attempt to fix the Chilean election in 1970.

The justifications for the 'right to lie' is

that secrecy in covert operations is necessary to prevent US policies and actions from coming to the attention of the 'enemy' — or, in the parlance of the clandestine trade, 'the opposition'. None the less, in many instances the opposition knows exactly what covert operations are being targeted against it. The U.2 overflights and, later, those of the photographic satellites were, and are, as well known to the Soviets and the Chinese as Soviet overhead reconnaissance of the US is to the CIA.

From 1952 to 1964, at the height of the Cold War, the Soviet KGB electronically intercepted even the most secret messages routed through the code room of the US Embassy in Moscow. This breach in secrecy, however, apparently caused little damage to US national security, nor did the Soviet Government collapse because the CIA had for years secretly intercepted the private conversations of the top Russian leaders as they talked over their limouisine radio-telephones. Both sides knew more than enough to cancel out the effect of any leak. The fact is that, in the US, secrecy and deception in intelligence operations are as much to keep Congress and the public from learning what their Government is doing as to

shield those activities from the opposition.

A good part of the CIA's power position is dependent upon its careful mythologising and glorification of the exploits of the clandestine profession. Like most myths, the intrigues and successes of the CIA over the years have been more imaginary than real. What is real, unfortunately, is the willingness of both the public

and adherents of the cult to believe the fictions.

In the field of classical espionage, the CIA's Clandestine Services have been singularly unsuccessful in their attempts to penetrate or spy on the major targets. The Penkovsky case in the early 1960s, the only espionage operation against the Soviets that the Agency can point to with pride, was a fortuitous windfall which British Intelligence made possible for the CIA.

In the beginning, Penkovsky was not a CIA spy. He worked for British Intelligence. He had tried to join the CIA in Turkey, but had been turned down, mainly because the Soviet Bloc Division of the Clandestine Services was overly careful not to be taken in by KGB double agents, in the period following the Burgess-

Maclean catastrophe.

The loudly heralded Berlin tunnel operation of the mid-1950s - actually a huge telephone wiretap - produced literally tons of trivia and gossip, but provided little in the way of high-grade secret information that could be used by the Agency's Intelligence analysts. The operation's true value was the embarrassment it caused the KGB and the favourable publicity it generated for the CIA. Against China, there have been no agent-related espionage successes whatever.

Fortunately for the US, however, the CIA's technical experts, working with their counterparts in the Pentagon and in the private sector, have been able over the years to develop a wide array of electronic methods for collecting much useful information on the USSR and China. From these collection systems, supplemented by material accumulated through diplomatic channels and open sources, the analysts on the CIA and elsewhere in the intelligence community have been able to keep abreast of developments within the Communist Powers.

There can be no doubt that the gathering of intelligence is a necessary function of modern government. Without an effective programme to collect information and to analyse the capabilities and possible intentions of other major Powers, the US could neither have confidently negotiated nor now abide by the SALT agreements, or achieve any measure of true

detente with its international rivals.

The issue at hand is a simple one of purpose. Should the CIA function in the way it was originally intended to - as a co-ordinating agency responsible for gathering, evaluating, and preparing foreign intelligence for use by Government policy makers — or should it be permitted to function, as it has done over the years, as an operational arm, a secret instrument of the Presidency?

The extreme secrecy in which the CIA works increases the chances that a President

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100% POLYESTER SARIS BY BOMBAY DYEING



n Downey and Richard Fecteau: CIA spies

will call it into action. He does not have to justify the Agency's activities to Congress, the Press, or the American people so, barring premature disclosure, there is no institutional force within the US to stop him from doing what he wants.

CIÁ AND CYPRUS

VICTOR MARCHETTI adds.

The Greek background to the Cypriot disaster presents one more reason why the CIA's policies and practices should be more tightly controlled by the United States Congress.

The seeds of the disaster were sown in Greece almost a decade ago, when the clandestine agency encouraged King Constantine's effort to thwart the political reforms of Leftist Premier Papandreou - reportedly a former CIA agent. Within two years, a military junta took control of the country. If the CIA did not actively abet the coup d'etat, it undoubtedly collaborated with the junta afterward - despite official denials by Washington.

By then, the CIA's operational imperative, replacing its threadbare 'to keep the world free for democracy,' had become 'to maintain stability.' Thus, a repressive dictatorship in Greece was preferable to a democratically elected, Left-leaning Government.

Athens was also a large CIA station, from which operations could be supported and launched against other targets in the Middle East.

Eventually, the crude methods of the junta became a liability even to the CIA and the US Government. The Agency quietly began to disengage, apparently transferring certain operational assets to Iran - a safer station, now overseen by former CIA Director, Ambassador Richard Helms. There would, of course, be no trouble with the Shah. The CIA had restored him to his throne earlier by overthrowing Premier Mussadig.

On Cyprus, meanwhile, Nicos Sampson moved with the approval of the junta -- to oust Archbishop Makarios. Allegedly, the CIA had 10 days' warning of the coup but chose to do nothing about it. Official Washington sources now claim the threatened parties were forewarned. Perhaps.

For example, after Salvador Allende had been elected President of Chile in 1970, President Nixon was asked at a press conference 8 why the US was willing to intervene militarily

in Vietnam to prevent a Communist takeover, but would not do the same thing in Chile to prevent a Marxist from taking power.

He replied that 'for the United States to have intervened in a free election and to have turned it around, I think, would have had repercussions all around Latin America that would have been far worse than what happened in Chile.'

The President failed to mention that he had approved *

but by keeping his action secret, he was able to avoid the 'adverse political reaction' he feared. If there had been no CIA to do the job covertly, the US Government almost certainly would not have tried to involve itself in the Chilean elections, since it was obviously not

willing to own up to its actions.

Almost three years to the day after Allende's election, he was overthrown and killed in a bloody coup d'etat carried out by the combined action of the Chilean armed services and national police. His Marxist Government was replaced by a military junta. What role American business or the CIA may have played in the coup is not publicly known, and may William Colby never be. But CIA Director admitted in secret testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the Agency had 'penetrated' all of Chile's major political parties; and that it had secretly furnished some assistance' to certain Chilean groups.

Even if the CIA did not intervene directly in the final putsch, the US Government as a whole did take a series of actions designed to undercut the Allende régime. Henry Kissinger set the tone at a background press conference in September 1970, when he said that Allende's Marxist regime would contaminate Argentina, Bolivia and Peru — a stretch of the geopolitical imagination reminiscent of the South-East Asian domino theory. Another measure of the White House attitude - and an indication of the methods it was willing to use—was the burgling of the Chilean Embassy in Washington in May 1972 by some of the same men who the next month staged the break-in at the Watergate. And the US admittedly worked to weaken the Allende Government by cutting off most economic aid.

Henry Kissinger has dismissed speculation that the CIA helped along this economic collapse and then engineered Allende's downfall, privately he has said that the secret agency wasn't competent to manage an operation as Kissinger had difficult as the Chilean coup. already been supervising the CIA's most secret operations for more than four years when he made this disparaging remark. Whether he was telling the truth about the CIA's noninvolvement in Chile or was simply lying (called 'plausible denial'), he along with the President would have made the crucial decisions on the Chilean situation.

THE failure of traditional espionage against the principal 'opposition,' the Soviet Union, meant that the emphasis within the CIA's Clandestine Services shifted toward the Third World. This change reflected to a certain





Carlos Marighella: Brazilian terrorist.

extent a bureaucratic need as a secret agency to find areas where it could be successful. More importantly, the shift came as a result of a hardened determination that the US would protect the rest of the world from Communism. Referring to CIA coups in Iran and Gautemala, Allen Dulles, who was Director during the Cold War period, wrote: 'Where there begins to be evidence that a country is slipping and Comtakeover is threatened....we can't wait for an engraved invitation to come and give aid.'

The Agency's shift towards covert action was quite obvious to young officers taking operational training during the mid-1950s at 'The Furm,' the CIA's West Point, located near Williamsburg, Virgina, and operated under the cover of a military base called Camp Peary. Most of the methods and techniques taught there at that time applied to covert action rather than traditional espionage, and to a great extent training was oriented toward such paramilitary activities as infiltration exfiltration, demolitions and night-time parachute jumps.

The Third World countries, underdeveloped and often corrupt, offered far more tempting targets for covert action than those in Europe. Relatively small sums of money, whether delivered directly to local forces or deposited (for their leaders) in Swiss bank accounts, can have an almost magical effect in changing volatile political loyalties.

The CIA's early operations in Asia met with mixed success. Attempts to develop resistance movements in China in the 1950s accomplished nothing more than the capture of Agency officers John Downey and Richard Fecteau — and death for the Nationalist Chinese agents they were trying to plant. Mainland China was not fertile territory for Agency

operations.

But there were successes elsewhere. The Huk insurgency in the Phillipines was put down with help from the CIA, who played upon local of superstitions about vampires. The last member

of a rebel patrol would be ambushed, his neck punctured vampire-fashion with two holes, and the corpse drained of blood before it was thrown back on the trail. The rebels, as superstitious

as any other Filipinos, fled the region.

Agency-supported Nationalist troops in Burma (when not engaged in their principal pastime of trafficking in opium) were induced to conduct occasional raids into the hinterland of Communist China. In South Vietnam the CIA, in the person of Colonel Edward Lansdale (the original of Graham Greene's "The Quiet American'), played a large part in propping up the Diem regime - and this was considered by the Agency to be a major accomplishment.

Such gains in Southeast Asia were offset by some notable failures, particularly the Agency's failure to overthrow President Sukarno of

Indonesia in 1958.

Contrary to denials by President Eisenhower and Secretary of States Dulles, the CIA gave direct assistance to rebel groups on the island of Sumatra. Agency B-26s even carried out bombing missions in support of the insurgents. On 18 May 1958, the Indonesians shot down one of Agency's B-26 hombers, flown by Pope.

Although US Government officials claimed that Pope was 'a soldier of fortune,' he was, in fact, an employee of a CIA-owned proprietary company, Civil Air Transport.

The Agency also became deeply involved in the chaotic struggle which broke out in the Congo in the early 1960s, Clandestine Services operators regularly bought and sold Congolese politicians, and the Agency supplied money and arms to the supporters of Cyril Adoula and Joseph Mobutu. By 1964, the CIA had imported its own mercenaries into the Congo, and the Agency's B-26 bombers, flown by Cuban exile pilots - many of whom were Bay of Pigs veterans — carried out regular missions against insurgent groups.

During these years, the CIA and its Special Operations Divisions were becoming increasingly preoccupied with Southeast Asia. In Loas, Agency operators organised a private army of more than 30,000 men and built an impressive string of bases throughout the country. A few of these bases were used as jumping-off points to send guerrilla raiding parties into North Vietnam and China.

The CIA viewed the secret war in Laos much more favourably than the huge military struggle that eventually developed in Vietnam. The Laos fighting was not visible to the American public or the world. In fact, the Laotian war had been going for years before the US Congress even became aware of it.

The CIA was in complete control in Laos. but at no time were more than 40 or 50 operations officers required to direct the paramilitary effort. The ground fighting was handled by hundreds of Agency contract personnel and more than 30,000 Lao tribesmen, whom the CIA from time to time secretly decorated with 'intelligence' medals.

to be continued

INTRODUCING THE FIVE-DAY WEEK BY

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what a beautiful day...;
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you, if you don't. In pastel colours.





What about the week-end? You may decide it's never on a Sunday. Or make it a Saturday date with any of your favourites. Frankly, it's up to you!



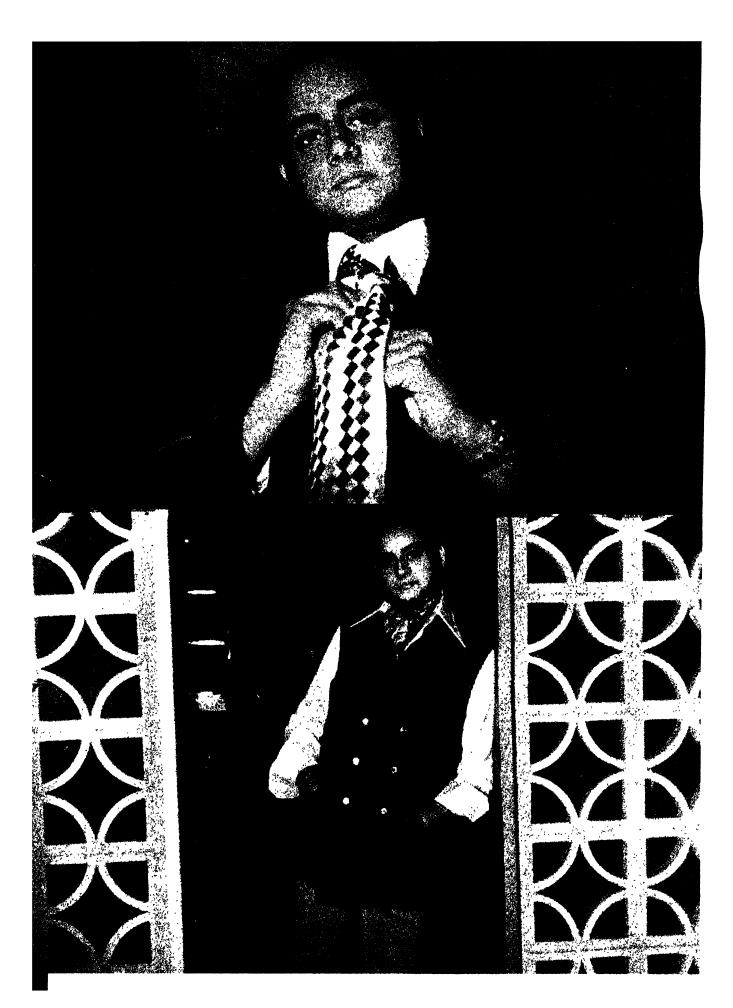
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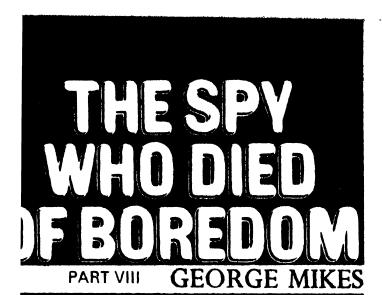
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Boris disappeared into the depths of Fulham. Arkady followed him a few minutes later and waited for a taxi. Taxis are not too frequent in the Fulham Road at midnight but they do come occasionally, mostly on their way back from Wimbledon. Arkady was deep in thought and not at all impatient.

'Penny for your thoughts,' he heard.

It was Jean from the fish and chip shop he and Boris had been its last customers before closing time. She was now made up for going home and that was really something.

'I'm waiting for a taxi. Do you want a lift?'

'I live a long way off.'

'Never mind,' said Arkady eyeing the tall,

dark girl. 'Or would you like to come to a discotheque with me where we can have a drink and a dance?'

'I don't mind if I do.'

When eventually they reached Arkady's place, he threw himself upon her with the ferocity and fury of floods and volcanoes combined. He gave no thought to Ivy or Oriana, to spinach or black bras; he made love furiously,

passionately, savagely.

'You are a tiger,' she whispered, not displeased, and stretched out her hand to reach for

her customary, postcoital cigarette.

But she lit no cigarette. Jean was Arkady's first woman since he had left Russia and he was on top of her again, before she could even

straighten her legs.

In the morning, she was in no hurry to leave. Her job at the fish and chip bar did not start till the late afternoon. They had breakfast together, Ivan was either out, or else keeping discreetly in the background.

'When shall I see you again?' asked

Arkady.

'Never.' 'Never?'

'Never again.'

'But why? I like you. I like you very much. I think you are lovely. Don't you like me?' 'Quite. You're not bad, not really.

there is a limit to everything.'
'Limit to what?' Arkady asked, astonished. 'I like it. I really do like it. I don't mind it twice - I like it twice. I even kind of admire 16 a man who can do it three times. Virility, that's

what it is. But seven times? What do you think I am?'

'Let me explain, Jean...'
'There's nothing to explain. It was seven times. I could hardly move; but I could still count. Seven times. What is it you call those guys in your country who get the medals and diplomas and all that for working harder than anyone else?'

'Stakhanovites?'

'That's it. Say it again.'

"Stakhanovites."

'Let me tell you: I want a boyfriend. Yes, I do want a boyfriend. But I don't want a Stakhanovite fucker. No, thank you. Good-bye.'

And she walked out, for good.

'I must see you, darling,' pleaded Arkady on the telephone.

'I have no time. We can meet for an early

dinner,' Oriana replied.
'No. I must see you long before that. Now.

Even if it's only for five minutes."

Oriana hesitated, obviously not keen on the idea.

'Gurbanov, if you really insist on seeing me...'

'Yes, I do.'

....then come to Perring's Do-It-Yourself Funeral Parlour at 11.30.

She gave him an address in St. John's Wood. not far from the roundabout, and hung up.

Arkady knew that all his associates - in London as well as Moscow — were desperate by now, and that they expected him to pull it off. It was almost impossible, and almost hope-

As soon as he put the receiver down, he reported — according to the newly made regulations — his 11.30 appointment to Ivan, who phoned Boris, who informed Shevchenko, who, in turn, informed Orlovsky in the Kremlin.

The whole scheme sounded mad but ingenious. Black Monday had been looking even blacker in retrospect when, after Jean's departure, Ivan had given him the message that he was to go to see Captain Suyumabev, at 9.15 precisely. Good God, Arkady thought, I've failed as a spy and they are shoving me back into that grim job as Illegal Support Officer. I can't say they're being unjust to me, he reflected, but it is nevertheless bloody depressing. Injustice is easy to bear; it is justice that really hurts.

'Our dear important friend,' Suyumabev greeted him slyly. He was envious of Arkady. He had no idea why he had been taken away from Illegal Support, nor what sort of job he was doing now, but did not want him to know that he did not know. Clearly the boy had been noticed, promoted, moved up. So he treated him with envy and jealousy mixed with sham friendliness. He could not ask any questions. Questions were anathema, besides questions would give away the fact that he did not

know.

'Comrade Captain,' Arkady replied with cold courtesy, 'I am reporting to you as instructed.'



Section

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Just a little Satin Doll goes a long way in adding lustre to your hair and your life. 'Yes,' Suyumabev nodded. 'Your friend is

waiting for you.'

He indicated Arkady's former room. Arkady entered. Hugo, the pseudo-Portuguese pseudowaiter was sitting at his former desk. Hugo's shot-away half-face looked even more nauseating than before. 'Is it really more disgusting,' Arkady wondered, 'or does it make this impression because I have not seen him for some time?" Hugo did not greet Arkady, did not even look at him, he just gave him his instructions in cool, sober and lucid terms. He was, obviously, a much better educated man than Arkady had suspected. Hugo gave him the instrument, too, explained how to use it, then concluded abruptly: 'Go now. And don't make a mess of

He did not even ask him if he had any questions. He had told him everything, quite clearly, and questions were unnecessary. Arkady left in

a very meditative mood.

He was led through the parlour by a pretty, mini-skirted receptionist dressed in black, and shown into Uncle Harris's private apartment. Oriana was alone with Fritz, in the drawing-room.

'Thank you for letting me come, Oriana. Hallo Fritz,' said Arkady. 'Well, what is it?' asked Oriana not sound-

ing too friendly.

Arkady put down his heavy briefcase on a coffee-table.

'It was a sudden urge. You mean a great deal to me. Oriana.'

She did not reply. He was embarrassed and turned to Fritz.

'Hallo, Fritzy . Nice little doggy, Fritzy . . '

Oriana frowned.

'I'm more than flattered by your unexpected declaration of love but you must be nuts. Like most Russians. In any case, this time and place are most unsuitable for romantic scenes. I think I've told you — if not, I'm telling you now that I have a most important conference at 3 o'clock. I have hardly any time to breathe and then you come along with declarations of love! ...Very well. If you wanted to see me, look at me, then go.'
'Can we meet later today as you are so busy

just now?

Oriana looked at him as if she were weighing him up for the first time.

'Come here Fritzy....nice doggy....sweet

little Fritz ...

'Yes, we can,' said Oriana. 'Meet me at the bar of Hurlingham Club at six.'

'Pity I haven't got a nice piece of sausage or something for Fritzy,' replied Arkady, wan-

dering from the point somewhat.

'I am deeply touched by your sudden interest in Fritz,' said Oriana. 'If you are so keen on him, you can do me a favour. Take him out for a walk. Go to the little park over there and don't come back until he has done his business. I've no time for him this morning. What a shame. Poor Fritz, he must feel awful. In the meantime, I can talk to Uncle Harris.

Oriana handed over Fritz's lead. Arkady



picked up his briefcase.

'You can leave that here,' said Oriana.

'I might as well take it."

'Full of important State secrets,' she scoffed. 'Important trade secrets,' Arkady corrected her and went out with Fritz.

He could feel his pulses throbbing with excitement. This was the first piece of really good luck since he got his job in Moscow. It was almost incredible. The one creature he wanted to be left alone with was Fritz, but he'd had no idea how to go about it. And now, like an answer to prayer, Oriana asked him - as a favour - to take Fritz out for a walk!

Wishing to ingratiate himself with the dog, he took the lead off the moment they were outside the house. Away Fritz bolted at a speed far beyond any Arkady would have thought him capable of He chased after him but the race was lost before it started — it would have been hopeless even without the heavy briefcase. He ran, nevertheless, his heart pounding with panic rather than exertion, in the direction in which Fritz had disappeared, and almost fainted with relief when he rounded a corner and saw the dog sniffing the base of a lamp-post.

They reached the little park and Arkady began to play with the dog. He fondled him and talked to him in a friendly manner. Fritz enjoyed all this attention but was, after all, more interested in messages left by other dogs so Arkady — to ingratiate himself even more took him for a tour of lamp-posts, stones, trees and bushes. Then they returned to the bench. Arkady sat down and looked round. There were not many people in the little park.

Arkady opened his briefcase and took out a tin of dog-food. Near the top was the legend: Ballantyne's puppy food. Best in the World. Recommended by Experts. Were these experts dog or human? Arkady wondered. From his briefcase he then took out a tin-

opener, some paper handkerchiefs and some salami, thinly sliced and packed in cellophane. Carefully he opened the tin. He struggled with the cellophane wrapping of the salami for a whole minute but triumphed in the end and succeeded in undoing it. He tore three slices of salami into bits (the fourth he gobbled up himself) and mixed the sausage with the dog food, to make it even tastier and more irresistible. He then took out the tiny instrument Hugo had given him and added that as a further ingredient to Fritz's snack. After which he carefully wiped all traces of dog-food and salami from his

Fritz gobbled up the unexpected treat. He

swallowed the microphone with gusto.





haas baat

Neetu Singh, I am told, has become a headache for her producers because very often she practises the vanishing trick — no, not with Chintu, what with her mom always chaperoning her, but with the costumes supplied at the producer's expense. The other day, I was seeing the rushes of "Rafoo Chakkar" at Rajkamal along with Chintu and Paintal, and in breezed Neetu straight from her sets, cooed with Chintu after the show was over with mum looking discreetly elsewhere and without bothering to head for the make-up room to change the dress, she zoomed her way to her car and disappeared. Wow.

What has fused the friendship between SHOTGUN and ANIL DHAWAN? Only a couple of months back, they were the best of pals and now they shun each other like snake and mongoose. The reason, I believe, in Shotgun's reported refusal to start with Anil's wife Rashmi, ever since "Ek Naari Do Roop", the only flick they've done so far, flopped at the box-office.

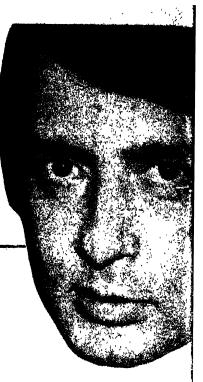
Poor poor Bobby boy Shailu is now in a dilemma. All because Kishore knocked him off with assignments to croon for Rishi in a couple of films. I hear Rafi too lends his voice to Rishi in some of his flicks, much to the consternation of Shailu and he is naturally sore with Chintu for not insisting on his producers to utilise Shailu's as his ghost-voice. However, Chintu squarely puts the blame on Shailu's shoulders. "I'll do all I can to boost his career as a singer, if only Shailu concentrated his attention on singing instead of drifting into the field of acting. He should not think of having the cake and eating it too". Is Rishi afraid?

Thanks to the dictatorship of the 'monopoly sisters' Lata and Asha, Vani Jairam is in exile as far as Hindi flicks are concerned. I'm told the sisters were very united atleast in accomplishing this task and spared no effort to see that Vani did not get any major break after her glorious debut. No wonder the poor gal sought refuge in Tamil films, instead of ending up as another languishing Suman Kalyanpur.

Bumped into a fretting 'n' fuming Jayakaushalya, the gal who made her debut in 'Prabhat' via Ram Dayal. She was very sore about the nasty way in which Dayal had cut short her role in "Do Number Ke Ameer" and accommodated bulky -oops, sorry - Asha Sachdev. All because she had accepted outside assignments after the period of contract with him had expired. To add insult to injury, he has ordered her to vacate the house he had given her without even arranging an alternate accommodation for the poor gal.

VIKRAM shudders to think about ragging at the FTII in Poona. Know why? As a brand new recruit from down South, Vikky had a hell of a time during the first few days there. And the worst part of it was that he had to strip and sing as well in the nude amidst wah-wahs from his colleagues - all males of course "unfortunately", as Vikky put it. Guess who were the main bullies who terrorised the entire Institute? Mahinder Sandhu and Romesh Sharma.

Looks like Shabana's stint with Benjamin Gilani is off, in spite of her engagement to him last year. Guess who's the new guy in the life of this 'gal with a record number of broken engagements'? None other than Sekhar Kapoor, that chartered accountant turned actor, nephew of Dev Anand. Bumped into both of them at the screening of the FTII films at the AIR auditorium. And the inevitable confrontation did take place between Shabbu and Benji, but man, you should have seen how nicely they tackled the situation. By the way, Benji hates being referred to as Shabana's ex-fiance. Natural, isn't it? Poor Jalal Agha. After he found himself with a string of flops languishing in the industry in spite of his talent, he has done the next 20 best thing — turned into a nude model for porno mags.







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t's a comical paradox. Now Raj Kapoor is on the top and he keeps touching the ground, in utter humility! Never talks without prefacing or suffixing his sentences with a "sahib" or "sir" or a typically Urdu "janaab." His favourite resort in Bombay, the "cottage" at RK Studios, is constantly invaded by folks who want to see him, and the two phones never stop tingling. Invasion would be the right word for my visit to his "cottage" for he was in no mood to talk and that can be the most difficult, awkward thing for a person sitting across the floor-table of the Great Showman!

Turned out he had been recalled from his favourite retreat at his farmhouse at Poona, by "exegencies of business" and how he cursed

them!

"I hate to be dragged back to Bombay when I am doing my creative work at the farm," he said screwing up his now flesh-embedded face and blue eyes, to denote utter disgust.

"And now that I am here, I have had one solid hour of discussion with my business manager and secretary. I cannot talk to you unless I get my coffee," he shrugged and put on a comical face to my relief. John, his faithful old manservant, trained over the years to work on merely watching his master's reactions, came from nowhere and brought in fresh cups of coffee, which I found Raj Kapoor is addicted to.

Aren't you jubilant that "Bobby" has been the super-duper success that it has been, for the past year now? I asked, trying to change his mood and talk of the brighter side of life.

"Well, I am happy, yes, but more because I needed that film to prove that the bad name and the huge debts I had incurred, were just a phase of my life. That I could pay back and How! Monetarily of course, "Bobby" is speeding up all my payments but the lesson it has taught me is something I shall always rememher, It taught me that I should recognise only my true friends, who had deserted me when my "Mera Naam Joker" failed. It taught me, better still, the secret ingredients to make up a successful film. That an established filmmaker like myself could not only live by his past glory and name and his creative fantasies, but he had to take public admiration, understanding and identification, by storm — a thing I had never conceived of before "Bobby!"

"Bobby" will be crossing the Golden Jubilee mark on September 28, 1974, onto its first anniversary four weeks later, and there are strong chances that it will rush on to a Diamond Jubilee (sixty weeks). Is Bombay the only centre for such a popular run? I

"No sahib. In Bombay's Metro and well as Calcutta's Merro the film is doing capacity business. People in my own concern had warned me that I would be doing wrong to release the film in Metro, because of its 1500 capacity. It's a bloody ship, how will we run the film to even average success? They wailed - and I took the odds - Metro or nothing else.'

"And it is going strong where ever it has been released, even in the smaller centres. What made it the runaway success that it has proved to be? I'll tell you. The freshness of

am no actor

the lead-pair and the fact that for the first time, there was a young, good-looking eighteen yearold boy playing in romantic lead opposite a terrific-looking sixteen year-old girl. You see, both were fresh, unspoilt, unpublicised and for the first time, they were both their actual ages in real life. It was not Hema Malini playing a sixteen-year old and Raaj Kumar playing an eighteen year-old! You see, one cannot fool the public anymore now."

What next? seemed to the natural corol-

lary to this question.

"Dekhte hain, saab," he sighed, worriedly.

"My plans are now for 'Henna' starring
Randhir Kapoor, my eldest son. Let's see. Nothing is final yet, we are looking for the girl and then the paper-work has just begun. It's a beautiful subject, a maturer love story than

"And now I am having another nightmare, of dates. Dabboo is so busy, working day-andnight, he must find the time to give me. And of course," he smiled shyly, "sahib, I have got so many offers for acting now that I find little time to think of my own film. I am doing these subjects, which I wouldn't have done if they were not as beautiful. The damned trouble is that they are such fabulous, heart-warming characters I could say they have tempted me out of my retirement from acting. Janab, they are truly tempting even for a hardened film-maker and trade-man like me."

Examples? "Ramayan Films" "Khan-Dost" S. R. Films new film - Production No. 1. which is untitled yet, starring Zeenat Aman and Shashi Kapoor with me. Then I have Rajendra Kumar's "Do Jasoos" and Sanjay's "Chandi Sona". And a few films which I have been talo-fying because I have no time and

inclination."

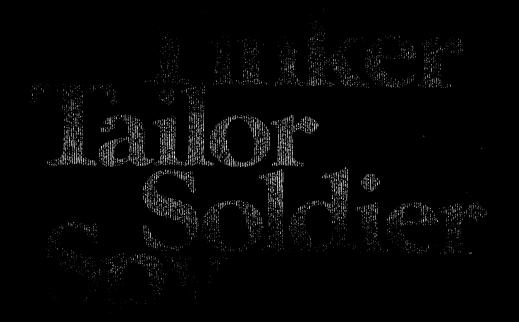
Do you prefer film-making or acting? I asked the Great Showman in a sum-up.

Smiling broadly and drumming his fingers, on the table, he said, "Film-making, saab, I am basically a film-maker. I am no actor, never have been," and he touched the ground again. 23

HINDUSTANDARD

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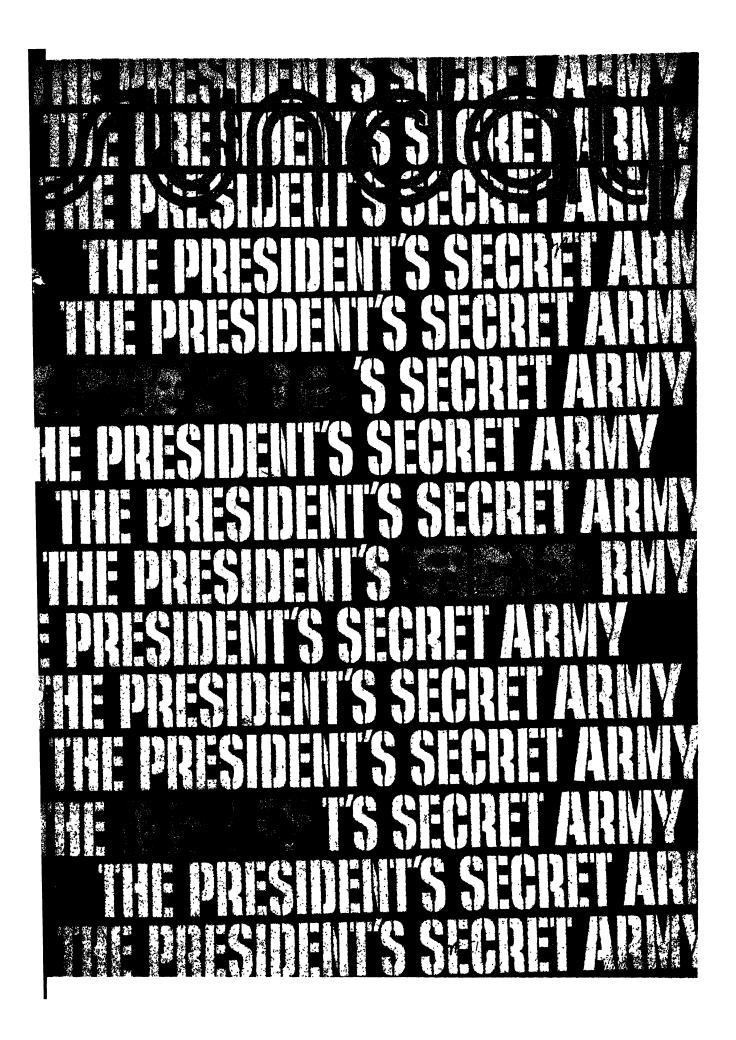
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a complete novel by john le carre in hindusthan standard diwali annual to be published before diwali.

DIWALI ANNUAL 1974





ARIES (March 21 - April 20) Complexity of certain issues may tell on nerve this week in service, control your tongue. Women in employment are likely to be pro-

moted Professionals travel stars are strong - outing assured Businessmen financial worries indicated Bachelors and girls! in love and romantic sphere there is galety and

much affection surrounding you

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) Good news
will cheer you up but take care certain
people do not take advantage of you in service much desired task will be accom-

plished Professionals! Go not fret over trivial details Ladies! a lucky period for you. Besides this is one of the best weeks for lady-like activities. Bachelors and girls I you are going to

be introduced with personality of your liking

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) Relief from pressure of work and conquest of obstacles indicated You are likely to rise to a position of confidence and trust. In service, the week-

tion and societies with which you are connected will demand your services Bachelors and girls! an enjoyable week for you.



CANCER (June 21 - July 21) Health trouble in the second half of the week Pressure from creditors likely upon businessmen industrialists! loan prospects bleak in ser-

vice, hope and despair will be experienced. Professionals I you will gain some points against your rivals Bechelors and girls! restrict your dealings with opposite sex



LEO (July 22 - August 21) A pleasant surprise for you on Friday You may freedom from certain commitments You may enjoy week may prove to be lucky one for taking

up a new project. In service, prepare yourself to face an Businessmen don't push any important personangry boss Girls I time for preparation for a journey

VIRGO (August 22 — September 22) You are ality



going to have desired changes in your personal life this werk In service, improved status and responsibilities are starred Pro-

fessionals I you may find rough time with your associates Ladies I home life is favoured. Romance too will bring happi-Bachelors and girls! differences with your near and dear ones indicated



LIBRA (September 23 - October 22) Marked improvements in every aspects of life may be expected Domestic life will be happy

Businessmen and industrialists i financial prospects seem to be encouraging in service, certain official problem may make you irritated Professionals! you will get an opportunity to assert yourself by tactful dealing if single, cautious moves advised



SCORPIO (October 23 -- November 22) Personal health may cause worries. The weekend will bring a pleasing phase of life. In

certain cases, money comes by luck on Tuesday Businessmen and industrialists! an auspicious week for starting a new project. Bachelors I your marriage is going to be finalised. Girls I a news will remove your doubts.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23 - December 20) Social and love life provides surprise on Friday Do not expect financial betterment this week. Artistes I new contracts and recog-

assured Professionals ! favourable effects may materialize a professional uplift. Ladies good headway in domestic sphere indicated Girls your affairs are steadily Bachelors a gift from your friend



CAPRICORN (December 21 --January 19) You may expect plenty of sunshine in your personal affairs In the mid-week you may have to take a firm stand on a domestic

issue Businessmen, the week is eventful and encouraging for you in service, a good news will keep you in high spirit. Bachelors and girls I this week you will have to entertain your friends



AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18) Be cautious in dealing with old men.
Domestic harmony and peace of mind may
be lacking this week. Businessmen. I
trouble from governmental authorities and financial stringency

indicated Troubles from tax-authorities indicated. In service, you are likely to incur displeasure of your colleagues. Colourful engagements indicated for unmarrieds



PISCES (February 18 - March 20) Welcome changes in the first half of the week indicated for persons in service. Professionals! you will come in contact with influential

persons. In certain cases, help from women may help tide over difficulties. Ladies I unhappy experiences will make you sad. Girls I sudden good fortune is predicted. Bachelors I

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EDITOR AVEEK SARKAR

this fundau

27 OCTOBER 1974 ISSUE 33 VOL II

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nextfundau

SMUGGLING: THE LID OFF

Their's were names not to be conjured with until a few days ago. They were powerful men, with powerful connections in the world of high Politics, who could make or break officials, get honest customs men transferred to the wilderness and get their own men elected They turned the streets of Bombay and other big cities into colourful Persian markets where if one had the money, one could get anything.

AZED CROSSWORD

No. 91: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Have d-dinner returned hare chassour? (4)
- 5 Sort of orange, a sine qua non when retiring (7)
- 10 Animal region, region wherein you may find cat go (9)
- 11 Flowery trumpet that's something to puff (6)
- 13 A scrap, then start of acrimony blood flows in it (5)
- 15 Quack medicine wretch supplied with unctuousness (8)
- 16 Savoury roll to be contained in lard (5)
- 17 N or M? It contains wherewithal for supplying that (4)
- 19 Cooked roes yet? Poke nose back in stick it into fishy meal (11)
- 21 Mystery dedicatee before obscure love verse in which place? (11)
- 24 What's an old crook love being in? The reverse (4)
- 26 Approaches snare misguidedly (5)
- 27 Alcoholic radically bad, 51, taken in by copper (8)
- 29 Dug vibration, losing head (5)
- 30 One close to society (English) in school is, usually (6)
- 31 I'm like e.g. King Cole, love wine in crown (9)
- 32 For us it's the ultimate of indiscretion getting into panties etc. (7)
- 33 English railway now obsolete our branches grow (4)

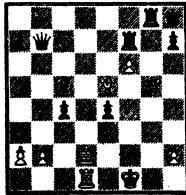
DOWN

- 1 Faulty nickel-silver do up case wiv levver strap (8)
- 2 Small Scottish trees around river in marshes (6)
- 3 Public school loses No. 5 in pack (4)
- 4 Merton's fantastic prodigy (7)
- 5 Cowardly French character-'orrid bloke one finds fault with, roused (10)
- 5 Meals involve first of kitchen furniture materials (5)
- 7 Deprive of cover, creating free run chink (6)
- 8 Use time with R.N. wrongly? They do (9)

- 25
- 9 Grandma's inflammatory outpouring to heaven (4)
- 12 Jokes about unhappy snick in little game (10)
- 14 Keeper of roads means Merry Andrew? (9)
- 18 Embellishments to a dress, twisted (4)
- 20 Dissenters, Labs or Libs? (7)
- 22 Hidden extract of Sappho ode discovered (6)
- 23 Virginia, a girl from below, a servant (6)
- 25 Poet: how Firbank signed his work jocularly? (5)
- 27 Twisted foul-up but not of silky fibre (4)
- 28 Little bird: you'll snare it (4)

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 3



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 1 A nest if rather obvious finish from a game played at Bucharest this year between Ghizdevu and Ostojic: $-2 \cdot 73 \cdot k \cdot 1; 5 \cdot p \cdot 2; q \cdot 2 \cdot p \cdot 2; p \cdot 1; p \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot b \cdot 1 \cdot P \cdot 1; 1 \cdot p \cdot 2 \cdot P \cdot p \cdot 2; 1 \cdot P \cdot 6; 1 \cdot P \cdot P \cdot 4 \cdot R; 1 \cdot K \cdot 5 \cdot R.$ White won by 1. $Q \times B$, $P \times Q$, 2. $R - R \cdot 6$ ch, $K - K \cdot 12; 3$. $R(R \cdot 1) - R \cdot 7$ mate.

Patronage in chess

The great patrons of chess—Rothschild in nineteenth-century Vienna, Jim Slater in twantieth-century London and the Tessalde County Borough in the present-day Tessalde—all these have not been concerned with (or not so much with at any rate) inproving their public image or obtaining the right sort of reclame for their name or their firms or their districts. They have been and are animated by a genuine desire to further the cause of chees, to see that it is more widely and better played and, particularly in the case of the Teesside, to establish a venue where the game can be played well

and property.

If you believe, as I do, that chess has some claim to be considered as one of the arts then it will be brought home to you arts then it will be brought home to you to what extent these patrons embellish and enrich the artistic life of the nations to which they belong. Even if you don't believe this then you have to admit that chess is a civilised end pleasing way of spending your leisure hours and this, when you come to think of it, is no small claim on the game's

There have been murmure that this sys-tem of patronage is undignified, out-of-date, and, in any event, of necessity con-

fined to at best a small group of people. I do not believe in any of this. The great days of painting in Florence long ago can be paralleled by similar patronage nowadays. And, as for this idea that it is limited to a small circle, I have to say that you or I or any one of us has it in him to become a patron.

Happily, this state of affairs is on the march in this country and we have had more important chess events held here in the last, say, five years, than in the pre-

real last, say, live years, trian in the pre-ceding half century. I give a game from one of these, the Euro-pean Team Championship Finais at Bath. White: Spassky (USSR), Black Gheorghiu (Romania).

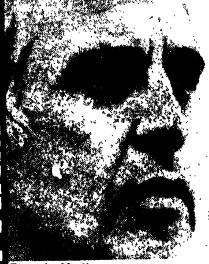
White: Spassky (USSR), Black Gheorghiu (Romania), Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P, 4. Kt x P, Kt-KB3, 5. Kt-QB3, P-K4; 8. Kt(Q4)-Kt5, P-KR3, 7. Kt-Q6 ch, B x Kt, 8. Q x B, Q-K2; 9. Kt-Kt5, Q x Q, 10. Kt x Q ch, K-K2, 11. Kt-B5 ch, K-B1; 12. P-QKt3, P-Q4; 13. B-R3 ch, K-Kt1; 14. P x P, Kt x P; 15. Kt-Q6, R-Kt1; 14. B-84, B-K3; 17. O-O-O, Kt-B5; 18. P-Kt3, B x B; 19. Kt x B, Kt-K7 ch; 26. K-Kt2, P-QK4; 21. KR-K1, P x Kt; 22. R x Kt, P-83, 23. R-K4, P x P; 24. BP x P, K-R2; 25. R-QB4, KR-Q1; 26. K-Kt3; 31. R-B7, R-Kt2; 32. R-B6, R-K3; 31. R-B7, R-Kt2; 32. R-B6, R-Q2, 33. B-Kt5, KK-Kt2, 34. R-GR8, R-Q3; 35. P-R5, R-B3 ch; 36. K-Kt4, Kt-Q3; 37. R x P, Kt-B1; 36. K-Kt4, Kt-Q4; 39. R-R8, R-B6; 46. K-Kt4, R-B7; 41. B-K3, resigns.



Retall Shops—BOMBAY: 3, Cusrow Beug, Coleba & 'Apsera', 126/134A, Pranthana Samaj & 16, Tokersey Jivraj Roed, Sewree & 434, New Mill Read, Kuria & CALCUTTA: 29, Weterloo Street & 206/2A, Bidhan Sarani & NEW DELHI: M-5, Barakhamba Road, Connaught Circus & MADRAS: 35-D, Moint Road & AMRITSAR: 7, Dharamsingh Market, Saraphari Chowk Authorised Dealers—BOMBAY: A to Z Textile Departmental Stores, Opp. Crewford Market & Bombay Swadshi Stores, Western India House, Sir P M. Road & AHMEDASAD: Textile Emporium, 22, Harsiddh Chambers, Ashram Road & MADRAS: Diwaker (6), Noted Sybhas Chandra Bose Road & HYDERABAD: Vijay Textile Agency, 7, M.C. H Building, Kothi Suffhao Bazar & VARANASI; Rajhans Textiles, D 13/27, Bans Fatak Local Agent-CALCUTTA: Hanutmai Punamchand, 132 Jemnatel Bajej Street.





Eugenio Martinez Watergate burglar.

The CIA's Laotian forces were augmented by thousands of Thai 'volunteers' paid by the Agency. Air support, an extremely dangerous business, was supplied by Air America — a CIAowned airline - and on occasion by the Thai

Meanwhile, in Vietnam, the CIA supported and financed a force of roughly 45,000 Civilian Irregular Defence Guards, local guerrilla troops who fought under the operational direction of the US Army's Special Forces. CIA operators and Agency contractees ran the Counter Terror teams. The Agency also organised guerrilla raids against North Vietnam, with special emphasis on intrusions by seaborne commando groups coming 'over the beach' on specially designed, heavily armed, high-speed PT-type boats.

At least one such CIA raiding party was operating in that part of the Tonkin Gulf in 1964 where two US destroyers allegedly came under attack by North Vietnamese ships.

These CIA raids may well have specifically provoked the North Vietnamese action against the destroyers, which in turn led to the US Congress passing its Tonkin Gulf resolution in 1964, setting the stage for large-scale American military involvement in Indo-China.

DEEPLY embedded within the clandestine service mentality is the belief that human ethics and social laws have no bearing on covert operations or their practitioners. The intelligence profession, because of its lofty 'natural security' goals, is free from all moral restrictions. determining factors in secret operations are purely pragmatic: Does the job need to be done? Can it be done? And can secrecy (or 'plausible denial') be maintained?

One of the lessons learned from the Watergate experience is the scope of this amorality and its influence on the clandestine mentality. E. Howard Hunt (who worked in clandestine operations for the CIA for 21 years) claimed that his participation in the Watergate break-in and the other operations of the White House plumbers group was in 'what I believed to be the...best interests of my country.'

SIZE AND COST OF THE CIA

| | Personnei | \$ Millions |
|--|-----------|-----------------|
| Office of the Director | 400 | 10 |
| Clandastine Services | 6,000 | 440 |
| (Directorate of Operations) | • | ., |
| Espionage/Counterespionage | (4,200) | (180) |
| Covert Action | (1,800) | (260) |
| Directorate of Management and Services | `5,300 | , 11 0 . |
| Communications | (2,000) | (70) |
| Other Support | (3,300) | (40) |
| Directorate of Intelligence | 3,500 | 70 · |
| Analysis | (1,200) | (50) |
| Information Processing | (2,300) | (20) |
| Directorate of Science and Technology | 1,300 | 120 ' |
| Technical Collection | (1,000) | (50) |
| Research and Development | (300) | (70) |
| | - | - |
| | 18,500* | 750** |

*Nearly 5,000 CIA personnel serve oversess, the majority (80-70 per cent) being members of the Clandestine Services. Of the remainder, most are communications officers and other operational support personnel.

**Does not include the Director's Special Contingency Fund.

ed before a federal grand jury in April 1973 by Assistant US Attorney Earl Silbert.

S: Were you aware of or did you participate in any other what might commonly be referred to as illegal activities?

H: Illegal? S: Yes, sir.

H: I have no recollection of any, no sir.

S: What about clandestine activities?

H: Yes, sir.

S: All right. What about that?

H: I'm not quibbling, but there's quite a difference between something that's illegal and something that's clandestine.

S: Well, in your terminology, would the entry into Mr. Fielding's (Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist) office have been clandestine, illegal, neither or both?

H: I would simply call it an entry operation conducted under the auspices of competent

authority.

Within the CIA, similar activities are undertaken with the consent of 'competent authority.' The Watergate conpirators, assured that 'national security' was at stake, did not question the legality or the morality of their methods; nor do most CIA operators.

In early October 1969, the CIA learned through a secret agent that a group of radicals was about to hijack a plane in Brazil and escape to Cuba. This intelligence was forwarded to CIA headquarters and from there sent on an 'eyes only' basis to Henry Kissinger at the White House and top officials of the State Department the Defence Department, and the National Security Agency.

Within a few days, on 8 October, the radical group commandeered at gunpoint a Brazilian commercial airliner with 49 people aboard and after a refuelling stop in Guyana forced the pilot to fly to Havana. Neither the CIA nor the other agencies of the US Government which had advance warning of the radicals' plan moved to stop the crime being committed, although at that time the official policy of the US — as enunciated by the President - was to take all Hunt expanded on this point when interrogat- possible measures to stamp out aerial piracy.

Afterwards, when officials of the State Department questioned their colleagues in the CIA on why measures had not been taken to stop the hijacking, the Agency's clandestine operators delayed more than a month before

responding.

During the interim, Security forces in Brazil succeeded in breaking up that country's principal revolutionary group and killing its leader. Carlos Marighella. Shortly after the revolutionary leader's death on 4 November, the CIA informally passed word back to the State Department noting that if any action had been taken to stop the October sky-jacking, the Agency's penetration in the radical movement might have been exposed and Marighella's organisation could not have been destroyed.

While it was never clear whether the agent who alerted the clandestine operators to the hijacking had also fingered Marighella, that was the impression the CIA tried to convey to the State Department. The Agency implied it had not prevented the hijacking because to have done so would have lessened the chances of scoring the more important goal of 'neutralising' Marighella and his followers. To the CIA's clandestine operators, the end — wiping out the Brazilian radical movement — apparently had justified the means, thus permitting the hijack-

ing to take place.

During the last 25 years American foreign policy has been dominated by the concept of containing Communism. Sincere men in the highest Government posts believed — and still do believe - that their country could not survive without resorting to the same distasteful methods employed by the other side. In recent years there have been changes in America's conduct of foreign affairs. Yet the feeling remains strong among the nation's top officials, in the CIA and elsewhere, that America has an inherent right — a sort of modern Manifest Destiny — to intervene in other countries' internal affairs. Changes may have occurred at the negotiating table, but not in the planning arena.

THE CIA is big, very big. Officially, it has authorised manpower of 16,500 and an authorised budget of \$750 million — and those figures are jealously guarded, generally made available only to Congress. Yet the Agency is far larger and more affluent than even these

figures indicate.

The manpower total does not reflect the tens of thousands who serve under contract, or who work for the Agency's proprietary companies. There are one-time agents hired for specific missions, contract agents who serve for extended periods of time, and career agents who spend their entire working lives secretly

employed by the CIA.

In some instances contract agents are retained long after their usefulness has passed, but usually are known only to the case officers with whom they deal. One of the Watergate burglars, Eugenio Martinez, was in this category. When he was caught inside the Watergate on that day in June 1972, he still was receiving \$100-a-month stipend from the Agency for

work apparently unrelated to his covert assignment for the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

Complete records of employment are not kept in any single place. In 1967 when the Cla's role on American campuses was under close scrutiny, Director Richard Helms asked his staff to find out just how many university personnel were under secret contract to the CIA. After a few days of investigation, senior CIA officers reported back that they could not find the answer. Helms immediately ordered a full study, and after more than a month of searching records all over the Agency, a report was handed in to Helms listing hundreds of professors and administrators on over 100 campuses. But the staff officers who compiled the report knew that their work was incomplete. Within weeks another campus connection was exposed in the Press. The contract was not on the list that had been compiled for the Director.

Just as the personnel figure is deceptive, so does the budget figure not account for a great part of the CIA's campaign chest. The Agency's proprietaries, or front organisations, are often money-making enterprises, and thus provide 'free' services to the parent organisation.

Similarly, the CIA's annual budget does not show the Pentagon's annual contribution to the Agency. For example, the CIA's Science and Technology Directorate has an annual budget of only a little more than \$100 million, but it actually spends well over \$500 million a year. The difference is funded largely by the Air Force, which underwrites the national overhead-reconnaissance effort for the entire United

States intelligence community.

For some reason — perhaps because of the general view in the CIA that its operations are above the law — the Agency has tended to play fiscal games that other Government departments would not dare engage in. One example concerns the Agency's use of its employee retirement fund, certain agent and contract-personnel accounts, and the CIA credit union's capital, to play the stock market. With the approval of the top CIA leadership, a small group of senior Agency officers has for years secretly supervised the management of these funds and invested them in stocks, hoping to turn a greater profit than normally would be earned through the Treasury Department's traditional lowinterest but safe bank deposits and bond issues. Originally, the investment group, consisting of CIA economists, accountants and lawyers, dealt with an established Boston brokerage house, which made the final investment decisions. Within a matter of months the Agency investors were earning bigger profits than ever before.

Any reasonable reviewer of the CIA, after supervising the deployment of Agency funds and personnel and weighing these against the intelligence gains produced by the various directorates, would probably come to the same conclusion as did Richard Helm's temporary replacement as Director, James Schlesinger. On 5 April 1973 Schlesinger admitted to the Senate Armed Forces Committee that, 'We have a problem... we just have too many people.

It turns out to be too many people in the operational areas. These are the people who in the past served overseas....Increasing emphasis is being placed on science and technology, and

on intelligence judgments.

Schlesinger's words — and the fact that he was not a 'house man' from the Clandestine Services — were auguries of hope to those many critics of the CIA who believe that it is overly preoccupied with the covert side of intelligence. But Schlesinger has been succeeded by William Colby — a man who had a highly successful career as a clandestine operator specialising in 'dirty tricks,' and who can only be expected to maintain the Dulles-Helms' policy of concentration on covert action.

At present the Agency uses about two-thirds of its funds and its manpower for covert operations and their support - proportions that have been held relatively constant for more than 10 years. Thus, out of the Agency's career workforce of roughly 16,500 people and yearly budget of about \$750 million, 11,000 personnel and roughly \$550 million are earmarked for the Clandestine Services and covert activities.

Although the CIA has had since its creation exclusive responsibility for carrying out overseas espionage operations for the collection of national intelligence, the various military intelligence agencies and the intelligence units of American forces stationed abroad have retained the right to seek out tactical information for their own departmental requirements. With US forces permanently stationed in countries like England, Germany, Italy, Morocco, Panama, Japan and Australia, the military intelligence services have sought to acquire information through secret agents - the justification, of course, always being the need for departmental or tactical intelligence.

A military intelligence unit assigned to Bangkok, Thailand, as late as 1971 was trying to entrap Soviet KGB officers, recruit local spies, and even was attempting to run its own agents into China through Hong Kong. Little or none of this activity was being cleared with the CIA.

In 1967 Helms was urged by his staff to authorise an official review of intelligence collection by community members, with special emphasis on the many technical collection systems. After several months of intense investigation, the small group concluded - this was the first sentence of their report - 'The US intelligence community collects too much information.' The study noted that the glut of raw data was clogging the intelligence system and making it difficult for the analysts to separate out what was really important and to produce thoughtful material for the policymakers. The study* also observed that there simply were too many reports on too many subjects for the high-level policymakers to cope with. The study caused such consternation in the CIA that Helms refused to disseminate it.

SECRECY is an absolute way of life at the Agency, and while outsiders might consider some of the resulting practices comical in the extreme, the subject is treated with great seriousness in

the CIA. Training officers lecture new personnel for hours on end about 'security consciousness,' and these sessions are augmented during an employee's entire career by refresher courses, warning posters, and the semi-annual requirment for each employee to review the Agency's security rules and to sign a copy, as an indication it has been read. As a matter of course, outsiders should be told absolutely nothing about the CIA, and fellow employees should be given only that information for which they have an actual 'need to know.'

CIA personnel become so accustomed to the rigorous security precautions (some of which are indeed justified), that they easily accept them all. They work with a telephone book marked SECRET, which is intentionally incomplete. It lists no one working in the Clandestine Services, and each semi-annually revised edition leaves out the names of many of those employed by the overt directorates, so that if the book ever falls into unauthorised hands, no enterprising foreign agent or reporter will be able to figure out how many people work at CIA headquarters, or even how many work in non-clandestine jobs. Those temporarily omitted can look forward to having their names appear in the next edition of the directory, at which time others are selected for telephonic limbo.

Added to this confusion is the fact that most Agency phone numbers are regularly changed for security reasons. Employees manage to keep track of commonly called numbers by listing them in their own personal desk directories, although they have to be careful to lock these in their safes by night or else risk being charged with a security

violation.

Along with the phone books, all other classified material (including typewriter ribbons and scrap paper) is placed in these safes whenever an office is unoccupied. Security guards patrol every part of the agency at roughly half-hour intervals in the evenings and on weekends.

Even a charwoman at the CIA must gain security clearance in order to qualify for the badge that she, too, must wear at all times; then she must be accompanied by an armed security guard while she cleans offices (where all classified material has presumably already been locked up). Some rooms at the Agency are considered so secret that the charwoman and her guard must also be watched by someone who works in the office.

The pervasive secrecy extends everywhere. Cards placed on Agency bulletin boards offering items for sale conclude: 'Call Bill, extension 6464.' It was only in 1973 that employees were allowed to answer their phones with any words other than those signifying the fourdigit extension number.

The headquarters building, located on a partially wooded 125-acre tract eight miles from downtown Washington, is a modernistic Until the spring of fortress-like structure. 1973 one of the two roads leading into the secluded compound was totally unmarked, and 7 the other featured a sign identifying the installation as the Bureau of Public Roads.

When the CIA headquarters building being constructed during the late 1950s, the sub-contractor responsible for putting in the heating and air-conditioning system asked the Agency how many people the structure was intended to accommodate. For security reasons, the Agency refused to tell him, and he was forced to make his own estimate based on the building's size. The resulting heating system worked reasonably well, while the airconditioning was quite unever. After initial complaints in 1961, the contractor installed an individual thermostat in each office, but so many Agency employees were continually readjusting their themostats that the system got worse.

At this point the CIA took the subcontractor to court to forc him to make improvements. His defence was that he had installed the best system he could, without a clear indication of how many people would occupy the building. The CIA could not counter this

reasoning and lost the decision.
*Some intelligence was not being evaluated at all, and, as a result, a new concept, 'the linear drawer foot,' entered the English language. Translated from Pentagonese, this refers to the amount of paper needed to flil a file drawer up to one foot in length. A 1969 House Armed Services Committee report noted that the Southest Asia office of the CIA alone had 517 linear drawer feet of unanalysed raw intelligence locked in its vaults.

Another unusual feature of the CIA headquarters is the cafeteria. It is partitioned into a secret and an open section, the secret part being for Agency employees only. The partition ensures that no visitor will see the face of any clandestine operator eating lunch.

The CIA's 'supergrades' (civilian equivalents of generals) have their own private dining room in the executive suite, however. There they are provided with higher-quality food at lower prices than in the cafeteria, served on fine china with fresh linen by black waiters in immaculate white coats. These waiters and the executive cooks are regular CIA employees, in contrast to the cafetaria personnel, who work for a contractor. On several occasions the Office of Management and Budget has questioned the high cost of this private dining room, but the Agency has always been able to fend off the attacks, as it fends off virtually all attacks on its activities, by citing 'national security.'

Although no statistics are available, mental breakdowns seem more common in the Agency's tension-laden atmosphere than in the population as a whole, and the CIA tends to have a more tolerant attitude toward mental health problems and psychiatric therapy than the general public. In the Clandestine Services, breakdowns are considered virtually normal work hazards, and employees are encouraged to return to work after they have

completed treatment.

Usually no stigma is attached to illness of this type; in fact, Richard Helms suffered a breakdown when he was still with the Clan-8 destine Services during the 1950s and it clearly

did not hurt his career. Ex-Clandestine Services Chief, Frank Wisner had a similar illness, and he later returned to work as the CIA station

chief in London.

Many Agency officials are known for their heavy drinking, which also seems to be looked upon as an occupational hazard. Again, the CIA is more sympathetic to drinking problems than outside organisations. Drug use, however,

remains absolutely taboo.

INTELLIGENCE agencies, in the popular view, are organisations of glamorous master spies who, in the best tradition of James Bond. daringly uncover the evil intentions of a nation's enemies. In reality, however, the CIA has comparatively little success in acquiring intelligence through secret agents. This classical form of espionage has for many years ranged considerably below space satellites, code-breaking, and other forms of technical collection as a source of important foreign information to the US Government. Even open sources (the Press and other communications media) official channels (diplomats, military attaches, and the like) provide more valuable information than the Clandestine Services of the CIA. Against its two principal targets, the Soviet Union and Communist China, the effectiveness of CIA spies is virtually nil.

To be sure, the Agency has pulled off an occasional espionage coup, but these have generally involved the 'walk-ins' — defectors who take the initiative in offering their services to the Agency. Nearly all the Soviets and Chinese who either spied for the CIA or defected to the West did so without being actively recruited by

America's leading espionage agency.

A large percentage of defectors become psychologically depressed with their new lives once the initial excitement of resettlement in a new country wears off. A few have committed suicide. To try to keep the defector content, the CIA assigns a case officer to each one for as long as is thought necessary. With a particularly volatile defector the Agency maintains even closer surveillance, including telephone taps and mail intercepts.

In some instances, case officers will watch over the defector for the rest of his life. More than anything else, the Agency wants no defector to become so dissatisfied that he will be tempted to return to his native country.

Agents are intricate and often, delicately balanced individuals. With the Soviet Oleg Penkovsky, his British and CIA handlers found that flattery was a particularly effective method of motivation. Although he preferred British manners, Penkovsky greatly admired American power. Accordingly, he was secretly granted US citizenship and presented with his 'secret' CIA medal. As a military man he was quite conscious of rank; consequently, he was made a colonel in the US Army to show him that he suffered no loss of status because of his shift in allegiance.

On two occasions while Penkovsky was an active spy, he travelled outside the USSR on official duty with high-level delegations attending Soviet-sponsored trade shows. Both

times, first in London and then in Paris, he slipped away from his Soviet colleagues for debriefing and training sessions with and American case officers. During one of the London meetings, he asked to see his US Army uniform. None of the CIA men, nor any of the British operators, had anticipated such a request. One quick-thinking officer, however, announced that the uniform was at another safe house and that driving there and bringing it back for Penkovsky to see would take a while. The spy was temporarily placated, and a CIA case officer was immediately dispatched to find a colonel's uniform to show to the agent. After scurrying around London for a couple of hours in search of an American Army colonel with a build similar to Penkovsky's, the operator returned triumphantly to the debriefing session just as it was concluding - uniform in hand, Penkovsky was pleased.

Months later, in Paris, the CIA operators were better prepared. A brand-new uniform tailored to Penkovsy's measurements was hung in a closet in a room adjacent to where he was being debriefed, and he inspected it happily

when the meeting was concluded.

A NUMBER of years ago the CIA established a secret historical library, later a secret internal professional journal, and in 1967 began the preparation of the exhaustive history of the Agency,

being written by retired senior officers.

Recognising the irresistible tendency of former intelligence officers to write their memoirs and thereby often to embarrasss their organisations and their Governments with their revelations Director Helms prudently agreed to permit the preparation of an official secret history of the CIA and its clandestine activities. Retired senior officials were rehired on contract at their former salaries to spend a couple of additional years with the Agency putting their recollections down on paper.

Helms's decision was a master stroke. The history will never be completed, nor will it ever be published. By definition it is a perpetual project and one that can be read only by those who have a clear 'need to know.' But the writers, the battle-scarred old hands, have got their frustrations out of their systems — with no harm done — and they have probably been better paid than they would have been had they gone

public.

Counter-espionage, like covert action, has become a career speciality in the CIA; some clandestine opertors do no other type of work during their years with the Agency. These specialists have developed their own clannish sub-culture within the Clandestine Services, and even other CIA operators often find them excessively secretive and deceptive. The function of the counter-espionage officers is to question and verify every aspect of CIA operations; taking nothing at face value, they tend to see deceit everywhere. In an Agency full of extremely mistrustful people, they are the professional paranoids, even to the extent of reportedly, keeping a list of the 50 or so key positions in the CIA most likely to have been infiltrated by the KGB and maintaining constant surveillance on

the occupants.

AMONG the most secret weapons of the Central Intelligence Agency have been, for years, the 'proprietaries' corporations' or, simply, 'proprietaries' ostensibly private institutions and businesses which are in fact financed and controlled by the CIA. From behind their commercial and sometimes non-profit covers, the Agency is able to carry out a multitude of clandestine activities.

The best-known were Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, both established in the early 1950s, and their corporate structures served as something of a prototype for other Agency proprietaries. Each functioned under a cover provided by a board of directors made up of prominent Americans, but CIA officers in the key management positions made all the important decisions.

Often the weapons and other military equipment for an operation - like the covert intervention in the Congo in 1964 — are provided by a 'private' arms dealer. The largest such dealer in the United States is the International Armament Corporation, or Interarmoo, which has its main office and some warehouses on the waterfront in Alexandria, Virginia. Advertising that it specialises in arms for law-enforcement the corporation has outlets Manchester in England, Monte Carlo, Singapore, Pretoria, and several Latin American Interarmco was founded in 1953 by Samuel Cummings, a CIA officer during the Korean



War. Although it is now a truly private corporation, it still maintains close ties with the CIA.

Direct CIA ownership of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, and direct involvement in Interarmco, are largely past history now. Nevertheless, the Agency is still very much involved in the proprietary business.

Incredible as it may seem, the CIA is the owner of one of the biggest — if not the biggest — fleets of 'commercial' airplanes in the world. Agency, proprietaries include Air America, Air Asia, Čivil Air Transport, Rocky Mountain Air, Southern Air Transport, and several other air charter companies around the world.

Air America was set up in the late 1950s to accommodate the Agency's rapidly growing operations in South-east Asia. As US involvement deepened in that part of the world, other Government agencies also turned to Air America to transport their people and supplies. In fact, Air America was able to generate so much business in South-east Asia that eventually other

American airlines took note of the profits to be made

One private company, Continental Airlines, made a successful move in the mid-1960s to take some of the market away from Air America. Pierre Salinger, who became an officer of Continental after his years as President Kennedy's press secretary, led Continental's fight to gain its share of the lucrative South-east Asian busi-

Rather than face the possibility of unwanted publicity the CIA permitted Continenal to move into Laos, where since the late 1960s it has flown charter flights worth millions of **doll**ars annually. And Continental's

customer is the CIA itself.

But even with Continental flying in Laos, the Agency was able to keep most of the flights for its own Air America which, before the ceasefire in Vietnam, was flying 125 planes of its own, with roughly 40 more on lease. It was one of America's largest airlines, ranking just behind National in the total number of planes. Now that the US military forces have withdrawn from the Vietnamese theatre, the role of maintaining a signficant American influence has reverted largely to the CIA — and Air America is finding its services even more in demand. Even the International Supervisory and Control Commission, despite the membership of Communist Poland and Hungary, has signed a contract with the CIA proprietary to support its supervision of the Vietnam ceasefire.

Perhaps the CIA's most out-of-the-way

proprietary was located in Katmandu, Nepal. It was established to provide air support for Agency-financed and directed tribesmen who were operating in Chinese-controlled Tibet. As the Tibetan operations were cut back and eventually halted during the 1960s, this airline was reduced in size to a few planes, helicopters, and a supply of spare parts. Still, up to the late 1960s, it flew charters for the Nepalese Government and private organisations in the area.

The CIA's Planning Programming, and 10 Budgeting Staff back in Langley, Virginia,

believed that the airline's usefulness as an Agency asset had passed, and the decision was made to sell it off.

But for the CIA to sell a proprietary is a very difficult process. The Agency feels that it must maintain the secrecy of its covert involvement, no matter how moot or insignificant the secrecy, and it does not want to be identified in any way, either before or after the actual transaction.

Although the boards of directors of the air proprietaries are studded with the names of eminently respectable business leaders and financiers, the companies' operations were actually for a long time in the hands of one rather singular man, George Doole, Jr. Until his retirement in 1971, Doole's official titles were president of the Pacific Corporation and chief executive of Air America and Air Asia; it was under his leadership that the CIA air proprietaries blossomed.

Doole was known to his colleagues in the Agency as a superb businessman. He had a talent for expanding his airlines and for making them, functionally if not formally, into profit-making concerns. In fact, his proprietaries proved something of an embarrassment to the Agency because of their profitability.

Doole's empire was formally placed under the CIA's Directorate of Support on the Agency's organisation chart, although many of its operations were supervised by the Clandestine Services. But so little was known inside CIA headquarters about the air proprietaries, which employed almost as many people as the Agency itself (18,000), that in 1965 a CIA offler with extensive Clandestine Services experience was assigned to make a study of their opera-

tions for the Agency's top officials.

This officer spent the better part of a year trying to assemble the relevant data, and became increasingly frustrated as he proceeded. He found that the various proprietaries were constantly trading, leasing, and selling aircraft to each other; that the tail numbers of many planes were regularly changed; and that the mixture of profit-making and covert flight made accounting almost impossible. He finally put up a huge map of the world in a secure Agency conference room and used flags and pins to try to designate what proprietaries were operating with what equipment in what countries. Finally, Richard Helms, then Deputy Director, was invited to see the map and be briefed on the complexity of the airlines. A witness described Helms as being 'aghast.'

In 1968, the CIA's Executive Committee for Air met to deal with a request from George Doole for several million dollars to modernise Southern Air Transport. Doole's justification for the money was that every major airline in the world was using jets, and that Southern needed to follow suit if it were to continue to 'live its cover.' Additionally Doole said that Southern Additionally Doole said that Southern should have equipment as effective as possible in the event the Agency had to call on it for future contingencies in Latin America.

Previous to Doole's request, the Agency's

Board of National Estimates had prepared a

B. Carlon

long-range assessment of events in Latin America. This estimate had been approved by the Director and sent to the President at the White House as the official analysis of the intelligence community. The estimate strongly implied that continued open US intervention in the internal affairs of Latin American nations would only make matters worse and further damage the American image in that region.

At the meeting, Doole was asked if he thought expanding Southern's capabilities for future interventions in Latin America conformed with the conclusions of the esimate. Doole remained silent, but a Clandestine Services officer working in paramilitary affairs replied that the estimate might well have been a correct appraisal of the Latin American situation, but that non-intervention would not necessarily become official American policy. The Clandestine Services man pointed out that over the years there had been other developments in Latin America — in countries such as Gautemala and the Dominican Republic - where the Agency had been called on by the White House to take action against existing political trends; and that the Director (and the Clandestine Services and Doole) also had a responsibility to be ready for the worst contingencies.

In working to strengthen Southern Air Transport and his other proprietaries, Doole and the Clandestine Services were following one of the basic maxims of covert action: Build assets now for future contingencies. It proved to be persuasive strategy, as the Director personally approved Doole's request and Southern received

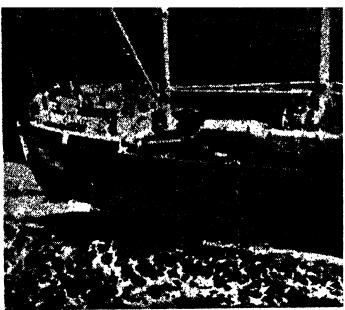
its several million dollars for jets.
AT THE READY

So if the US government decides to intervene covertly in the internal affairs of a Latin American country, Doole's planes will be available to support the operation. These CIA airlines stand ready to drop their legitimate charter business quietly and assume the role they were established for: the transport of arms and mercenaries for the Agency's 'special operations.' The guns will come from the CIA's own stockpiles and from the warehouses of Interarmco and other international arms dealers. The mercenaries will be furnished by the Agency's Special Operations Division, and, like the air proprietaries, their connection with the Agency will be 'plausibly deniable' to the American public and the rest of the world.

THE same technological explosion which has affected nearly every other aspect of modern life has also drastically changed the intelligence

trade.

A report on clandestine activities in Latin America during the 1960s by the CIA Inspector General, for example, revealed that a good part of the intelligence collected by the Agency in that region came from audio devices. In quite a few of the Latin nations, the report noted, the CIA was regularly intercepting the telephone conversations of important officials and had managed to place bugs in the homes of many key personnel, up to and including cabinet ministers. In some countries allied to the US, the Agency shares in the information acquired



Cuba-bound Soviet arms, identified by CIA experts.

from audio surveillance conducted by the host intelligence service, which often receives technical assistance from the CIA for this very purpose — and may be penetrated by the CIA in the process.

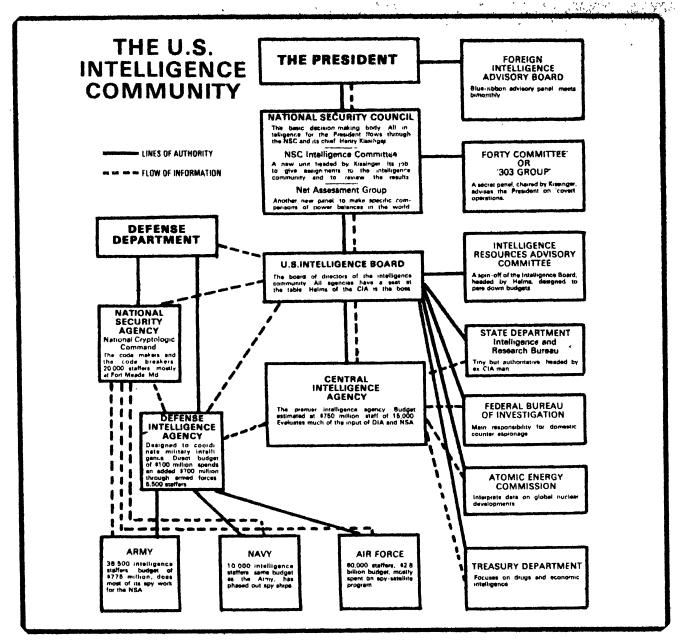
The Agency's successes with bugs and taps have usually been limited to the non-Communist countries, where relatively lax internal security systems do not deny CIA operations the freedom of movement necessary to installing

eavesdropping devices.

In technical espionage, America's first experience came in the form of radio intercepts and code-breaking. In 1952 the President, by secret executive order, established the National Security Agency (NSA) to intercept and decipher the communications of both the nation's enemies and its friends and to ensure that US codes were secure from similar eavesdropping. The NSA, though placed under the control of the Defence Department, soon established an independent bureaucratic identity of its own and at present has a huge budget of well over a billion dollars per annum and a work-force of some 25,000.

Although the NSA engineered some success against the Eastern European countries and Communist China in its early days, for at least the last 15 years it has been completely unable to break into the high-grade cipher system and codes of these nations. Against such major targets, the NSA has been reduced to reading comparatively unimportant communications between low-level military components and the equally inconsequential routine exchanges between low-grade bureaucrats and economic planners. This is far short of learning the Soviet Union's or China's most vital secrets.

As with so many other parts of the American intelligence apparatus, the NSA has had considerably more success operating against the Third World countries and even against some of our allies. With what is reportedly the largest bank of computers in the world and thousands of cryptanalysts, the NSA has had 11



little trouble with the codes and ciphers of these nations.

Sometimes the Agency may conduct a physical attack on another country's communications system: a clandestine operation to steal a code book or cipher system, the suborning of a communications clerk, or the planting of an audio device in an embassy radio room. Within the CIA's Clandestine Services, a special unit of Foreign Intelligence (espionage) Staff specialises in these attacks.

Numerous foreign embassies in Washington are already wiretapped, but by the FBI. This wiretap programme, like some of the NSA intercept operators, also provides information about Americans. In co-operation with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company (a Bell subsidiary), FBI agents regularly monitor the phones in the offices of all Communist Governments represented in Washington; on occasion, the embassies of various non-Communist countries have their phones tapped, especially 12 when their nations are engaged in negotiations

with the US Government or when important developments are taking place in these countries.

And it is not only foreign embassies which are kept under surveillance. The State Department long ago recognised that its most secret cables are not secure from CIA inspection by setting up special communications channels which supposedly cannot be deciphered by the

When, in 1968, the Ambassador to Iran, Armin Meyer, ran into trouble with the CIA station chief in Teheran, Meyer switched his communications with the State Department in Washington to one of these 'secure' channels. But the CIA had none the less figured out a way to intercept his cables and the replies he received from Washington; and the CIA Director received a copy of each interception. Written on top of every cable was a warning that the contents should be kept especially confidential, because the State Department was unaware that the CIA had a copy.

American embassies abroad have suffered.

Section 1

of course, from bugging. But today the likelihood of the KGB eavesdropping on the activities in an embassy code room is extremely remote. Most State Department communications overseas are handled by the CIA. The machines and other equipment are cushioned and covered to mute the sounds emanating from them. rooms themselves are encased in lead and rest on huge springs that further reduce the internal noise. Resembling large camping-trailers, the code rooms now are normally located deep in the concrete basements of embassy buildings. Access to them by sound-sensitive devices is, for

all practical purposes, impossible. The official justification for all the technology - the wiretaps and audio devices, and satellite flights — is to gather intelligence to help protect the national security of the US. Sometimes, the machinery is justified. One of the finest hours for the CIA and the intelligence community was produced by the Cuban missile crisis; although the last National Intelligence Estimate, prepared by the CIA a little over a month before President Kennedy went on nationwide television to announce the Cuban 'quarantine,' declared that it was unlikely that the Soviets would install nuclear-tipped missiles on the island. The fact remains that the CIA and the other intelligence agencies did discover - from U2 spy planes, and communications intercepts — the missiles in time for the President to take action, and they presented the facts to Kennedy with no policy recommendations or slanting which could have limited his options. This was how the intelligence process was 'supposed to work.

The basic reason that the CIA analysts were able to monitor the Soviet arms build-up more closely than the other intelligence agencies, which had essentially the same information available, was the more technique that the CIA had developed, including a special analytical tool known as 'crateology' - a unique method of determining the contents of the large crates carried on the decks of the Soviet ships delivering arms. With a high degree of accuracy, the specialists could look at aerial photographs of these boxes, add information about the ship's embarkation point and Soviet military production schedules and deduce what the crates contained.

More often, though, besides supplying information, the CIA has a profound effect on the actual planning and carrying out of American foreign policy. Even the White House has not imposed close control of the Agency. One executive organisation set up to control it is the 40 Committee. The ubiquitous Dr. Kissinger chairs this committee, just as he heads the three other principal White House panels which supervise the intelligence community. The committee is supposed to meet once a week, but its non-CIA members from the State Department and the Pentagon have so many responsibilities in their own departments that meetings are frequently cancelled.

Nor is the 40 Committee an effective watchdog when it does meet. According to one veteran intelligence official, it 'was like a bunch of schoolboys. They would listen and their eyes

would bug out. I always used to say that I could get \$5 million out of the 40 Committee for a covert operation faster than I could get money for a typewriter out of the ordinary bureaucracy.'

The 40 Committee fails to keep close watch on secret reconnaissance activities, is ineffective in monitoring the CIA's covert activities, and is totally in the dark on classical espionage operations. President Nixon and especially Henry Kissinger were unquestionably aware of its shortcomings and did little to change

For six years it was Nixon and Kissinger who ultimately determined how the CIA operated, and if they did not want to impose closer control, then the form of any control mechanism was meaningless. The fact remains that both men believed in the need for the US to use clandestine methods and 'dirty tricks' in dealing with other countries, and the level and types of such operations obviously coin-cided with their views of how America's secret foreign policy should be carried out.

*As long as the CIA remains the President's loyal and personal tool to be used around the world at his and his top adviser's discretion, no President is likely, barring strong, unfore-seen pressure, to insist that the Agency's operations be brought under closer outside scrutiny.

Congressional oversight has been generally limited to voting the CIA more than enough money for its needs, without seriously questioning how the funds would be spent.

To be sure, four separate sub-committees of the House and Senate Armed Services committees were responsible for monitoring the CIA, but their supervision was minimal or nonexistent.

SO the time has come, in our view, to demysticise the intelligence profession, to disabuse people of the idea that clandestine agents somehow make the world a safer place to live in, that excessive secrecy is necessary to protect the national security.

These notions simply are not true. CIA and other intelligence agencies have merely used them to build their own covert empire.

The US intelligence community performs a vital service in keeping track of and analysing the military capability and strengths of the Soviet Union and China, but its other functions — the CIA's dirty tricks and classical espionage - are a liability for the country, on both practical and moral grounds.

The best solution would be not simply to separate the Clandestine Services from the rest of the CIA, but to abolish them completely. This would deprive the Government of its arsenal of dirty tricks, but the republic could easily sustain the loss — and be better for it.

VICROR MARCHETTI & JOHN D. MARKS



GEORGE MIKES PART IX

'What's that in aid of?' asked Oriana, entering _Heloise.

Arkady was sitting on the floor, his legs crossed, his body erect, his head bowed.

'Uddiyana. My favourite asana.'

'Are you talking Russian?'

'I'm talking Hindi. Come on darling, show me your Half Lotus.'

'I'm not going to show you my Half Lotus.

Or anything else, for that matter.'
'I don't say that uddiyana is a great achievement,' said Arkady. 'It's the simple Buddhapose, as you know, not too much exertion required. The Buddha knew what he was doing. He was not the sporty type.'

'Nonsense, Gurbanov. You're talking nonsense. And yoga's nonsense, too. I've finished

with it. It's useless. It's a sham.' 'Sham?' asked Arkady, taken aback, still sitting on the floor but resembling the Buddha

less than ever.

'A sham. You don't really think that these contortions can lead you to a state of purification or to your true self? A ridiculous notion. Do you really think that sucking up a few drops of water into your penis... Well, I have no penis myself...

"Thank God for that."

'I don't know why you should thank God for that, Gurbanov. Besides, you have no reason to be frivolous. Or light-hearted. Or gay. I assure you. But I'll come to that presently. Let me dispose of yoga first.

All this sounded disconcerting.

Oriana con-'Other practitioners of yoga,' 1 14 tinued, 'imbibe water through their anus and -

after years and years of practice - are able to work it up, from back to front, right through, into their mouth. Do you think that drinking water, or taking any sort of refreshment, through your anus can lead to purification, Gurbanov? I call it a filthy habit. Someone spoke of the 'anal blink'. Would you like it if I blinked at you through my anus, Gurbanov?

I wouldn't mind particularly. I would prefer your eyes, Oriana, but by all means blink at me with your arse. I don't really mind. As long

as you blink.'
'Well, I won't blink,' she said firmly.
'So you've given up the idea of being purified?' he asked, trying to prolong this conversation. 'I've tried tennis for your sake, I've tried yoga just to please you....

'You might as well have stuck to tennis. It's! utterly useless but better than yoga. No, I haven't given up the idea of being purified. In fact, I've found the true way. The only way.

Arkady did not ask what it was. He did not

'You eat health food, Gurbanov. That's all. It's all bio-chemical. If your body is made up of true and pure ingredients, your soul, your whole being will become true and pure. It's the Romany way of life; the only true way of life. The way of Leon Petulengro. Plants and herbs contain the whole secret, all the answers, Gurbanov. Life is a progression from immediates to ultimates.'

They had met at the bar of Hurlingham at six, as arranged. She was dressed a shade ostentatiously even by her standards. She arrived at the Long Bar, barely acknowledged his presence, gulped down two double whiskies in quick succession and said curtly: 'Let's go.'

They got into the Hispano and she drove down to the Buckerell Moon, in the county of Devon, at an average speed of a hundred miles per hour. Whenever, having left the motorway for a narrow, winding country lane, she had to slow down to eighty, she was obviously irritated. During the whole journey she did not utter a single word.

For a while she just looked at him. Then the grave and angry expression on her face mellowed into a sweet smile. She took off her The pyjama-suit followed, with Mexican hat. all its tassels and its emerald brooch. Arkady was growing frantically excited but he made no move. She took off her tights, rather clumsily. Tights are clumsy things, he thought, and hoped they would not become too fashionable in the Soviet Union. Off they came, at last, and there she stood in knickers and bra (pink, not black this time) still smiling at him, invitingly. He nearly burst with sheer, animal desire. He wanted to throw himself on the girl and yet he did not dare move. He must have made one bad mistake that day and he refused to fall into a

'Well....?' said Oriana

He could not bear it any longer. He embraced her. He pushed the bra up, tore the knickers off and opened his trousers - not wasting any time by taking them off. He made her lie on

the bed and forced her legs apart. She did not seem too willing, suddenly, as if she had changed her mind. He was just about to shove it in with savage ferocity, when she whispered, encouragingly: "Come on... take me.... take me, Gurbanov.... After all, it's your duty."

It was the word duty that did it, or rather, that undid it. All that splendid, thrusting virility vanished in an instant, as though struck by a magic wand. Arkady did not feel like dying this time; he did not feel like sinking deep into the bowels of the earth. He just wanted to cry with despair and shame. Oriana looked at him with warmth and affection.

She kissed him. Only on the forehead but it

was a loving kiss. She said:

'You are impotent...You are my love....'
'It's horrible Oriana,' said Arkady. 'I don't know what's happened to me. I used to be the bull of Moscow.

You are certainly not the bull of Devonshire.'

'No. Not of Devonshire.'

'Unless you are some sort of zoological wonder: the first impotent bull.'

'It's easy for you to joke. I feel like killing myself. I want to end it all. My life is over.'

'No, no, no. I love you as you are. You are my dream-boy.'

Even if I'm useless in bed?"

Oriana obviously wanted to say something else but she simply repeated: 'Only if you are useless in bed.'

They lay there for a few minutes. He looked at his useless organ. 'A phallic symbol!' he thought sadly. 'More of a symbol than phallic.'

They dressed and went down to dinner. She looked disapprovingly at the half-bottle

of Pouilly Fuisse he had just finished.
'Alcohol. Filthy stuff. I wouldn't touch it

for love nor money.'

Arkady thought it more diplomatic not to refer to the two double whiskies she had had in Hurlingham.

'How can you eat that horrible stuff?' she went on. 'You'll be sick. Like Fritz.'

'Like Fritz?' his heart seemed to stop beat-

'Yes. Poor Fritz. He was sick.'

She spoke slowly, deliberately. After a dramatic pause, she added: 'He vomited.'

Another pause.

'And guess what he brought up.'

He could guess, but he remained silent. So

did Oriana for what seemed hours.

A microphone. A teeny-weeny microphone. And a teeny-weeny tape recorder. It was sweet. I can't tell you how sweet it looked.' Arkady was speechless.

'A teeny-weeny microphone made in Russia.'
'You're joking,' Arkady managed to say in a hoarse, unnatural voice.
'Am I, though?' asked Oriana amiably. 'Let's go into the garden, Gurbanov. and have a little chat in private.'

On the way she called out to the waiter: 'Four double whiskies in the garden, please.'

"You know I don't like whisky,' said Arkady, trying — as a piece of desperate one-upmanship



- to make her feel guilty for her thoughtless-

'I know. They are for me, darling.' And she

did not look guilty at all.

She lit a cigarette as soon as they were seated although Arkady had never seen her smoke before. She gulped down two of her four double whiskies. They were sitting under a huge red and green parasol which clashed with her multi-coloured pyjama-suit. The emerald brooch shone strangely in the reflected light. They were surrounded by roses and other outlandish flowers, unknown to Arkady. was a full moon and it was all very romantic.

'You are a Russian spy, darling,' said Oriana

casually.

'Why do you say things like that?'

'I have only one reason for saying it. One single reason. And it is that you are a Russian 'You hurt me, Oriana.'

He tried to sound pained but he did not pull

'No, Gurbanov, don't waste time being hypocritical. I am not angry with you. I am not reproaching you for being a Russian or a spy. A man must have a profession. I am simply stating a fact: you are a Russian spy. A trained, professional Russian spy.

Not all that well trained,' Arkady thought.

'Listen to me, Oriana....

'No darling. You are going to do the listening for a while. I used to be flattered because I thought you liked me. I thought you were after me. I swallowed — naively and stupidly - the idea that we had met accidentally. That tray being knocked out of my hand was one of those tricks of fate which bring two people together. It was no trick of fate, it was a trick of the KGB.'

'I do like you, Oriana. Whatever else you may think, I am very, very fond of you.'

'Very, very fond. How touching. Maybe you are. It is, after all, conceivable. Yet, you must forgive me if I remain a trifle suspicious. You may or may not have grown a little fond of me. But to start with you were not after me. You were after Unalim.

Arkady wanted to protest.

'Wait.' I told you that you were to listen. I have quite a lot to say and I have hardly begun. This morning I was pleased — however busy I may have been — with your sudden desire to see me until I discovered that you were not after me but after Fritz. I was, at first, even pleased with your interest in Fritz - a kind of vicarious interest in me — until I found out that all you wanted was to feed a microphone to him. A clever idea. He was, in fact, present, at our most informative conference. 15



He must have recorded everything. Other bugs do not follow the negotiators; this one did. No, no, Gurbanov, don't interrupt. But yau may answer one question. Tell me, what is so madly fascinating about Unalim? Fascinating for you, I mean.

Arkady — in spite of his dislike — swallowed one of the remaining double whiskies. He

reflected for a while, then spoke.

Very well, Oriana. I'll tell you what is wildly fascinating for us in Unalim. hanged, drawn and quartered if anyone found out that I am talking to you like this, but I am, really, extremely fond of you and my frankness is the proof.'

She sat there in silence.

Arkady went on.

'You said once, on the day we met, that you That you believed in youth and revolution. were a double Maoist, or something like that. That your political outlook was influenced by the love of people.

... and also by my dislike of Uncle

Wilfred.'

'Yes. Also by your dislike of Uncle Wilfred. So you should understand that getting Unalim is connected with everything you stand for. Spreading knowledge about it is connected with everything which is best in the Soviet Union; and keeping it from people is concerned with everything that is worst and most despicable in your system. People say I am a Communist. I am a Russian. So I suppose I am a Communist. Just as you were born a 'capitalist'. Or just as that man in the bar over there was born black. I love my people I don't love other Communists. I love other Russians.'
"Then you are not all that much of a Com-

munist.

'Possibly not. I've never given too much thought to this problem. I never thought of it before I came here. Just like that black guy there, back in Ghana or wherever he came from, was not preoccupied with his blackness. He was even less aware of his blackness than I was of my Communism. I had to be taught, in a way, how to be a Communist; he knew, from the outset, how to be black. But I did wonder, even back in Russia, why I loved the Russian people.'

Oh, they are lovable....

'I don't think they are. I know that you, here in the West have an idea that the Russians are wonderful people, oppressed by those wicked Communists. If they were so wonderful they would not always be oppressed. We Russians need a Czar. We are spineless; we are weak; we are manic-depressive. We need the Com-raunists. They are not wicked. They are a dire mecessity. We could not live without them, or a 16 variation of them. They are good for our souls.

If the Communists are overthrown — I hope. they will not be but if they are — they will be replaced by new Czars. We are the only people in the world who could be oppressed by true democracy. No, Orlana, I don't love the Russian because they are lovable but because I am Russian myself.'

'That's all very interesting. But where does

Unalim come in?

'Right here. We need Unalim, you don't. It would save us from starvation, or at least from the threat of starvation, and from a great deal of suffering. We would have one major prob-lem solved for ever; we could concentrate on our industries and on building socialism and a happier future....

'Careful! You are slipping into . Pravda

Sorry. To hell with Pravda. But it remains true. You just sit on Unalim. You keep it from your people. I don't care about that. Perhaps they don't really need it. But you also keep it from my people. Your uncle has become a rich man, by not manufacturing it.'

A waiter was passing. Arkady ordered four more double whiskies. Neither of them said anything until the waiter had come and gone again.

'I like my new flat,' said Oriana.
'I am glad you do. But must it be always

you? Just you. Your uncle; your flat.'
'Listen to me, my little Russian. I love my flat but it has one snag.'

'Has it?'

'I don't like living alone. I thought I would enjoy it. But I don't. Solitude has become loneliness. I can't bear it. I'm pretty hysterical, you may have noticed . . . 'No. I haven't.'

'You are a lamb. So nice and polite. Unless, of course, you really failed to notice it. I am pretty hysterical when I find myself alone in my new flat. I feel like shrieking until someone comes to hold my hand. I must share that flat with someone. But sharing a flat implies a very difficult choice. I must share it with someone I really like. I may have my own faults, foibles, weaknesses, and he must fall in with them; he must be forgiving; he must be accommodating.

'He?' asked Arkady. 'I thought when you were speaking of sharing you had a girl in

mind.

'No. I had a boy in mind. The boy of my dreams. In fact, I want to share my flat with you, Gurbanov.'
'With me?' he smiled incredulously.

'Yes, with you.'

"That's impossible, I regret to say. I can't do that. Why me?....I can't....I couldn't.... I couldn't....

You have many splendid points, Gurbanov, but the most splendid of all is that, in fact, you couldn't. That you can't.'

He looked at her with suspicion.

'I am frigid, Gurbanov. I hate men. I can't bear them.'

She blushed — for the first time since Arkady met her — and looked away. She added: 'That's why I think the world of you. Because you can't... THIS YEAR'S DEST READING PACKED INTO ONE HANDY VOLUME!

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AAL ANNUAL

do it.'

Arkady was speechless.

"This evening ... before dinner,' he asked softly, 'why . why did you undress? Why did you goad me?'

'I wanted to make sure that you couldn't do it. Quite sure, before I made my offer.'
'What offer?'

'You'll hear in a moment. A decent, fair offer.

She sipped her whisky and asked him in a lively, conversational tone: 'You've never even suspected that I was frigid?'

'It never occurred to me.' He added bitterly: 'Impotence is not so obvious in the case of

women.'

'The whole thing is too obvious yet, no one has ever noticed it. No one suspects it. It is my secret. My one, real dark secret And I am determined to keep it a secret. I want to live with a man for all the world to see that I am living with a man. With a young, good-looking, enviable male With someone who will not give my secret away With someone who has good reason for not giving my secret away.'

Oriana lit another cigarette.

'Besides, you are a Russian spy. That makes you even more attractive. I have always been very left wing: I have always wanted to live with a Russian spy. With a very silent Russian

Arkady felt as if he had been struck by lightning. It dawned on him that he was being

blackmailed.

What's your offer?' he asked in a voice

that was hoarse and broken.

We have a great deal to offer each other, Gurbanov. You can give me happiness. Real happiness, I am sure of it. I've never met anyone like you. The impotent ones are, as a rule, objectionable, full of nasty complexes, wanting to revenge their impotence on the woman they cannot fuck And often, alas, they are more objectionable than impotent. Sometimes, somehow they manage it And I hate them for it. You seem to be perfectly reliable in this respect, Gurbanov.'

'Thank you. And what can you give me in

exchange ?

'The formula, of course,' she replied in a natural tone

'Is it here, with you?' he asked much too soon and excitedly.

Oriana laughed

'Of course, it isn't. I am not such a fool,

darling. Just wait a minute.

She got up and walked into the hotel. Arkady's heart was beating wildly. In spite of what she said, she did have the formula and had gone to fetch it. He was going to become the greatest benefactor of the Soviet Union. Greater than any of the Czars. Greater than Stalin. Greater than Brezhnev. Greater than Lenin. They had given the people dry ideology, dessicated theories, but he would give them food. He, Arkady Dimitrievich Nikitin would be remembered to the end of time. True, he could be remembered as Boris Gregorovich 18 Gurbanov, but remembered nevertheless.

Oriana was away for a surprisingly long time. This idea of hers, of Arkady's going to live with her, was a little disconcerting. What if she made it a condition for giving him the formula? Well, he would have to lie and cheat in the interest of a few million people, in the interest of the toiling masses. He would say yes but of

course the whole idea was impossible.

He heard steps, at last. But they were the other side of a hedge, in the drive. He got up to look over the hedge and saw the black man he'd noticed in the bar walking briskly down the drive, very briskly. He was almost running. Oriana appeared half a minute later, carrying her handbag and two small identical green cases. But her emerald brooch was missing. She sat down again, next to Arkady, in the com-She sipped her whisky fortable green chair and said: 'The bargain is this, Gurbanov. You come and live with me and I give you the formula. Is it clear? It is simple enough. Do you accept?'

'Have you got it here? On you?'

'The formula, you mean? No. I've told you that I do not.'

'I thought you went to fetch it.'

'No. I went to fetch these two little suitcases. And I had another errand. Well, do you accept my offer or don't you?'

For how long?'

'You sound pretty reluctant. I thought you

were fond of me. Very, very fond.'
'I am. I really am. But still, I should like to know.'

'For eternity. Till death.'

'I will come, Oriana,' said Arkady, trying to sound determined, unwavering, even eager. 'I will come. I am fond of you. Very, very fond. I love you. I'll be happy with you. And I'll make you happy.

'I am so glad.'

'When do I get the formula "

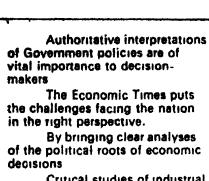
Tomorrow afternoon at 3.30, at Victoria Station. You will take one of these green bags. You will go to the entrance of Platform 15 and put the bag down. A young man will approach you, put down the other bag next to yours and will ask you: "Is this the Lewes train?" You reply: "I don't know. I'm just going to Leatherhead." Remember: Leatherhead. town in Surrey. If there is the slightest hitch in this, he will say. "Thank you" and walk off with the formula. If you give him the right answer — as of course you will — he will pick up your bag, and leave the other one behind. And that other one will contain the formula.'

The true Unalim formula? 'The true Unalim formula.

'But darling....I don't mind it of course... I like playing games and love a bit of cloak and dagger stuff as much as the next man. But is this really the way? Isn't this unnecessarily complicated? You have arranged this as if you had been working for the KGB for ten years.

'My plan is a bit complicated but, I assure you, not unnecessarily so. I am being watched.

to be continued



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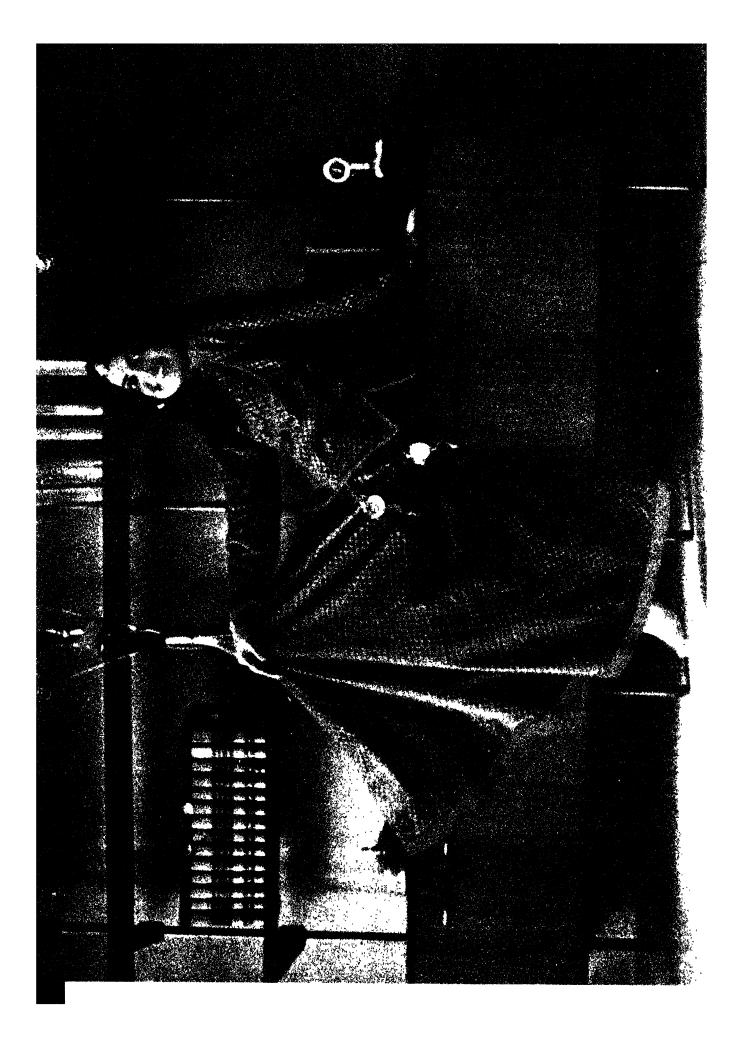
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established stars.

MANOJ KUMAR is averse to participating in 'film stars nites' and politely turns down all requests to put in an appearance at such functions. No wonder, because he burnt his fingers in the case against one Kailash Malhotra who had arranged one such nite in the capital sometime back. Not only MANOJ, but also ASHOK KUMAR and SAIRA BANU were hauled up as the defence witnesses because quite a few of the stars did not turn up at the site thereby enraging the audience who rightly felt they were taken for a ride by the stars.

Remember not long back REHANA had stiffly declared that she would have nothing to do with any top hero in any of her films be-cause as an 'Urvashi' award winner, she felt she would be relegated to insignificant side-lines if she were to costar with super-stars. Why, we even heard that she had blatantly refused offers cast-ing her opposite RAJESH KHANNA and her beloved YUSUF SAHEB. Now I hear that she has started sending feelers to producers express-22 ing her desire to star with

SIMPLE KAPADIA wanted to make her splash in the films without her brother-inlaw's aid. According to her, her self-respect and confidence in her talent wouldn't allow it. Not only that, everyone knows that RAJ-ESH is a scene-stealer, if not a cradle-snatcher. But destiny had something in store for her and she is now making her debut opposite KAKA in SHAKTI SAMANTA's next pic.

Isn't it high time PRAN stopped insisting that his producers create a song sequence for him too in every film in which he is acting? Not only that, I hear he's been bitten by the starbilling bug too. He has start-ed demanding that his name precede those of the other stars and that includes the lead players. And I had always thought that PRAN is the only gentleman actor in the industry, free from all nakhras!

When MUMTAZ flew down to. BOMBAY with her MAYUR for a fortnight's short stay to meet old friends and dwell in nostalgia, some

our extra-enterprising producers wouldn't leave the poor gal in peace. Quite a few of them rushed to her abode with tempting offers. Sensible that she always is, MUMU diplomatically turned down all of them and rushed back to LONDON lest the movie-moghuls here succeed in changing her mind by lucrative assignments.

REETA BHADURI laments that wherever she goes, people just floor her with the eternal question whether she's the sister of JAYA BHADURI. So much so that REETA has even decided to change her normal hair-style and discard her favourite mogra flowers and simple white sari. "Otherwise I am accused of trying to steal the scene by making a feeble attempt to ape JAYA" says REETA, who incidentally holds JAYA in high esteem.

ROMESH SHARMA is nowadays making the scene at various parties towing ANJU MAHENDRU of all the gals in the industry. The way in which he goes ga-ga over ANJU and whispers sweet nothings at the slightest pretext would make one wonder whether he is just flirting with her or really has high hopes of leading ANJU to the altar. But ANJU does not seem to be impressed a wee bit by his romantic acrobatics.

I hear RAJESH KHANNA recently refused an offer casting him and AMITABH BACHCHAN in parallel roles. After all, he has not yet forgotten the brickbats that he had to face after NAMAK HARAM was re-leased while AMIT carried away all the bouquets for his powerful role. To put off the producer, RAJESH quoted a staggering price and ordered him to interchange his and AMIT's roles, which he knew he wouldn't. Pity he could not openly confess that he has lost confidence in his magnetic charisma to lure hisfans.

Raman said, "Please don't mind my talking non-stop about myself. You see I want to give you so much matter that you remember at least fifty percent of what I say." Betraying the usual enthusiasm of a newcomer, he met me in style. First for coffe, where he briefed me about himself and his first film, 'Faslah', and then drove me down for a private screening of the film, "to know your frank opinion about my talent."
This was not my first meeting with Raman.

I'd bumped into him a long time back at a party and next day he'd promptly left a message in my office asking me to his muhurat. I didn't go!

I met him after that, very recently at a muhurat where there was no one but Raman, I. S. Johar and Joginder. Raman had given me a lift then — of course talking all the while about himself, to give me enough matter blah. blah! The third meeting was at the races in Poona where I fled after a brief 'Hi!' in case he took it into his head once again, to talk about himself!

After that there were a series of phone calls at my office inviting me to see 'Faslah'. For this

interview, I finally agreed.

While we were having coffee at the Sea Lounge, Chetan Anand (who'd come there with Priya of course) sent word to him. Raman excused himself, went over to Chetan's table and came back beaming. "He's such an interesting person. He wants to see my movie immediately so that he can offer me a role. I think his calling me over to his table itself is a good sign." I said, how nice. All the best. And other polite mutterings.

Raman continued talking unabashedly. "You see. Raman Khanna the actor has been in the industry for just one and a half year. But Raman Khanna the man, has been moving around with the industry people for the last ten years." He made it sound like I should stand up and start cheering. Anyway, I didn't know that hobnobbing with film folks was a status symbol!

"I've met Chetan too before. I tell you I've met all the big shots before and known them personally. The affluent society is a very small circle where we all know one another intimately." In case you miss the point, Raman was crying out loudly that he belonged to an 'affluent family!

"I give such fantastic parties. I have been hosting them for years. But now when I have one, it makes news because I'm a part of the film industry." Actually I haven't heard about any of his parties but never mind! I let him crow on! "Last week I had a really fantastic party with over 200 guests. Real great party which went on till 3 a.m. There were the Kirloskars." And he listed all his guests which in short amounted to: Name dropping!

"I decided against making my party too filmi. I called only Vinod Khanna and Vinod Mehra. And they came and enjoyed themselves immensely." God! I really thought Shatrughan Sinha and Shankar, B. C. were the only trumpet-blowing, name-dropping upstarts in filmland. But to their gang there seems to be

a new recruit!
"Everytime I have a party I invite a few

I give such fantastic parties

non-filmi people and a few film people so that both of them enjoy something new, I tell you I throw great parties."

Maybe Raman could sense my drowsiness, so he quickly stopped talking about his parties and shifted to his career. "When you see 'Faslah', please do me a favour. Don't judge the film. Judge ME and be frank." (Though, after the film he did say, please be careful not to

write anything negative!)

Though 'Faslah' has been censored and is ready, the release is still to be fixed because in many territories it hasn't been sold yet -Raman Khanna or no Raman Khanna! "Shabana Azmi who co-stars with me in 'Faslah', is already a big name. But I have yet to make a name for myself. I know I will, but not yet. Unfortunately K. A. Abbas (the maker of the film) is very respected in film circles but not commercially. We aren't getting back the money we've spent in the film. That's why all the territories haven't been closed yet."

It was time for the screening, so he quickly paid the bill and said, I hope you don't mind travelling in the first car I bought. It's 22 years old! I was relieved that it wasn't one of his

'affluent' cars!!

Then he asked me if I liked going on drives. I said, yes. "One of these days I'll call you and you can forget about your writing for that day. I'll take you for a beautiful drive to Poona. Frankly to me at that moment it didn't sound

like a promise. It sounded like a threat!
"I like going out with girls who don't bring their mothers along. When I invite Padmini Kapila to one of my parties she always comes alone. She knows not to bring anyone to my party. Another person is Vani Ganpathy. It's nice to take her out."

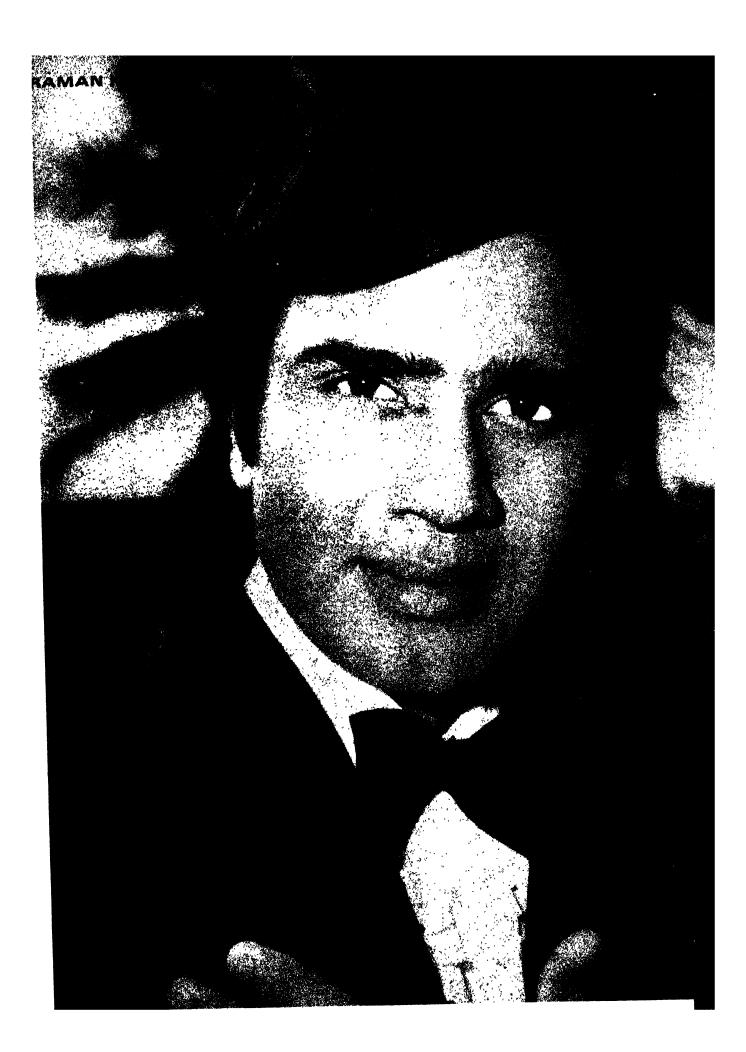
By now we'd reached the theatre. Once the film was over, I wanted to tell Raman that he had a terrific voice on the screen. But the man beat men to it by saying, "You know. My voice is fantastic on the screen!" Since the Raman seemed aware of it, I didn't feed his ego.
Instead I said, "In places I didn't like you

much. But the last courtroom scene was very good." Boy! Just one small opening like that and Raman started crowing again, "You know how many people have told me that the courtroom scene is so effective, it'll take me to star-

dom?", etc., etc., etc. Later he said.
"I've seen the film, 'F'aslah' so many times that this time I only sat back and watched the reaction of every one of you in the theatre." Gosh! I hope Raman didn't notice that I was

fast asleep throughout the film!!

N. BHARATHI.



SMUGGLING: THE LID OFF



ARIES (March 21 - April 20) You have to be careful about your health this week. On Monday you will meet someone who may lead you to achieve something very big

In service, suspicion may trouble you Ladies I family relations and fulfilment of desires will give you happiness Bachelors

and girls I success in romance and good luck assured
TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) Fortune may hit you upon the eyes. But work load may heavy and some secret plan, may pe occupy your mind in service, you are recognition Artistes! avoid traveiling likely to receive

Bachelors and girls I romantic opportunities are not bright. Ladies! personal health may cause worry

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) Invitation from

an academic circle indicated. In your profession windfalls may be expected during this week in service, to secure promotion travel Businessmen I better control your

you may have to travel passions and postpone decisions till Thursday Bachelors and girls I possibility of matrimony



CANCER (June 21 -July 21) Health problem indicated in the first half of the week. The second half is good for meeting people and other activities that will put you

In a better position Ladies I conjugal life will be more close Girls I romance may yield some unforgettable moments of bilss Bachelors I have some fun and enjoy the day to the



LEO (July 22 - August 21) Good company, feast and pleasure with other sex possible in the second half of the week in business. avoid quarrels and over expenditure

Professionals I associates may bring good news for you Executives, some useful purpose can be achieved this week Ladies i overwork may cause you restless Girls ! be careful of theft.



22 — September (August Troubles with relatives may upset you service, income from other sources indi-cated Businessmen! with some providen-

tial help certain problem will be solved Executives I your anxious days are over Problem of finance will go from Artistes, more social activities indicated Girls and bachelors I some good time with others
LIBRA (September 2



(September 23 - October 22) Domestic life seems to be quite enjoyable. Postpone your plan for short trip Businessmen I you are heading towards prosperity. But your frayed nerves may make you extra sensitive Pro-fessionals! emotional upheaval for you Ladies! 'slow and safe' should be your motto Bachelore and girls! fortunate time for romance

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 22) Mental strain may cause a physical breakdown but you will gain something this week. One of your friends may influence you to shift your attention to spiritualism Businessmen and professionals I new contacts will be inspiring in service, sudden improvement assured Artistes, public recognition



more attention to your personal job Upgrading indicated within a month or so desire may be fulfilled. Ladies I love life disappointing. Girls I marriage prospects bright



CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19) initiative and drive will crown you with address Executives I new contacts will Success help improve your career Businessmen t special luck awaits you Ladies I your health need to be

watched in service, certain developments are likely on Wednesday Artistes i this week holds goods promise for you. Bachelors and girls i romance is in the air

AQUARIUS (January 20 -February 18) Goseip about you may invite social attention, New relationship should be entered after careful thought in certain cases

extra-marital involvements may cause trouble in the family circle. Financial gain on Friday assured Promotion or betterment of service conditions may be expected Travel should be avoided in mid-week.



PISCES (February 19 - March 20) With the opening of the week your financial problem-will be solved Partnership problems should not be allowed to complicate your personal

matters Overenthusiasm will not be paying fieldes! you are prone to accidents in service, problems should be discussed with seniors Bachelors and girls! you will have all out prosperity this week

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD COLOUR MAGAZINE

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GANESH PYNE: PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

To put it blatantly, Ganesh Pyne is an ordinary man coming from an ordinary background and he is ordinary from all points of view In his dress, manner of speech and conduct, he is indistinguishable from the rest. However, his mental landscape replete with visions, associations, beliefs, images, 'ikons' (that's his favourite word) is extraordinary and the fingers which mix the paint, draw the lines and employ This inner world the brush are uncommon. and its recreation are so poignant and sincere that he does not care to look or act 'arty'. Not only Hussain who ranked him as the foremost of the young Indian painters, but also other dependable judges shower unreserved praises on him. Satyajit Ray eulogises his pen and ink sketches in unequivocal terms. Paritosh Sen speaks eloquently of his private world of mytha and images, uniquely his own, his realm of fantasy held in place by a lucid order.



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TERENE/WOOL

KEEPS YOU WARM AND KEEPS YOU SMART!



BY OLGA TELLIS

THIS year's Ramazan period has been inauspicious for the numerous Hindu widows and orphans in two areas of Pydhonie, Central Bombay. Their Godfather Yusuf Patel, 35, turned himself in at Bombay's Police Headquarters when he "heard" he was on the smugglerswanted list as the three top smugglers of the country, named so, by Union Minister of State for Finance Mr. K. R. Ganesh. Yusuf, a devout Muslim and a self-professed "cloth merchant", used to feed all the widows and orphans in his area during Ramazan and give each of them a new garment for Id.
Like Yusuf, hundreds of others have been

arrested or "surrendered" on hearing they were "wanted" and actually apologised for not being available when the Ordinance was declar-. .

in the significant of the second

ed on Sep. 18, as they were either on pilgrimage at Tirpuati, Rameshwaram, Hardwar or on business missions. Actually they turned-in faster when Government threatened to confiscate their properties.

Their's were names not to be conjured with until a few days ago. They were powerful men, with powerful connections in the world of highpolitics, who could make or break officials, get honest customs men transferred to the wilderness and get their own men elected. As the King of them all, Haji Mastan Mirza wrote: "Politicians abuse me by day and come to me at night with their begging bowl, asking me to give them money to fight the elections. I dole out the money and smile to myself...

They turned the streets of Bombay and



mastan

other big cities into colourful Persian Markets where if one had the money, one could get anything from three-dimensional postcards of winking Japanese girls to cassetes, taperecorders, hair dryers, TV sets, suiting refrigerators and electronic calculators. Anything that was not there on the spot could be had on-order from plush catalogues. Though not comparable to the greatest of all-time swindlers the Swedish Match King, Ivor Kreuger, whose fall led to the Black Depression of the Forties, the arrests of these men have created chaotic conditions in the commodities markets, particularly in the highly speculative sectors. One of the first casualties was the real estate business where the bulk of black money is invested, converting, as some woolly-brained people boast Bombay's skyline into a mini-Manhattan! More perturbing is the news that 40% of the onfloor Hindi movie productions have come to a standstill. Over Rs. 15 crores has been invested by smugglers in the Film Business; another avenue where black money is turned to white through legitimate losses. This also provides an answer to the question -- how the Hindi cinema prospered despite 90% of the productions being extravagant flops.

Amongst the vast army of dependents, hangers-on and handymen employed by the smugglers the worst hit are the 16-25 year-olds who worked as loaders, unloaders, drivers and carriers for smugglers. Being unemployed now, a number of these youngsters have taken to petty crimes. A fresh spurt in such crime over the last two weeks in Bombay has been indicated by police sources.

Smuggling, often referred to as a gentleman's crime, has created a parallel economy in the country. In addition, a parallel market which has not only enriched the smugglers and their minions but also the fishing communities along the cost of Bombay, Daman

and Calicut. Sleepy undeveloped Daman has been transformed into a buzzing town with cinemas, restaurants and all conceivable material amenities that money can buy. India which has 5,689 kms. coastline and over 280 ports on the West Coast alone is a Paradise for smugglers. Their headquarters is Dubai the little Sheikhdom about 1,200 miles across the Arabian Sea, which acts as a clearing house for all the contraband ordered from Switzerland, Hong Kong, Singapore and Japan. It is a five-day voyage by a mechanised dhow from Dubai to Bombay or Daman which are the main communication points.

are the main communication points.

It is jokingly said that if Government wants to wage a war against smugglers and smuggling, it will have to be carried across the seas to Dubai. This is not very far from the truth. Dubai's booming economy is a result of the tremendous pay-off of its smuggling operations directed towards India, and to some extent, Pakistan and Iran.

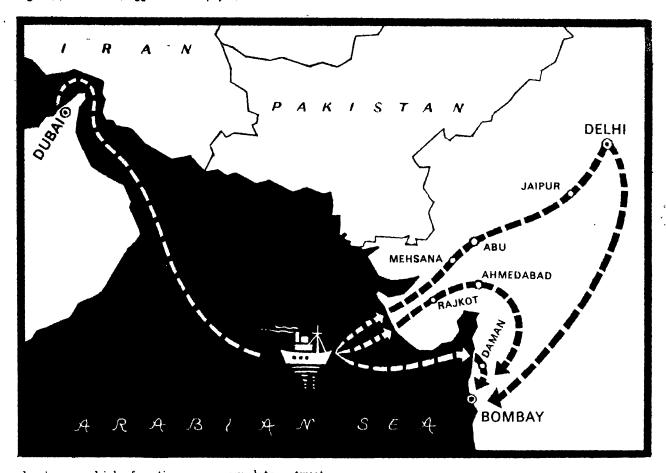
In the same way Nepal too earns foreign exchange to the tune of Rs. 10 crores from the mica that is smuggled out of India and reexported by Nepal.

In 1971 gold worth £25 million was smuggled into India from Dubai and Indian dealers pay 25-40% above the ruling price for gold. Though gold prices in the country are nearly on a par with international prices following the world oil crisis, gold is still smuggled into the country. The reason for this according to the Financial Times, London, is the existence of tremendous amount of black money in the country.

Smuggling operations are carried out with military thoroughness and precision. It is big



1, 1,



business which functions on complete among those involved. Deceit in the business does not pay as Yusuf Patel learnt the hard way. He at one time is reported to have double-crossed Mastan, who he worked for in the beginning, and try as he did to escape, he was tracked down by Mastan's hired goondas and a gun battle that ensued in broad daylight in one of the most crowded areas of Central Bombay. His bodyguard was shot dead and Yusuf escaped with bad injuries that hospitalised him for some months. Even to-day it is said that Yusuf Patel tried to escape the dragnet of MISA only because he did not want to be in the same cell as Mastan in Yerawada Jail. He reportedly also tried to get an assurance that he would be locked elsewhere. He felt insecure even in jail! HOW AN OPERATION IS CARRIED OUT

The agent from Dubai who is deputed to operate in Bombay, comes to Bombay on a regular passport or even on a fake one and stays in a middle-class hotel or lodging house. He contacts a landing agent and sellers of watches and gold who can be fully trusted. He never gives them more information about himself than they need and often only speaks to them on phone. Payment to the landing agent and seller is also fixed at Rs. 1.50 to Rs. 2.50 per tola of gold and per watchpiece.

The Bombay agent then makes his own arrangements of contacting a local fisherman who is known in the smuggling business,

THE PARTY OF THE P

arranging for the smuggling pharaphernalia that includes fleets of trucks, cars, garages, posh flats in suburbs and co-operative housing societies to store the contraband goods. The fisherman whose vessel is engaged is paid Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 20,000 for one trip depending on the nature of the cargo, the quantity, risk involved in transhipment and the places selected for landing. The driver of a car is paid between Rs. 200-500 according to the distance and the place he has to drive to.

Once these arrangements are "perfected" the agent from Dubai brings a seafaring man (a navigator) of his confidence to Bombay. This navigator is introduced to the local fisherman who takes him out to the high seas to fix the place of rendezvous. This spot is selected by taking the bearing from certain lighthouses along the seashore. The navigator marks the place on a coastal map which he carries with him for guidance and goes back to Dubai where he and the agent makes a report.

OFF to Bombay: The Capital for this operation is arranged in Dubai where the party imports gold from London and France and collects from those interested in investing in this business 100 gold pieces or more of ten tolas each. After completion of the required quota the gold is sent to Bombay. When the dhow leaves the Port of Dubai a coded telegram is sent to the Bombay agent via London to avoid detection. The navigator also accom- 7



hajee mastan mirza, kamala raman, m.l a. m. varadaraja mudaliar poppatlal (prohibit on minister of maharashtra) dathu seth and trustee p. k. krishnan.

panies the dhow.

At the expected time the local fishing craft is sent out to meet the dhow at a prearranged place. For double security the navigator and landing agent and fisherman exchange signals and coded words to ratify their identities. Once this is settled the transfer of goods from the dhow to the fishing craft takes place. All along, another person watches from a building at a distance through a powerful telescope to see that customs men are not in the vicinity and if so warns the dhow and fishing vessel by walki-talkie to shift the rendezvous.

The same procedure is followed when goods are unloaded from the fishing vessel to the waiting truck or cars, which carry their goods to their destination.

The operation of loading the cars and lorries is carried out by a human conveyor belt system. According to one Customs Rummaging Inspector, contraband worth Rs. 45 lakhs can be loaded from fishing craft to trucks and cars in 15 minutes. That is why the whole operation is over even before the Customs men can come on the scene. Battling with the smugglers on the high seas is a risky job and one Inspector and his men who were involved in a close fight with smugglers got their boat rammed into by a smugglers powerful dhow just 5 inches above the watermark. Fortunately no one was

killed or drowned.

The goods are distributed to various parties dealing in various goods in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Madras and elsewhere, through trusted carriers and drivers. The total amount realised by way of proceeds of the sale of the goods is converted into foreign exchange either by purchasing pounds and dollars in the blackmarket in cash or travellers cheques, foreign bank demand drafts and British Postal Orders from unofficial foreign exchange dealers or agents in Bombay who pay the equivalent amount in Dubai, London, America or elsewhere to the Dubai party. The payment is made after deducting charges according to the prevailing "havala" rates in Bombay. The Havala rate is always more than the blackmarket rate of the pound or dollar.

The payment is also made by exporting silver of the value of the contraband goods received. The reverse procedure is followed for exporting foreign exchange or silver to Dubai. During the monsoon season when sea operations are hampered the goods are brought overland through Pakistan. It is a measure of the "statesmanship" of smugglers that they can bring goods through Pakistan when both land routes and air routes have been closed for normal traffic since the Indo-Pak war. The contraband is landed in Pakistan and sent to India via carriers and loaded in trucks at the Indian



OPEN AIR THEATRE: smuggled goods on display in calcutta.

border. Motorists know all the devious paths along strange routes and their knowledge of topography is superb. Contraband goods are also smuggled via Nepal to India through Biratnagar on to Baraum and from there by train to various points in Eastern India.

Smuggling sounds like easy business judging by the tremendous increase in the quantity of goods smuggled in and the quantity seized. Seizure of smuggled goods increased from Rs. 6.6 crores in 1966 to Rs. 25.8 crores in 1972 to Rs. 33.5 crores in 1973 and is expected to be Rs. 50 crores this year. This means that the annual smuggled goods into the country could be in the vicinity of Rs. 500 crores. According to several International Agencies like the IMF, the money lost to the country in foreign exchange could well have evened out India's balance of trade payments.

The outgoings in payment for contraband goods are always larger than the incoming because in addition to making payments smugglers are building little nest eggs for themselves abroad. Thus Bhakia is said to have shares in a Swiss watch company, Mastan has several properties in Dubai and nearly all of them have numbered accounts in Swiss banks or accounts in Banks in Honk Kong and Singapore.

Smuggling which was first thought of as a gentleman's crime assumed menacing proportions in India over the last 5 years. Customs men remember how they used to handle a dhow single handed in the Forties. But today the smugglers are equipped with the latest in mechanised dhows and electronic gadgets and the Customs men are only just building their stocks with what they catch and confiscate from sugglers. It was decided years ago that 10% of the customs seizure would be allocated towards building up equipment and other gear

And the second

needed to intercept smugglers. But for some mysterious reason this was never seen through. Perhaps Mastan has unravelled this mystery a little in an article he has written in an Urdu paper "Aina". With a tinge of bitterness he writes "You earn lakhs but the money must





be shared with the Government officials from the lowest to the highest cadre. This is the reason why this business is flourishing in India. You read every day in the papers that so many smugglers' trucks carrying contraband goods have been seized, so many people arrested. But perhaps you do not know that these operations are staged only to appease the public. Questions are asked in Parliament about the steps Government is taking to curb the evil of smuggling. Ministers give you long winded replies, telling you what they are doing to check smuggling. They merely hoodwink you. The fact is that the highest civil and police officials are involved with us in the racket. Otherwise we would not be able to operate at all."

This is probably the clue to the many imponderables that nourished smuggling operations on a scale that could not have been imagined some years ago. With no pompous market research facilities and surveys these men with uncanny foresight know the market pulse and could switch to consumer products that could give turnovers of few crores. instance, when gold ceased to be remunerative they switched to synthetic fabrics and accounted for Rs. 14 crores of the total value of goods ceased in 1973 and Rs. 18 crores out of Rs. 38.5 crores of contraband articles seized in the first eight months of 1974.

It is said that if the Government had taken action on the recommendations of the Kaul Committee which had opined that India lost Rs. 170 crores annually on account of smuggl-10 ing, it would not have reached such propor

tions as it has today* Emboldened by the 'see no evil'' policy of the Government, Revenue and Intelligence and other Enforcement Departments that are supposed to uphold the various laws, smugglers in recent times chartered whole ships like the 7,000 tonne m.v. "Patricia" to bring in contraband goods. In this case the "Patricia" chartered by Madhya Pradesh-born smuggler Shrikrishna Gopilal, 50, Solanki, now arrested under MISA, berthed at Ali Bagh 100 kms. from Bombay in broad daylight and was detected only by the Navy. Goods worth Rs. 2 crores were supposed to have been unloaded from this ship and an equal amount of silver was found there obviously as payment for the smuggled goods. Recently two other ships of a Hong Kong Company were impounded at the Indira Docks, Bombay, with crores worth of textiles and no other cargo. In the above three cases the crew were from Malayasia and Hong Kong Chinese. It is said that during Ramazan, Chinese are employed to bring contraband as the Muslims lie low.

Today, despite the arrests of nearly 200 of the top men in the smuggling racket, those in the know still call this only the tip of the ice-berg. The smugglers trade in Bombay, which is the biggest feeder centre for smuggled goods (Rs. 3 crores worth of goods are sold in Bombay daily), are not too apprehensive about the present MISA arrests. They admit a temporary lull in business and arrival of goods

*On wrist watches alone the country looses an estimated 80 million Swiss francs in foreign exchange.

but they feel in a month or two the trade will pick up. There is too much at stake, said one trader, and "the goods have only gone under-ground. Trading operations will be resumed soon. There are crores of rupees worth of goods in the pipeline. Don't imagine that the smuggling business can be done away with

They cite instances of most of these men being arrested before. Ibrahim Sufi who was MISA in Kasergode was arrested under arrested in 1967 along with several otherss with contraband goods worth over Rs. 1.25 crores and the case is still pending Sukar Naran Bhakia, 39, was caught redhanded with Rs 11 lakhs in his flat and Rs. 7 lakhs hidden in the petrol tank of his jeep in 1968, but though his case was handed over to the Income-Tax authorities no assessment was ever made of his wealth. He is said to be the richest amongst the smugglers and a virtual king of Daman. His wealth is said to be in the vicinity of some Rs. 10 crores in India alone.

Government authorities are already said to be chary of the lull in the campaign against smugglers and assessment of their wealth The various Enforcement authorities are said to have come up against difficulties in assessing their wealth because of the myriad boggling benami transactions But if the present wash of arrests are not to be a charade as in the past the Government and its much-talked about task force will have to plug all the loopholes through whic's the arrested men could escape

punitive action

This is for the present generation of smugglers But what of the future There are already rumours that the kingpins of smuggling outside the country are rebuilding their network and niending their temporarily shattered fences They have the know-how the modus operandi that is akin to military efficiency But unlike military efficiency operation runs on money power, the lure of a millionaire-overnight deal. There is a vacuum for the positions and jobs of Mastan, Bhakia, Rajabali, Abdulla, Solanki and the whole list of Who's Who in the smuggling world that have been detained under MISA. This will be easy to fill for the game to start anew. Is the Government prepared to see that these games are nipped before they are started? There are the Norwegian speed boats in the pipeline, but they are only two Customs, and other For the best part the Enforcement authorities remain with the same strength, equipment and men and orders they had before September 18. There is no sense of urgency or vision of the task before them For them the events of post-Sept. 18 are nothing new as they all say when you talk to them "We have always been effecting these arrests and seizures and carrying on raids. Only they were given no high pressure publicity in the press, on radio and television. Things have changed for you and not for us." Should we say, and not for the smugglers too? Time will show.

THE PURCHASER of one of my elementary books wanted his money back because he was not told the best way to hold himself to one loser with this combination

Dummy K J 10

Oeclarer 5 2

He had a point, too for in practice there will usually be some indication. Even when there is not, it may be possible to gain a due by testing the other suits. Or it may be good play to lead this suit at trick two. At a slam contract especially this may put West under a strain

Here a different form of reasoning points to the superior play



You play in Four Hearts after this bidding



At match-point pairs West leads \$\Prec{4}\$ and East plays the King You win draw trumps in two rounds, and successfully pick up the diamonds, disposing of your losing club Then you enter your own hand and lead a spade, on which West plays low

plays low
West by this time has shown up with
Qx and QKxx and the opening lead
has marked him with Qxxx What is
your best chance of 12 tricks?

The opening lead has a bearing at this point Wast would more willingly lead from Qxxx than from Axxx and he may have led a club because his spades were headed by the Ace It is therefore reason able to play the King of spades from

This form of argument is related to the well known Principle of Restricted Choice which can be invoked whenever an op which can be invoked wherever an op-ponent does a particular thing when he might theoretically have done something different it is logical for South to say If West had the same holding in spades as in clubs he might have led a spade. The fact that he led a club affords a presumption that he did not have an equal choice be-tween the two suits.

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM



THE WORLD Alpine ski championships, to be held at St Moritz from 2 to 10 February

be held at St Moritz from 2 to 10 February are being heralded in Switzerland by a special 30-centimes stamp featuring a site and the championship emblem. With its vigorous and yet compact movement, skiing makes a successful subject for a stamp design and a collection formed on this theme would now comprise several hundred attractive issues from over 50 countries. The first stamp to depict a skier came from Hungary in a sports series issued in 1925 but the most valuable is the issued in 1925 but the most valuable is the four stamps, all showing skiers in action, are now catalogued at £40 in mint condition, £30 fallets.



HANDY HOME REMEDIES

Are you breaking out into a rash caused by heat or dandruff or even excessive secretion of oil? Are your whiteheads and blackheads turning into pimples? Then try this cure suggested by a well-known beautician. Do this for two weeks, continue for another week if the situation does not improve. First, check your diet. Avoid cheese, nuts, cocoa, chocolate, ovaltine, Bourn-Vita, pork, fish, shell-fish and other sea food, all fizzy aerated drinks and tomatoes. Eat less fried food, butter, ghee, rice, potatoes, sweets, bread. A teaspoon of fresh unsalted butter and two glasses of milk with the malai removed is fine for vegetarians. Apart from following the usual rules about cleanliness, drink eight glasses of water a day. Meditate for 20 minutes before going to sleep. Treat constipation properly.

Now for the face and scalp. Remove all traces of dandruff. The methods have been discussed before. Keep hair tied back all the time. If you are allergic to Neko soap, try the sulphur soap by Calcutta Chemicals. the juice of two sour limes every day in a glass of water. It is best to drink it as is, but if you are finicky about taste, then add a little salt or sugar. You must also include a teaspoon of powdered black pepper in your diet every day. This can be added in your food, in dahi or in sandwiches and salads and even your nimbu pani. This condiment has healing powers, unlike other spices that aggravate acne. For the face, buy yourself a stick of pure sandalwood. In Bombay, it can be obtained from outside the Parsi fire temples. On a clean stone that is used only for this purpose, rub the stick with a little water till a thick paste is obtained. After washing face with soap, apply sandalwood paste on face, avoiding area around the eyes. Now let dry for 15 minutes. Wash off with plain water and pat skin dry. This should be done twice a week. Remember, never use the stone for anything else and

clean it before use. Warning: During the treatment and even after, if your skin is severely prone to acne, do not use cleansing lotion for the face, even if the label specifies it is specially for oily skin. This rule can be broken in peak winter when the skin dries up and reacts sharply to soap by peeling. Another point. The acne that has come out will take its time in drying up, so don't expect overnight miracles

Cucumber, which is mildly astringent, not only removes sunburn but also reduces patchiness. Cut a thick slice and rotate it gently on skin. It will leave a thin film of juice on the face. Allow it to dry for a good 20 minutes before washing it off with plain water. Another idea. Collect cucumber peels after making salad. Cut them into strips and place over forehead, neck and eyelids and relax for 15 minutes. If you ice the peel, it is all the more soothing.

To add a shine to hair. The combination effect of massaging hair to activate the sebaceous glands and oil to moisturise scalp is what this treatment offers. Beat one egg (only the yolk if your hair is very dry), one tablespoon vinegar (white vinegar is preferable) and two tablespoons gingelly or coconut oil with a fork in bowl till very smooth. Part hair in strands and apply all over. Now gently massage with fingertips for 20 minutes till dead scales are loosened and scalp feels tingly. This mixture does not keep for more than a day, so prepare a fresh batch every time. Leave on scalp for about an hour. Not more because vinegar has a tendency to lighten hair. Rinse hair well with plenty of tap water. If you are in a very cold place, then use barely warm water. Hair is slightly oily after this treatment. If you don't like the feeling, then shampoo — after rinsing hair — with a mild shampoo like Johnson's baby shampoo.

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PART X GEORGE MIKES

'Very well. You are being watched. All the more reason for handing over the formula at 3.30 in your flat, where we could be alone, without codewords and without any references to Lewes and Leatherhead.'

'Oh no. You are not to come near my flat for a week now. We are not to meet at all for a week. A week today you will move in.'

'I shall?'

'Oh yes, you will darling,' nodded Oriana. 'I do hope that ho one will ever find out that the Russians have got hold of the Unalim formula. They will not advertise the fact that their spyorganization has managed to steal it. Still less are they likely to advertise the name of their agent. Or their agent's contact — I mean myself. They are unlikely to give credit where credit is due.'

'Extremely unlikely, Oriana.'

'Then all is settled. Just one more thing, Gurbanov,' she said casually. 'One little thing. Just in case you are trying to be clever and say to yourself: "I'll get the Unalim formula and then I'll ditch her"....'

'Do you think I'm that sort of person?' he cried, full of deep moral indignation. 'No. I'll

never do such a thing.'

'We all do this sort of thing. Gurbanov. From the novels I have learnt that a good agent must always look out for little flaws, moral weaknesses, skeletons in the cupboard, dark secrets in everyone he comes in contact with. Gambling. Drinking. Perversity. Homosexuality.'

She picked up her glass.

'But impotence is just as good.'

Arkady looked at her in horror. She was

calm, collected, almost jocular.
'Should you let me down, my beloved, I'll

report your impotence to the KGB.'

'You don't even know how to get in touch

with them.

'KGB Headquarters, Moscow, is an address even the Russian Post Office might be able to trace. But first I'll try through the Trade Mission, Highgate, London N.6. I'll trust my luck. And I'll make you the laughing-stock of the Service. The laughing-stock of the Soviet Union. To make it more effective, I shall seek a little bit of publicity in our papers, too. They simply love this type of amusing, spicy gossip connected with Russian spies. The first impotent bull not only in zoology but in the history of spying.'

"This is very cleverly thought out," whisper-

ed Arkady.

'Whatever my failings, I am not stupid,'

replied Oriana modestly.

'However clever you may be, they won't believe a word of it. Not a word. And your papers will never dare publish anything so blatantly libellous,' said Arkady but his voice reflected his panic.

'You argue, my little Gurbanov, as if you had planned exactly what I have so nastily insinuated. As if you were not keen on coming to live with me. They won't believe a word, you say. I agree. They won't. Not without evidence.'

She looked at Arkady for a while, then went on quietly and amiably:

'And I have all the evidence.'

Arkady smiled.

'I've told you about my little bit of knowledge I picked up from spy-novels and thrillers. The little idea you gave me, comes in here. The mike poor little Fritz sicked up — made in the Soviet Union — reminded me of all those splendid bugging devices. So I've bought a beautiful one. Made in England but in spite of the bad reputation of our industry and workmanship, quite effective. The microphone was in the emerald brooch you may have noticed, the tape recorder in my handbag. And I recorded almost all of our conversations today. In bed and outside it.'

You did not.'

'I did. Your admission that you are after Unalim which amounted to an admission that you are a KGB man. They won't praise you for that. Your views about the detestability of the Russian people, their weakness, their spinelessness. Your views about Red Czars. They won't like that either. You said: "To hell with Pravda!" An unforgivable pronouncement. You spoke to me as you called it, "frankly". You remarked you might be hanged, drawn and quartered for it. This may be something of an exaggeration although one never can be quite sure with the KGB. So you might.

Arkady looked at her with hatred. Then made a sudden grab at her handbag. She remained unperturbed and made no move to

1. 1. 1.

recover it.

'No use, Gurbanov. A few minutes ago I went out and made up a little parcel. I asked Horace, that black man you noticed in the bar he is from Trinidad, by the way, not from Ghana, just for your information), yes, I asked Horace to post it for me. Emerald brooch and the tapes; the lot. He happened to be going to the village and said he'd post it there, so it would not be any use to blow up the nearest pillar box. Besides, it would be a somewhat unwise step. In any case, you do not know where my little parcel is lying, awaiting the first collection, tomorrow morning.'

They both had a whisky.

You'll come to live with me,' said Oriana. 'We shall try to make the best of a bad situa-tion which is the secret of many an ideal marriage. But you'll get the formula, all right. I am a leftist person and want to give it to Russia. And don't forget: you are very, very fond of

Arkady put down his empty glass. 'I'll get the formula and I'll come and live with you. And yes, it is true: I am very, very fond of you.'

Oriana stood up:

'And you may, of course, sleep in my bed tonight. No need to lock you up in the bathroom. My dear, innocent little lamb.'

'Is Mr. Ivan in?' Arkady asked impatiently. 'You're out of luck, dear....'e's gorn out. Who is that speakin'?'

'Is that you Mabel?'

'It is. 'ow did you guess?....It's Mr. BorisI thought I recognized your voice. I told meself, I did: "You bet this is Mr. Boris's voice." And it is, ain't it?'

It was just after eight in the morning. Arkady had slipped down before breakfast to the call-box in the lobby of the Buckerell Moon and had neither the time nor the inclination to have a prolonged, cosy chat with Mabel.

'Where has he gone so early?' he asked,

much annoyed.

and the same of the same of

'e wouldn't tell me, dearie, would'e? All I know is that 'e's not 'ere.'
'Can you give him a message?'

'Yes. I can do that....Wait a minute, I'll get some paper.'

'It's a very simple message,' Arkady pleaded. 'Oh no, dearie. I just want to put it down if you don't mind. It may be simple for you. But I don't want no trouble. By the way, you 'aven't been sleepin' in, Mr. Boris. I bet you were with some girlies. Naughty boy, you. I've been telling meself: you bet Mr. Boris is sleepin' with a beautiful young bird.'

'Got the paper, Mabel?'

'Got the paper all right but broke the lead of me pencil. Damn it, if you'll excuse the language. Mr. 'uckett, me 'usband, do not like foul language. All right now. What's the mess-

"Tell Mr. Ivan that I'll get the goods at

Did you say goods or books dearie? What

books? Or what goods?'

'I've said goods. He'll know, Mabel. Just tell him; the goods at Victoria, 3.30 this afternoon.'

She was repeating it slowly, as she wrote it down:

'...3.30....Victoria .. All right. Is that all? Glad you've got the goods. You sound so pleased, dearie. Good luck to you.'

He put the receiver down. Oriana was coming down the stairs and he did not want her to see him at the phone. She did, and began to say something, but swallowed her comment.

Back in London Ivan was waiting for him impatiently in their flat. Yes, he had got the message. Gurbanov was to meet Boris immediately at Green Park Station. He took a taxi and found Boris was waiting for him. They had just under two hours before he was due to meet Oriana's emissary at Victoria.

They walked round St. James's Park.

"That's my official report,' said Arkady,

having concluded his story.

'You will go and exchange the little green cases at Platform 15,' said Boris. 'You will be watched by one or two of our men. You don't know them, of course. As soon as you get the right case, you let the girl's messenger leave. Then you will hold your case up close to your nose, as if you were examining the lock closely. This will be the sign to our agent that all is well. He will immediately ring me and give me a codeword in English. I shall without delay convey the same codeword — in Russian — to the Centre.'

Arkady nodded.

'You will go out of Victoria to Buckingham Palace Road. In other words, turn left at Platform 15, turn right as soon as you can, that is at the Customs Office, cross Buckingham Palace Road at the traffic lights, walk up through Elizabeth Street to Ebury Street. At the corner of Elizabeth Street and Ebury Street you will see a blue Cortina, registration number 223K. Never mind the extra letters, just remember: 223K. Get into the back seat. There will be a driver in the front seat whom you will ignore. You've never seen him, in any case. In the back there will be an agent of ours whom you have never seen either. He will say: "That's a nice little green bag." You reply: "I personally prefer yellow ones." Put this down — you can't afford to make a mistake. The car will start and will take the same appearance. take you somewhere, not far. When it stops and only when it stops - hand over the bag to our man and get out. The car will drive on and you will take a taxi, come home and report to Ivan. He will have further instructions for you. Any questions?'
'No. All is clear.'
'Good.'

'Listen Boris... now that the official business is over, may I talk to you as a friend?"

Boris looked at his watch. Arkady pleaded: 'I need your help. I am in a quandary

'Let's walk towards Victoria,' said Boris.

'You are an old friend.' 'Of course I am.'

'Still quite human?'

'Not all that easy to remain human. But I'm

in mile in the said



trying hard.'

'And I can trust you?'

'Sorry. You are right, I know.'

Boris smiled.

'Talk softly but don't whisper. As before. Shoot'

'I shall. But I repeat: "I'm talking to my old friend, Boris Nicolaevich Yuruzov, and not to Rosamund".

Boris was startled. He had not heard his real name for quite some time.

Arkady told him everything that had happen-

ed Brieffy but fully.

'I am in a mess, This bloody impotence is maddening, of course, but just now it is only one of my minor worries. Anyway, I could do it with Jean all right so nothing can be organically wrong. In fact, that girl left me because I did it too well; another claims me for life because I can't do it at all.'

'We have about ten minutes left,' said Boris. 'I can do it for pleasure but not as a duty Well, this is not my immediate problem. I am in an awful mess, quite apart from that. Suppose I get the formula. It is not in my hands yet and I'm not sure I'll get it. But let's suppose I get it.' 'Let's '

'Then I have to go to live with Oriana. No hardship in itself. She is lovely, exciting and mad She is good company. But, of course, I cannot possibly go and live with her unless I get official permission. Which I can't get. But if I refuse to go to live with her, she'll produce the evidence.

But there is no problem, Arkady,' said Boris firmly. 'No problem at all. You just take the formula and let her down. Your conscience would not worry you, I hope?'
'No it wouldn't I like the girl though. I like

her more than regulations permit, but my conscience would not trouble me. But she wouldn't be troubled by her conscience either and would send in her letter.'

'Never mind. They don't care about it. You've done a great job. You've achieved a terrific success. They can't afford not to turn into a bloody hero. They need heroes. Besides, Oriana will have done - unwittingly - a great service to you.'

'By telling them that I am a sham?'

'Yes. Exactly. That will turn you from a good agent into an ideal agent. They will know, of course, that you are an impotent bull. That you have been indiscreet. That you talked too much about Red Czars and other matters. But all that means is that in addition to that wonderful formula you have given them something else, very valuable : good, firstclass blackmail material against yourself. Vulnerable chaps, who can be blackmailed, are their ideal

agents, their blue-eyed boys. The most reliable, the most trusted, the most favoured agents are the homosexuals, the pimps, the sadists, the embezzlers, the fugitives from justice. But impotent Casanovas are also rated high. You are a lucky devil, Arkady.'

Arkady entered the station. He glanced in the direction of Her Majesty's Customs Office — mentioned by Boris — and watched a young couple walking in front of him. He noticed another couple - they looked Italian - sitting on the pavement at the edge of the car-park, leaning against their rucksacks and looking very, very tired.

He saw the Information Board, giving the departure times of the trains. He looked at his watch: ninety seconds to go. He stopped and looked up the next trains to Lewes and Leatherhead. He did not even register this completely useless information — he was only whiling away time — and on he walked slowly. He looked at the queue in front of the left luggage office, a lot of young people awaiting their turn with long-suffering, bored faces.

Platform Fifteen was the first platform he reached. It was 3.30 precisely. No one came up to him. A man in clean, brand-new blue jeans, came out of Platform Fifteen. As no train had recently arrived, he must have been waiting there. He was carrying skis on his back — not a common sight in the summer. Arkady tried to look unconcerned. Was this his man? Why go inside, beyond the platform barrier? And why the skis? Just to make himself more conspicuous? But the man with the skis did not deserve his strictures. He just walked away, without paying the slightest attention to him. Thirty-two minutes past three. There was a wooden board alongside the entrance to the platform. He walked up to it and placed his bag on it. A boy of six was eating sweets from a brown paper bag, at terrifying speed. It looked as if he was determined to finish the whole lot before his mother came back from wherever she had dashed for a minute or two. The boy was supposed to keep an eye on a basket full of apples and magazines, but was completely absorbed in his sweets. Three thirty-four. The boy's father came back, a young man with a long, fair beard. He did look like a typical conspirator but he wasn't Arkady's man either. He now leaned on the board, with Platform Fifteen behind his back and tried to pick out the other Russians watching him. There was a small crowd on his left, in front of the London Tourist Office. Quite a lot of people were standing there, others passing by and it was quite impossible to pick out anyone who looked like a Russian spy. Perhaps only innocent tourists look like Russian spies, in any case. He looked hard and all he could see was a working-class woman, her back towards him, rather like Mabel. 'Funny,' he thought, 'why the hell should I think of Mabel of all people at this moment?'

A young man walked up to him and put down a green bag — the green bag — next to his. He recognized him: he was one of the youths who had played tennis with Oriana at Hurlingham. Arkady and this boy had hardly ever exchanged a word and were giving no sign of recognition

'Excuse me,' the young man asked, 'is this the Lewes train?

Arkady shook his head.

'I don't know. I'm just going to Leatherhead.

The young man looked annoyed. He picked up one of the bags. Arkady was watching him with hawk eyes. He picked up the bag he was supposed to pick up: that is, Arkady's empty bag. He walked on, in a hurry, in the direction of Platform One. Whether the bag left there did or did not contain anything, and if it did, whether it was the much covered formula, Arkady would not know for a long time. He was not supposed to open the bag and he knew only too well that he was being watched and could not afford to deviate from his instructions by one millimetre. He lifted the bag as if he were examining the lock closely. He held it close to his nose for two or three seconds, for everyone to see who cared to look, then lowered it and was about to go out to Buckingham Palace Road, as instructed

And now a hitch occurred. A slight hitch but a hitch. He felt his knees giving way. He knew it was nerves and -- with a great effort -- he pulled himself together. But although he could steady his knees, what could he do about the irresistible and urgent need to go to the loo which had suddenly possessed him? This was more than annoying, right now, when he was sure to be watched by one or two of his senior colleagues. But the fright the need caused increased the need itself. He could not argue with this call of nature. He did not need to look for a lavatory, right in front of his nose there was the sign: GENTLEMEN.

He had no doubt, of course, but this irresistible urge had come at a most unfortunate time, but he could not possibly know that it would

change the history of the Soviet Union.

It all happened at lightning speed. The lavatory was under repair. It was rather dirty, with a lot of building material and refuse piled up in the middle. He stopped in front of the nearest cubicle and read the instructions. : 'Place Ip in the slot and slide knob.' He searched for a penny piece frantically and, luckily, found one. He did as told. A few seconds, he thought once he was in the cubicle, and I'll be back on duty. But these few seconds did not pass uneventfully.

A hand appeared under the door. There was a gap between the door and the stone floor, the hand took advantage of that. The hand acted quickly and skilfully. Before Arkady realized what was happening it grasped the bag which he had put down on the floor and pulled it out. The bag disappeared from view. Arkady could hear the sound of someone walking away fast, though not actually running. He was caught

with his trousers down. A few seconds later he was at the top of the

lavatory stairs. The small boy was munching still more sweets from a new brown bag. Arkady turned away from Platform Fifteen, around in despair and caught sight of a figure running out of the station, through the main entrance. It was a woman. It was Mabel.

Arkady ran like a champion. So did Mabel. He was conscious that someone was following him. It was a satisfactory feeling to know that it must be his colleague and ally who had been watching him when he lifted the bag to peer at the lock. This man must have been horrified at seeing him going down the lavatory steps instead of walking out to Buckingham Palace Road. And more horrified by what he saw subsequently. But what - Arkady thought terror-stricken — if his ally had gone and the man behind him was Mabel's accomplice?.... Well, he had no time to contemplate various possibilities and lines of action. He was running as fast as he could. Fast enough to catch Mabel. But what if a Mabel's companion — if he was Mabel's companion? — caught him first?

She had already crossed the station yard They both whizzed when the chase started. across in front of hundreds of madly hooting cars and buses outside. Arkady hoped that Mabel would turn left and reach, after a turn, the corner of Elizabeth Street and Ebury Street where the blue Cortina was waiting. But no such luck. She ran straight on, towards Hyde Park Corner. Some passers-by at her, others looked at him, others again look ed at them both, the fact that one was chasing the other dawning on them with the respectable slowness of the average Briton. But no one turned a hair. They were true Britons minding their own business.

Arkady nearly caught her a few hundred yards further on. Mabel was a bulky woman and her longish skirts obviously hindered her. The bitch - thought Arkady - had come down to the men's lavatory, obviously trusting to luck that she would be regarded as a cleaning woman which, after all, she was. His anger spurred him on to make a final effort and he caught up with her. He threw himself upon her from behind. Both fell to the pavement with a heavy thud and rolled over. 'Yaboo tvayu match,' shouted Mabel in a

voice of venomous acrimony.

But the venom and acrimony meant little Arkady. What surprised him was her excellent Russian. It was not only fluent and accentless, it was too natural. It had slipped out in a moment of agony; it was the swearing of a woman who had been swearing in Russian all her life. A wild suspicion swept



through Arkady, and their wrestling on the pavement had put him in a position where he could confirm it. He grabbed at Mabel's crotch, and where he ought to have found no protruding object, he felt a well-developed male organ. Mabel was a man. Not a Cockney charwoman but a Russian man.

This move of Arkady's gave Mabel — well, whoever he was — two quick ideas. The first was that he, in turn, hit Arkady in his crotch.

'Yibyona match!' shouted Arkady in equally fluent and accentless Russian. The sudden, exeruciating pain made him let Mabel go. The latter took advantage of this split second, jumped up and ran on. And Mabel's second idea was better still.

''elp! 'elp... 'e's tryin' to rape me....

'elp!' she shouted.

Even the cool English are interested in rape, so this time quite a few of them stopped. Mabel's Cockney was, once again, impecc-

able.

parts ... 'e felt me up... touched me private parts ... 'ere in the street... in public 'e did ... 'e's tryin' to rape me... '

The crowd was sufficiently large by now, so Mabel — who was out of breath — deemed

it safe to stop running.

Arkady, who stopped too, was speechless. He tried to think fast but his mind refused to work.

"E is a Russian spy. .. Mabel said.

The crowd was surprised. Some looked hostile. Others were taken aback because they knew that Russian spies were up to many things but that they rarely attempted the rape of Cockney charwomen in Hobart Place.

"E come here from Russia to spy on us and to rape our women...." yelled Mabel with

impressive moral indignation.

Good Heavens — it suddenly became clear to him: Mabel must be working for the GRU. And I, like a bloody fool, gave him the precise details of our appointment. Three-thirty at Victoria, I told him. He took down all the details slowly, with special care....And that's why she — or he — refused to make love to me in those early days. Because she is a man. A jolly good reason. All that rubbish about being faithful to Mr. Huckett....And that's why he was so expert with his judo. He had, of course, been trained in judo and karate for years....And it was he who sent that Russian window-cleaner to Perrings. But Arkady had to leave his early memories — however unpleasant — and revert to present reality.

Suddenly encouragement came his way. Faint encouragement, but encouragement nevertheless. A hippy appeared in the crowd, wearing green velvet trousers, a red sweater,

long hair and a long beard. A policeman appeared.

'There's been a disturbance here.'

Neither Mabel nor Arkady spoke a word. 'She says he's a Russian spy,' said a bowler-hatted man.

'And tried to rape her....' added a woman with a string shopping bag. Obviously she was more interested in the sexual than the political

aspect of the matter.

'Here in Hobart Place?' asked the policeman, astonished.

'No, a little further down in Grosvenor

Gardens.'

'Right 'ere,' said Mabel, recovering his witsand overcoming his natural distaste of English policemen. '...'e pushed me down...'e touched me private parts...everybody seen 'im.'

A number of people started giving information to the policeman, all talking at once.

'You'd better come with me to the Police

Station.

'Me too?' asked Mabel indignantly. 'Take the criminals but not the honest women attacked by Russian spies in the street.'

'You'd better come, both of you. We'll have

to sort this out. Any witnesses?"

As yet Arkady had not spoken one single word. While the policeman was busy sorting out witnesses, Mabel moved to the edge of the crowd. Before anyone had noticed, he had taken to his heels at top speed, grasping the

little green bag firmly.

But someone had been watching him: the Russian hippy. He was in hot pursuit now. The policeman hesitated for a moment, but apparently decided that it was wiser to stick to the man who might, after all, turn out to be a Russian spy, than to chase that peculiar woman, however fishy the whole affair looked by now. By chasing the woman, the policeman thought, he might lose both of them.

Mabel was running fast but the Russian hippy was running much faster and it was obvious that she — well, he — would be caught in no time. He had just reached the imposing new building of the Afro-European Trade Link Corporation. The glass doors were wide open and Mabel saw his chance: he ran up the few steps and dashed into the wide, spacious lobby. The hippy was at his heels. The hippy saw that he could take a short cut and catch Mabel up. There were quite a few people in the lobby but no milling crowd, no chance of getting lost.

At this moment there was a terrific, deafening crash. The hippy was lying on the floor, unconscious and covered with blood.

He had not been shot.

He had tried to run through a plate-glass door. The glass had slashed him badly, nearly minced him up.

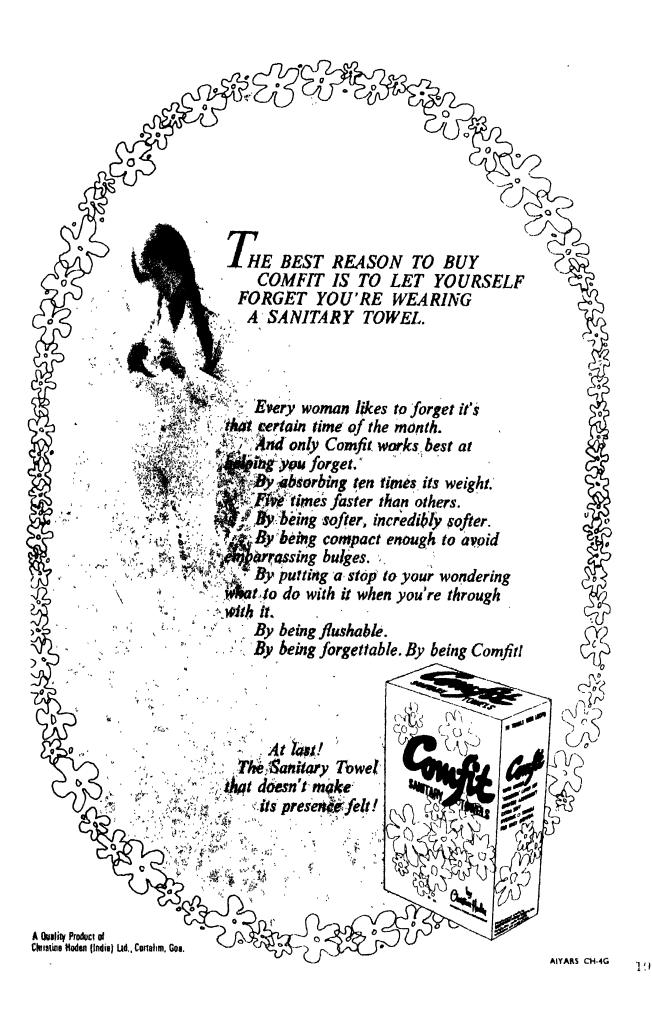
A few minutes later the shricking and howling sirens of madly rushing and crisscrossing public service vehicles shook the air. Three or four of them came from all directions.

A white ambulance bore the hippy away. A dark blue patrol car drove Arkady, the policeman and two witnesses to Gerald Road Police Station.

Meanwhile Mabel, the imperturbable Cockney charwoman, was walking quietly along Eaton Square, carrying a small green bag.

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at fourteen, shobha theroor has not only the poise and charm of a mature collegiate, and the intelligence to hold her own with parents' friends, but also a wardrobe that combines imagination, taste and a certain sophistication, shobba's clothes are, in fact, what a young girt's should be — innovative, with cut-up saris, refashioned material and traditional costumes.

(1) what could be more trad than the south indian half-sari consisting of the pavada, which is the skirt and davani — the piece of material which is draped into a pallu, yet worn with shobha's elan and in autumnal shades of her choice, it is guaranteed to make her the centre

of attraction at any party.
(2) mother's old benarasi sari terminates and benarasi sari emerges from the dark recesses of the cupboard as a gharara-suit; for lively contrast a la shobha, costume jewellery is a must.

(3) Its how you wear yourself with what you wear that counts; a dark velvet maxi goes gay with a baloony shocking pink cotton top. the necklace follows the neckline and the bronte-esque buns on either side of the ears is what we mean by the way a girl can "wear" herself prettily.

(4) here's an imaginative maxi. a common kurta piece makes up the top half, complete with mirror-work, while it flares out in feminine frills from below the knees in a contrasting material for that dramatic effect.

pix : aloke mitra.



PANDIT SULAKSHANA doesn't seem to hit it off with her young leading men, but tunes in very well with old guys. Only till the other day, she was tripping head over heels over eccentric KISHORE KUMAR. But having ditched him now and chosen to barge into films as a singing star, she has taken an instant liking to SHAMMI KAPOOR who is directing her in "BUNDELBAAZ" much to the consternation of her hero RAJESH KHANNA.

What HEMA MALINI rejected, SULAKSHANA lapped up. I am referring to JEETENDRA's next flick. With "KHUSHBOO" on its last laps, JEETU is planning his next film only to find HEMA not too enthusiastic to team up with him, especially after the much-publicised HEMA-JEETU flasco. Hema's promise to Jeetu to star with him in his next movie too went with the wind and Jeetu ultimately settled in for SULU.

SONIA SAHANI made a beeline to a_posh departmental store at Fountain with her entourage recently only to haggle with the poor sales boys on the counter over the prices of the apparels she had chosen to buy after more than half an hour's exhaustive reshuffling of the counters. Ultimately, I hear, she just settled for a couple of imported bras and panties after all these nakhras!

Can you beat this thing for its sheer uniqueness? I've heard of hosts turning up late to parties hosted by themselves, like DEÝ ANAND does, but at a party held recently at the OBEROI SHERATON, Producer-Director F. C. Mehra did not turn up till the wee hours of the morning, though the party was supposed to be held in his name. That makes us wonder whether his name was not used merely to beat the ceiling on the number of guests for dinner, by his friends and .relatives?

Now that his infatuation for RITA ANCHAN has subsided, VIKRAM has switched his loyalty to a pretty dame, who is not a film actress but a ravishing air-hostess. Now if I were in his place, I'd quit films and become a pilot.

The Film Institute has taught ZARINA WAHAB everything except the art of make-up and English. Not only that, ZARINA confesses candidly that she does not know a wee-bit about swimming. The reason? Her doting mum had never permitted her dear daughter to swim even in her childhood and this coupled with her superstitious beliefs has made ZARINA shy away from swimming.

Remember that talented gal MANISHA who made many an abortive bids to make it to heroine grade in films, especially after her "PARI-VARTAN" clicked? She has now hooked one VIMAL KUMAR, a direction graduate from the FTII, who is incidentally a nephew of Producer-Director J.

PRAKASH. Let us wish her all the best atleast in the field of matrimony.

Met this guy VIJAY ARORA at the mahurat of his new flick "KADAMBARI" in which he is starring opposite the "Ankur" gal SHABANA AZMI. Should say I could not recognise our 'bholabhala' man with his new acquisition - a brand new moustache, which, instead of suiting him to a T, just makes him look like a pucca misfit who has gate-crashed into films.

Since "AMIR GARIB" has clicked with the masses, DEV ANAND has decided to cast HEMA MALINI, his favourite mascot in Navketan's jubilee year offering "EK THA RAJA". Too sad PRIYA could not get the assignment in spite of her CHETANSAAB's feelers to DEV ANAND on her behalf. DEV just put his foot down and refused to let PRIYA star with him in the film, though he managed to persuade CHETAN to direct the film for him. JYOTHI VENKATESH



verytime I meet Ranjee he's invariably working with Vinod Khanna. "That's because we are the only two toughies going," explained Ranjeet. Besides the 'toughie' label, Ranjeet exhibits the usual I'm-a-virile-young-man, callme-a-Casanova exterior. Which is a big bore since newcomers can talk of sex and girls and nothing else. Like Ranjeet, who went into details about his love life ending it with, "I love making love. Especially to middle-aged women" (Half the time I caught up with my beauty sleep of course, since I could afford to skip chunks of his sex talk.)

That over, Ranjeet put on the little boy

act and told me about his childhood, how scared he was of his dad ('I still am'') and his adolescence, while I kept nodding silently. We were talking over lunch so I could afford to concentrate on the food while all this went on. Ranjeet incidentally eats so little that I wondered from where all those muscles came. "Milk." he

promptly replied.

To deviate slightly, Ranjeet punctuates his talk with every four-letter-word in the dictionary. When conversation is at a standstill he resorts to a whole stock of dirty jokes, generally about homoes! He never reads the newspaper (it shows glaringly) "because anyway I can't do a thing about the problems the papers report." I didn't know newspaper readers had to solve problems, but never mind. Every man to his excuse!

Career-wise Ranjeet is doing well for himself with over four dozen assignments on hand. "I can think I can go still higher." You mean you want to (a la Shatru) turn into a leading man? "No no. I'm happy doing character roles. I am doing key roles which are not the singing-dancing type of romantic roles. In 'Kasam' for instance mine is almost the lead

role."

I love making love

Then, what did you mean by saying you

can still go higher?

"I mean attain maturity as a character artiste." Like Pran and Premnath? "Not at all. When we went to Mauritius for Sanjay's 'Chandi Sona' I got the most attention. If Pran. Premnath and I were to go anywhere together I'd be more recognised than them. What I meant was...." And Ranjeet said

something vague again.

After all this I found out that the word he was groping for was, 'perfectionist.' "That's it. That's the word I was looking for. I want to go higher and higher as a perfectionist."

Frankly with so many run-of-the-mill roles (always playing a bad man calling some gang leader 'boss') I didn't know what variety (and perfection) he was talking about. "I'm not doing the same kind of role. For instance in the film I was just dubbing for ("The Cheat'), I play a Kashmiri with a slight Punjabi accent who's yet to see the night spots of a city." "In another film 'Duniya Meri Jeb Mein' I play such a sick role that I didn't feel like eating for two days after that role. I'm supposed to be a guy who hates water so much that he never drinks

it and never has a bath. I got new make-up with streaks of thick brown on me to show the dirt caked up on the body." To complete the filmi irony, this character who hates water so much dies a watery death when he jumps into a pond to save a girl!

shots can sometimes be pretty dangerous. Like Rajesh Khanna is currently sitting at home with a bruised hand or like Parveen Babi had a bad fall from a jeep in her very first film. Ranjeet had a nasty cut in his hand when he recently did a fight scene with

Danny.
"I did a scene where I had to aim for the had to move out of the way of my fist at the last minute. My hand went straight into a wooden box behind Danny and smashed the whole thing into pieces. I got cuts all over. Thank God Danny removed his face on time. Otherwise it'd have been socked out of shape!"

With smugglers occupying so much space in newspapers these days I must mention here that Ranjeet is playing a good role in the alleged smuggler king Mastan's production 'Dil aur Patthar' starring Sanjeev Kumar. "Mastan loves me very much. We get along rather well. He comes to my place quite often, said Ranjeet in one breath, vehemently stating, "I hate smugglers" two hours later!

The film maker who gets the maximum amount of respect from Ranjeet is Sunil Dutt. the man who first signed Ranjeet for 'Reshma aur Shera'. Come to think of it, excluding Sunil's own brother, every other person Sunil Dutt has launched doing well in films... Raakhee, Vinod Khanna, Leena Chandavarkar and Ranjeet. "We're the Ajanta (Sunil's banner) gang!" said Ranjeet, thrusting his chest forward proudly.

Whichever gang a person may belong to, Ranjeet feels that what counts ultimately is luck. "Madan Puri is a better actor than Pran. But it's his bad luck that he hasn't come up as

prominently as Pran."

That brings me to the nicest trait of Ranjeet — his outspokenness. I recall one afternoon when he was shooting with Rajni Gupta. He quickly dismissed her as a "sick dame" and the film they were shooting for ('Sevak') as "a sure flop!"

Other traits about Ranjeet are: he digs vegetarian food and dark women. In spite of all this talk about women, the only one who has been linked with him romantically is Bindu. "I knew people would gossip about us because we're doing so many films together.

We were prepared for it well in advance."

Gopal Bedi in real life (nicknamed Goli) Ranjeet says he's possessive. "When I get married my wife will have to give up working. I'm very possessive that way. I want a homely woman. But modern girls these days. .." I beg your pardon?! "Do you think Kabir Bedi's wife is homely? Or Asrani's wife Manju? Manju that gave an interview that she wouldn't Manju just gave an interview that she wouldn't mind sleeping with another man...

I don't see why Manju or Protima Bedi should upset Ranjeet so much when Kabir and Asrani aren't exactly saints. But then I forget that double standards are a way of life with

film men! N. BHARATHI.



JUNGOE

NI MA

GANESHAYNE:
RORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Al.



ARIES (March 21 - April 20) You are now very much concerned about your home, family and dear ones. Don't allow your intense concern about domestic matters to

cause you to be depressed and suffer your vital interests.

Girls an old friend will become jealous of you. Bachelors! your love life will follow an easy course. Ladies pleasure trips indicated



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) You are naturally possessive. This week you will acquire a mate of your own choice On Saturday, providential help will come to you

Social activities are likely to increase. Domestic problem may keep your mind worried. Bachelors and girls! don't cling to the past too much. Learn to live for the present and the future to be happy



GEMINI (May 21 -- June 20) This week enjoy the companionship of good friends and engage in recreation that appeal you. Lop off unnecessary expenses and handle money

matters as wisely as you can. A letter from your inlaws from abroad will keep you in high spirit. Travel abroad indicated for those who are in PR job. Girls and ladies! you will enjoy the good things of life



CANCER (June 21 -- July 21) This week a highly placed person will expect a great deal of you, but in return he will give you compliments that help build your ego and

give you moral support. In service, seek assistance of your colleague to achieve the desired result. Businessmen! stick to those investment opportunities with which you are most



LEO (July 22 -- August 21) The first half of the week finds you delving into subjects that aid in your growth and development The second half is good for going directly

to the Government officials and getting their backing so that you can put your new plan into effect. Your persistence will carry you to success. Bachelors and girls accept the status our even when there is scope to torge ahead.



VIRGO (August 21 - September 22) Now you have a chance to gain the fulfilment of your personal hopes. The first few days of the week are splended for improving

your social connections. In the second half you will find some associates to come forward in your help. Bachelors and girls! this is the time to act decisively - don't delay too long



LIBRA (September 23 — October 22) You are going to accept a new responsibility which is excellent for you. By meticulous

your new interest you can forge ahead to a happier life. Bachelois! a companionable period in social life assured. Girls! do not be impatient even if you find unnecessary delays in your way of achieving some thing SCORPIO (October 23 — November 22)



This is an ideal week for you to plan for that trip you would like to take. In service, it is essential for your tollow all rules and regulations that apply to you. In the

second half you will have linancial success. Ladies! self control will pay you. Girls! have confidence in your friends. Bachelors I discard your former way



SAGITTARIUS (November 23 --- December 20) Most of the time you are pleasing and charming, but when you lose your temper, you really lose it. This week you will feel that you have to rise above your limitations. In service and pro-fession you will have the chance to attain your goals

Bachelors and quris! this week should spark your enthusiasm to get your affairs on a solid basis CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19)

You may have certain difficulties of a personal and business nature. From Tuesday you are entering a period leaded with opportunities. Executives! changes shead will bring you orealer maturity and give great success. Girls I try to be a little more relaxed in your view points Bachelors! your life will be greatly enriched if you



AQUARIUS (January 20 -- February 18) This week holds you great promise. You may expect greater happiness if you follow your

routine In service, keep your eyes open to avoid some troubles. Professionals! you have a tendency to take centrol of projects that interest you. Ladies! you will gain admiration from your family members. Girls! use your fine mind to figure out how you can please your friends.



PISCES (February 19 --- March 20) It is necessary that you accept new conditions readily It would be wise for you to plan your future carefully. This week certain dramatic and

unexpected events may take place. In service, you will have more opportunities to show your qualities. Bachelors and quits I control your temper and carry through with the scheduled course of action in society

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD COLOUR MAGAZINE

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10 NOVEMBER 1974 VOL II ISSUE 35

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GONE ARE THE DAYS

Bespectacled Clive Hubert Lloyd, at just 20 years of age, is a man with a mission. As successor to another Guyanese - Rohan Babulal Kanhai — as the West Indies captain, the "great gangling cat" — as he has been described because of the feline grace which characterises every movement of his, has a comparatively easy first assignment: to play and beat a demoralized Indian team in a five-Test series which starts at Bangalore in less than a week from now.

We start as the under-dog. It is going to be an uphill struggle. Therefore, it has to be a war of attrition. And even if five draws are the result of such an attitude it will bring India and its cricket immense credit.

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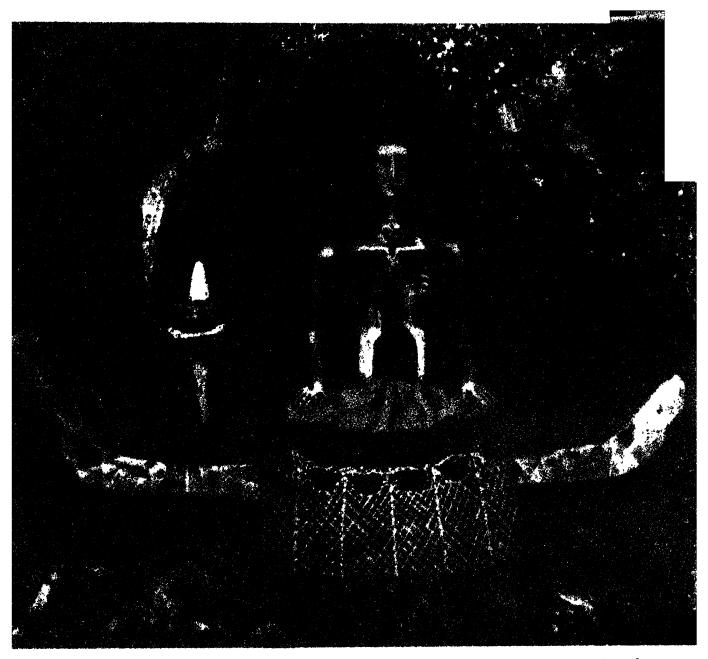
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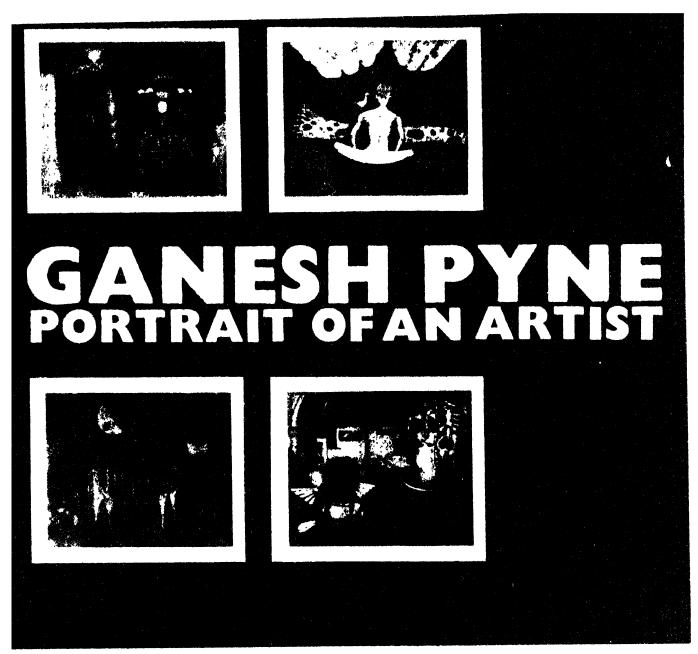


THE FE HERMAN, 1972 Coopers: Bulli Academy Calculta



SELL FORTRAIL

After purchasing a brilliant painting by Ganesh Pyne four years ago, Yehudi Menuhin wrote an ecstatic letter to the painter. Spurning understatements, which would have totally failed to picture his fervent reaction, the maestro composed an enviable minuet in words. "Perhaps the object I coveted most... was your 'Sacred Cow' which I bought. I felt it really breathed India: the living dessicated soil, the skeleton turned eternal symbol, the jewelled necklace and crown, and the colours and shapes. I lost my heart to this painting." The story behind this rapture is simple enough or perhaps not that casual. To raise funds for the Yehudi Menuhin School where child predigies in the art of classical music are trained, a charity sale of paintings was organized at Sotheby's in 1970. For the first time 12 Indian artists participated in such an extraordinary display and their canvases and forms brushed shoulders with the outputs of Chagall, Henry Moore and Delauney. Ganesh Pyne was, of course, represented and the famous violinist,



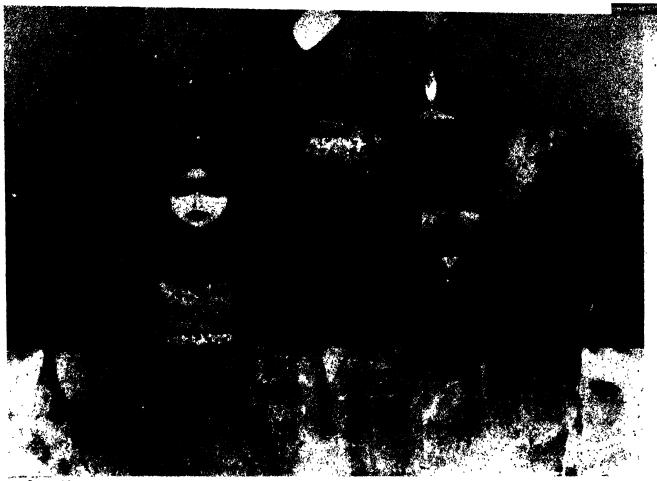
unable to contain his growing fascination for the Orient, determined that the "Sacred Cow"

was incomparable.

But the diffident Bengali painter was not haunted by the cow image when he was busy with that canvas, nor did he intend to portray the vibrant, mangled soil or soul of his country. He painted a beast, to be more specific a deer, and his own caption was "The Beast'. Even a cursory glance at the work reveals that the large evocative eyes and the contours of the mouth just cannot recall the physiognomy of our animal mother. Moreover, there is no scope of misinterpretation, because the almost naturalistic portrait is miles away from those bizarre, avant-garde compositions loaded with several There is also a touch of meanings or none. genuine Orientalism for the deer recreates a statement of the medieval Bengali lyrics, Charyapad, "Apana Mangse harina bairi" (the flesh of the deer is its enemy) in an indirect way. Now that the suicidal flesh has been scraped off, the mere skeleton symbolises a metamorphosis, a state beyond torture and death, and the august grandeur of this stage is suggested through the blurred crown and

the necklace.

Obviously, some extra erudite promoter with a penchant for cow-philosophy unposed the caption without even informing the painter. He managed to dupe himself, Menuhin and the Western world. Yet, after much persuasion, I could extract this explanation from Ganesh Pyne, because misunderstandings of this kind repeatedly assail any painter who shunds simplicity. He prefers to remain unruffled. And misinterpretations, at all levels, shape the only laurel reserved for contemporary poets, and artists. Or why should 'Guernica' that projects one solid, indivisible truth remain a victim of so many conjectures, ranging from a horse to a socialist vision, and Eliot has to ward off a smart enquiry, "what do you mean by writing three white leopards sat under a jumper tree." It, myself, misread 5



under the fountain

Gansh Pyne, the person, before meeting him. Convention affirms that the life-sketch of an artist should be drawn in flamboyant colours. He ought to be a turbulent outsider, and if he is not by nature, he should borrow the colourful cloak particularly during interviews. Andre Maurois never dreamt of writing a biography of Wordsworth. Irving Stone and Pierre La Mure, those incorrigible sensationalists, did not find in Vermeer a proper subject. Besides, when artists chose to depict themselves, they necessarily heightened their experiences, in order to come out symbolic figures. That's what James Joyce performed in 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man'. Scorched by these biographical flames and blinded by the imitations of Ginsbergs all around, I also conjured up a figure of an extraordinary external interest who should belong to the brave new world booked for creators only.

His paintings also, by no means Shenanigars, reinforced the mistaken impression. As my untutored eyes scrutinised, "The Beast', 'Wizard and Bird', 'The Messenger', 'Under the Fountain', 'The Fisherman' and other acclaimed works my résponse sharpened or turned hazy and I was led to the stereotyped conclusion that here was a vissionary who could evoke a mysterious dream-world of his own. Almost a phantasmagoria. Hence the creator of this world should also be an inscrutable, undefined being immersed in tantric exercises or wedded to the occult. Otherwise how could 6 the distorted figures convey so emphatically a

sense of tortured spirituality, how could the dark background appear to be so luminous, how could the fisherman-recall the stonehard posture of a saint and the mother and the child with their stylized eyes rouse the contradictory suggestion that they belonged to the soil yet remained members of a family in the supernatural realm. My artist friend, who accompanied me, tried to correct my impression but I would not heed.

A short walk from our office took us to Kaviraj Row, a dimly-lit obscure lane, in Central Calcutta. We stopped in front of an unimpressive looking house wrapped in darkness. And after a few full-throated calls, 'Ganesh da...', the painter replied. He soon emerged from the domestic underworld and we were face to face with a shy, withdrawn, diminutive person dressed in the most inconspicuous manner (white dhotie and kurta) and without long hairs, drooping moustache, flagrant sidelocks or any such external appendage. I swallowed this anti-climax not knowing that there were more to follow. When we fell to discussing art etcetra, there was no trace of exhibitionism in him. No sudden dazzling flourish, no strange withdrawal into a phase of silence, no outburst of emotion to explain the essence of his endeavour. Words charged with depth and intensity that simmered below the calm exterior rolled out and only after hours of conversation his mental landscape slowly began to take a definite shape. Hesitatingly, I attempted to place his creativity therein and found that the



Pix Tarapada Baneries

forms did not contradict, apart from the basic struggle between art and life, a conflict which inspired all art. He strived for the symmetry and order of the Cubists in his paintings, and somewhere there was a lucid structure holding together his arguments too and his narration of his progress as a painter. The fantasy of the surrealists, he considered, another indispensable element and when he explored in detail how he made use of his juvenile associations, distant rituals, motifs of fables, the dearth of light that surrounded him and the personal images and myths he tried to construct, the truth was revealed that though he did not resort to indiscriminate shooting, he was a surrealist in the deeper sense of the term, in his approach to life and experiences and as well as in his art. Above all, his perennial love for simplicity or the inherently complex was manifest in his behaviour, his canvases and his recognizing Paul Klee as one of his mentors. For none else but this German master was accused of simplistic treatment and childishness. Klee's reply was characteristic and, relevant in the present context, "The legend of the childishness of my drawing must have originated from those linear compositions of mine in which I tried to combine a concrete image only as it might be." As Paritosh Sen, the senior painter, opined, "Ganesh's style is fragile, but there lies its excellence because he can convey the depth without being precious. And in this respect I am a little scared of his imitators who seem to forget that styles are born out of deep con-

Ţ.,

victions and who rest content merely with the fragility divorced from its profounder aspects.' Roger Fry accused Klee wrongly Here critics, taking the cue from Paritosh Sen, should reprimand the imitators of Ganesh, a devotee of Klee.

But patient readers should condone this audacious effort made to analyse the intrinsic worth of Ganesh Pyne's paintings. As a scribe, my objective should be to point an alluring picture of the man What he eats, how he makes love — these ought to be my enquiries.

Nevertheless, even the long tentacles of a persistent reporter failed to draw out any lurid secret. Ganesh Pyne is a late riser. After scanning the headlines he engage him-self in minor artistic works like deepening a shade on mounting the canvas. Then some reading followed by lunch and a visit to an inconsequential office where he keeps himself busy with film animation. Return to the nest in the evening, if gossip does not fall in the way. And till late at night he paints. Only when he has completed a major, exhaustive work, he roams aimlessly in the streets of this city to seek relief. A slight outsiderish touch here which even this magnifier cannot blow out of proportions. For some other details: the painter was born in 1937, he is still unmarried and lives happily in a joint family headed by his uncle. His father died some years ago. He still remembers vividly the death of his grandmother, an event that for the first time opened , a vacant space in front of him.



Where does this small painter work? In an equally small room which is an apology for a studio. Let us call it a puny attic or a cubby hole tucked away in one corner of the second floor. In point of fact, a masonite board carves out a small semicircular chamber - 4 feet by 7 feet — from the verandah inside which only two persons can sit. A part of the board is filled with stickers producing the effect of a weird collage and in a small cupboard all conceivable accessories are kept. There is only one showy piece in the unadorned room - a Kashmiri easel - on which he places his work and examine its reflection on a little mirror placed a few feet away. To capture a sense of distance, he sometimes uses an ageold binocular. "But why do you have such a small studio?" I could not help interrogating. "Because I am not attracted by huge, sprawling canvases. I limit myself to the size I can control. Further, the dearth of space gives me a sense of security. I feel I am rooted somewhere. By the way, those big bottles on the floor, they contain ink and not strange intoxicants to prop me up," the painter replied with a half-smile.

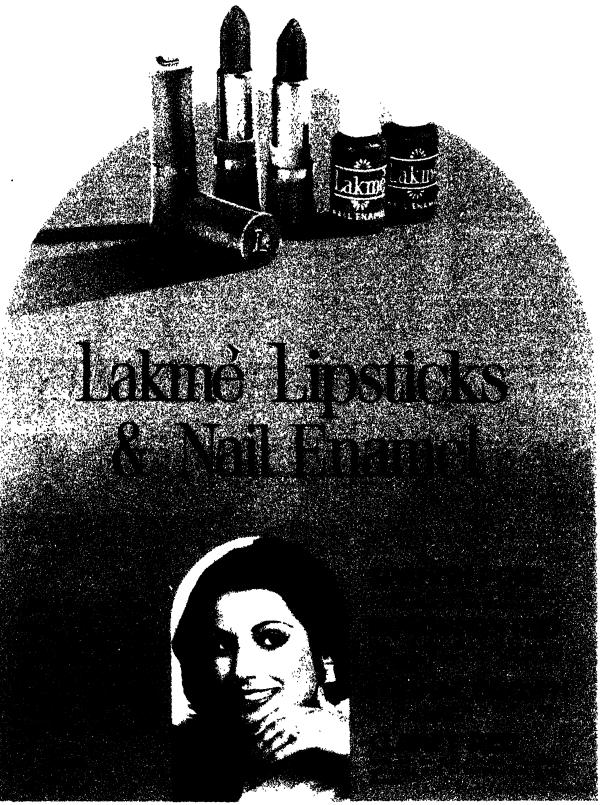
To put it blatantly, Ganesh Pyne is an ordinary man coming from an ordinary background and he is ordinary from all points of view. In his dress, manner of speech and conduct, he is indistinguishable from the rest. However, his mental landscape replete with visions, associations, beliefs, images, 'ikons' (that's his favourite word) is extraordinary and the fingers 8 which mix the paint, draw the lines and employ

the brush are uncommon. This inner world and its recreation are so poignant and sincere that he does not care to look or act 'arty'. Not only Hussain who ranked him as the foremost of the young Indian painters, but also other dependable judges shower unreserved praises on him. Satyajit Ray eulogises his pen and ink sketches in unequivocal terms. Paritosh Sen speaks eloquently of his private world of myths and images, uniquely his own, his realm of fantasy held in place by a lucid order. Even the berserk poet Shakti Chattopadhyay, who is poles apart from him in temperament, relapsed into a mood of meditative calm and observed, "There is a continuity of experience in his work, a flowing stream. There is a quality of exquisite lyricism, as if his images are separate lyrics strung together in a sequence. I want to enter this stream." Interestingly enough Ganesh Pyne responds to Shakti's poems with the same fervour. And those who have an elementary knowledge of the contemporary creative life of Bengal realise that this is something more than a formal mutual appreciation. Without confining himself to mere eulogy, Ganesh Pyne has used the poems of Jibanananda Das and Shakti Chattopadhyay as themes for his paintings. He is proud to admit that many of his images travel back to the haunting and tortured world of Jibanananda.

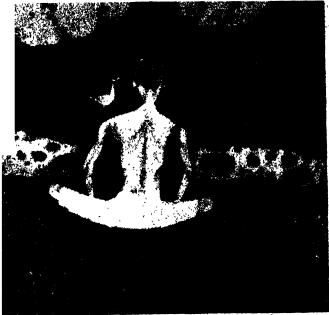
The constituents of Pyne's personal world coloured his imagination from his childhood. One of the reasons why he remained an indifferent student and failed to reproduce mangoes and bowls without a fault in the drawing classes. The grave darkness in his house enveloped his mind, the strange tales and fables narrated by his grandmother built up a nightmarish cosmos and he was haunted by the mother-inlaw who had dug in two shells in the oven and warned that those were her two eyes which would notice everything even after death. He feared that a female spirit with a garland of lamps round her neck, waited in the verandah and many such bewildering associations formed an indestructible sediment. No, nothing esoteric, these were embedded in his consciousness. And then there were the famililar rituals and images which he interpreted as something basically human. All these, in terms of vague wish fulfilments, he translated into pictures. He burnt them. He even filled the walls with weird shapes and the maid who had to wash these away rebuked him frequently. Later, during the adolescent phase, he began using watercolour in a frenzy. His work was highly applauded and he sailed into the second year of the Government Arts College. But here again, the rigid principles were at variance with his liberated style of expression. He just could not master oil-painting and was once reprimanded by Mr. Chintamoni Kar: "Why are you colour blind?" Nonethelesss, this institution taught him the basic techniques, introduced him to the breathtaking tradition of world art and if he had failed here it was only due to his weakness. Ganesh Pyne was frank enough to admit this.

His agonizing quest began when he left

The great new fashion... rich, dark shades!



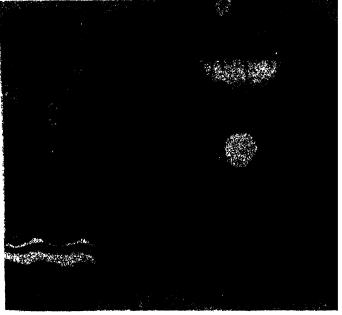
Laktne lipsticks are exported to Europe, U.S.A. and several other countrie



the birdman

the precincts of the college and confronted the wide world. Oil painting was not his genre, the transparency and fraglity of water colour did not appeal to him - in fact, doors were closing one by one and he had to find his own medium. At this stage, cubism, especially Braque, taught him that a firm structure was indispensable and the surrealists confirmed that to create another reality was perhaps the only significant endeavour. Thus aesthetic principles were formulated all right, but the medium continued to escape. Ganesh Pyne searched and searched and finally found the answer in the tempera prints of the medieval miniatures and pre-Renaissance masters. He started his experiment with the new medium and evolved something original, a trade secret which he would not divulge. In his own words: "There is something decidedly oriental in this technique. It carries depth, allows ornamentation, permits luminosity and the medium corresponds to my themes, namely, legends, folk-tales and fables. Evidently, I try to give them precise geometric shapes and introduce original forms like the five flames of a 'panchapradeep'." At present, Ganesh Pyne paints about eight canvases in a year. He destroys many more. All these get sold fetching him approximately Rs. 8,000 per year. He does not know who his foreign buyers are, but one Mr. Kejriwal, a professor, is a regular purchaser. His paintings adorn the galleries of Birla Academy of Art and Culture, Academy of Fine Arts, Modern Art Gallery, Lalit Kala Akademi and others. He cannot honour many requests because he does not paint in dozens.

But satisfaction with the medium and a negligible income or response could never signify the end of a quest. I would not say, because I was a witness to the deep-seated uncertainty, that Ganesh Pyne had achieved an ideal of 'luxe, calme et volupte'. Nor could this even be his ideal as it had been in the case of Matise and Vermeer. When the discussion on



voyage

technique and painting closed and words concentrated only on the role of the artist, and on his dialectical relationship with the world around, he himself declared that estrangement was at the centre of all his creation. Estrangement from society which confused him with an artisan, estrangement from the buyers who had no access to his solitary kingdom, estrangement from life and nature scarred by industrialization, mass production and what prevailed in the name of parliamentary democracy. For the first time, the painter appeared to be a trifle agitated as he tried to relate his work to these broad, searing issues and the irrepressible element in him sparked out intermittently. At last 'fragmented psyche' was the topic and the air grew so oppressive that we came out in the open, sat in a restaurant, gulped down a few pegs and continued with the spiral of talk.

"Yes I want a democratic art, but an artist has lost his ability to change the world. I believe in the economic principles of Marx, squalor and deprivation enter indirectly my paintings. Yet I am consecrated to the creation of a private world where there will be some spiritual rebirth.'

"But that's a contradiction. Do you aspire for that state when all work will be turned into endless leisure and the only conflict will be between man and nature?"

"Certainly, but again that will deaden art. To be explicit, I do not know why I create my

own world"

"Are you hinting at a compromise, are you attempting to escape, are you a victim of the inevitable dualism, or is it a sense of liberation, absolutely personal in nature?"

"Perhaps all combined together, perhaps none." As we came out of the restaurant, midnight wrapped up Central Avenue and we concluded, "certain queries should be best left unreplied.'

> SUBHO RANJAN DASGUPTA COVER/TARAPADA BANERJEE



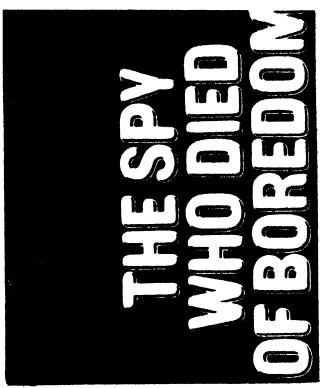
The Royal look in Khatau











GEORGE MIKES PART XI

'It's quite impertinent enough,' thought Sergey Alexandrovich Orlovsky, 'that Makarov's secretary should have the cheek to summon me. Me. Director of Recruitment and Training. But surely, it is the height of impertinence to keep me waiting on top of it.'

He was wrong. The height of impertinence

was yet to come.
'Getting hold of the Unalim formula, as no doubt you agree, Comrade Orlovsky, was a glorious achievement.'

'Well, it was our job,' replied Orlovsky with

modesty.

'It is a great achievement. In fact, it is the highlight of Colonel Makarov's distinguished

career.

Orlovsky nearly fainted. He was prepared for a lot but not for that. Colonel Makarov's career? What the hell had that fat pig done in order to get the formula? Sitting on his enormous behind and worrying and bullying him. Most of the time the slob didn't even know what was going on. Such were Orlovsky's thoughts. What he said was: 'It certainly is.'

And he smiled obsequiously.

'Colonel Makarov is a wise and prudent man', said Orlovsky respectfully and thought that if he did not suffer a stroke now he would be safe

'Comrade Brezhnev indicated,' Shittikov went on, 'that should the Unalim coup succeed. Colonel Makarov was to be given a high decoration. Hero of the Soviet Union? Lenin? Who am I to decide?' he asked with a self-satisfied smile and mock modesty. As if he really knew but would not tell Orlovsky. 'It's up to Comrade Brezhnev. But it is bound to be 14 something big because the Colonel's service to

our Socialist fatherland was big, too.'

'It was a splendid feat,' said Orlovsky and his

voice reflected deep conviction.

The ceremony will take place at the end of next week. And that's where you come in, Comrade Orlovsky.

Orlovsky smiled. Perhaps the man was not

such a swine, after all.

'The main speech will be delivered, of course, by Comrade Yu. V. Andropov, Minister of State Security, Member of the Political Bureau of the Soviet Union. But Colonel Makarov very kindly agreed that you, too, might deliver a speech in his honour. It must be a brief speech, of course. Just a few warm words in the name of Colonel Makarov's grate-

ful and proud subordinates.'

And if this had not been enough, he added: 'This is a great honour for you, Comrade

Orlovsky.'

'I don't think I deserve it, Comrade Shitti-kov,' Orlovsky replied with becoming modesty.

At this moment the door of the inner office was torn open and Colonel Makarov himself appeared. He did not look at all happy. The Director of Recruitment and Training, catching sight of his boss, was about to offer his congratulations on his glorious success, but was cut short brusquely: 'Come in!'

Not 'Come in, Comrade,' or 'Come in, Sergey

Alexandrovich.' Just 'Come in!'

'This Unalim case' he said loudly as soon as the door closed.

'Yes, Comrade Makarov.'

'You've bungled it. You've made a bloody mess of it. A diaster. An unparalleled debacle.

He was not surprised at one aspect of this turn. If it was a question of a decoration, Makarov was to get it; if it was an unparalleled debacle then it was he who had bungled it.

'I don't understand. Didn't Gurbanov get it,

after all?

'He did,' Makarov shouted and his eyes flashed.

'But it wasn't the right formula?'

'It was!'

'But it never reached Moscow.'

'It did. But it was Desdemona who sent it.' Orlovsky was struck dumb. The magnitude of the disaster was brought home to him. He wanted to whisper something but no sound would emerge from his lips. He didn't need to ask any questions about Desdemona. He knew all about him. He was Major Vladimir Vasilievich Ivanov. One of the ablest and most daring agents of Military Intelligence, the GRU, who had caused great trouble in the past. But nothing so shattering as this.

'He got a job as a charwoman at Gurbanov's'. Charman, you mean Com-'Charwoman?

rade Colonel.'

'No. Charwoman. Cleaning woman. two damned idiots, Gurbanov and Anatolsky employed him, saw him twice a week for a long time yet neither of them suspected that they were not dealing with an English char but with a Major of the Red Army. Unless, of course, they knew it only too well and deliberately betrayed us. What do you know about this man Gurbanov, Orlovsky?'

He tried to be cautious yet to protect him-

'The new agents were all recruited in a great hurry, as you know Comrade Colonel, but Gurbanov has proved himself a devoted and conscientious agent up to now and pulled off a magnificent feat in connection with Spinoffee!'

He is a traitor. Serving our worst enemies: the Army. Or he is the bloodiest of fools which is worse. But to you, he is a devoted and con-

scientious agent. I'm not surprised.'

He pulled out a fresh copy of the Vechernaya Moskva, the capital's only evening paper, from his pocket. The huge headlines proclaimed to the world: GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE KGB. And underneath: 'Great coup by masteragent Boris Gurbanov.

Orlovsky thought he had gone mad. was unbelievable and unprecedented. Makarov

went on howling.

'People grew extremely restive about the news of a disastrous harvest. The whole country was teeming with rumours and threats

of famine.

'That's why we published the Unalim story. A heavy blow to the imperialists. It's a scandal that the capitalists hid the new discovery and let their people starve for the sake of private profit. To make the whole story moréeffective and credible we decided to personalize it. That's why Gurbanov's name was mentioned in this way. It's too late to withdraw it. It's not eough that he is a traitor or the worst of fools, we have made a hero of him. Today people utter his name and weep with gratitude all over the Soviet Union. That's what you have done, Orlovsky.

Orlovsky had regained his voice. He could have remarked that he had not even known the plans to make these matters public. But he

deemed it wiser to remain silent. 'How would you like to face Yu. V. Andropov right now?'

Orlovsky still did not speak but his whole demeanour and facial expression exhibited a lack of enthusiasm and eagerness.

'You are not too keen, Orlovsky. But you are going to face him all the same. He has sent for me. You'll come along, too.'

Makarov's intention was to terrify him and use him as a scapegoat but this was, in fact, good news for Orlovsky. Yu. V. Andropov would call Makarov worse names than Makarov called him. And he would not be able to shelter behind any subordinate. It would be beneath Yu. V. Andropov's dignity to censure and abuse anyone below the rank of Makarov. Just as Brezhnev — if he wished to abuse anyone would abuse Andropov. Pecking order; kicking order; in bygone days shooting order.

Makarov picked up the Vechernaya Moskva angrily and shoved it back into the right outer pocket of his jacket. He stormed out of the room followed by Orlovsky. Orlovsky decided that the moment was inopportune to ask Makarov to wait while he phoned his wife to tell her that he would be late for lunch.

Ludmila was, in fact, becoming distinctly



annoyed. Seryoshka was usually punctual and ' often early for lunch. Why did he have to choose this very day for being late when she wanted him particularly to be on time. He had been in the rosiest of moods when he left that morning. The Unalim affair was a great blessing for the country; a tremendous success for the KGB; and a great personal triumph for Seryoshka. I may well get a medal for this Ludmila. And promotion, too, that goes with-out saying.' He knew perfectly well that on a day like this she would make a special effort to cook an extra good lunch and now he was late. Probably celebrating with his colleagues in the office. All her culinary efforts would be wasted. She had cooked the inevitable borsht; also she had been lucky to find some sazan, carp, one of Seryoshka's great favourities; but the highlight of the whole meal was kissel mindal'nyi. They were used to all sorts of kissels, a soft pudding the Russians call jelly, a common enough and popular dessert. She had made apple kissel, cherry, gooseberry and cranberry kissel as well as mixed-fruit kissel many times. A few days before they had visited the house of a subordinate — one of those boring evenings one cannot avoid - and their hostess had served almond kissel - kissel mindal'nyi. Seryoshka had raved about it. At first Ludmila thought it was mere politeness but Seryoshka was not all that polite; then she wondered if he had designs on Olga Ivanovna, the hostess, but Olga Ivanovna was plain, small and rotund. Eventually he started mentioning his mother's cooking and then Ludmila realized that the matter was serious and she might as well learn how to make the wretched thing. Today she had meant to take particular pride in beating Olga Ivanovna at her own game - kissel mindal'nyi — and today of all days Servoshka was late.

At last she heard steps. Strange steps. Someone rang the bell, rather aggressively. Curious. She opened the door. There were two KGB

agents in civilian clothes outside. 'My husband is not home yet,' she said angrily, realizing that Seryoshka, on finally turning up, would have to deal with the two

men first, thus causing further delay in serving the lunch.

The two men stepped inside the flat.

'We know,' said the man with the brutal face. 'And he won't be home for some time,' said the one with the even more brutal face.

You've brought a message from him? 'We want to see you, Ludmila Gregorovna.'
'What do you want with me?' she asked in a hostile tone. But she was frightened. remembered.

'We have a great favour to ask from you, Ludmila Gregorovna. You will be given the 15







chance of doing a great service to our Socialist fatherland. For which we shall be truly grate-

ful,' said the brutal one.

'We know you well. We know you will not refuse to serve your country,' added the more brutal one menacingly.

They were standing just inside the door. 'Come in,' she said curtly.

They sat down in the living-room. She did not offer them anything.

'Yes?'

'One day you made a curious remark,' went on the more brutal one. 'You said: "Sometimes a woman can do more in the kitchen than six members of the KGB directorate in their offices.' Do you remember?

'It was on the day when your husband, the Comrade Director, came home and divulged contrary to all regulations - the top-secret information to you that we were to recruit another 1,275 agents and you insisted that the correct figure was 1,675.

'That was a purely private conversation.'
'Discussing state secrets?'

'We were chatting in our own flat. Me and my husband, two perfectly reliable citizens and

servants of the State.'

Very well,' said the more brutal one. 'I was just refreshing your memory. Just quoting one of your remarks made in the course of that purely private conversation between two reliable citizens, discussing top-secrets of the security organization.'

'What do you want from me?' asked Lud-

mila coolly but trembling inside.

'There is a nasty hitch in the Unalim operation which your husband, the Comrade Director conducted. He is just discussing the matter with Comrade Yu. V. Andropov, Minister of State Security, in the presence of Comrade Makarov, in a most friendly manner, I'm sure.

Our man Lolita Gurbanov got the formula.... What else do you want? She fought for self-control herself as she was now in a state

bordering on hysteria.

"....he got the formula and we thought all was well.'

"The formula has arrived, hasn't it?" asked

Ludmila.

'There is a hitch. A very damaging, in fact tragic hitch, for the KGB. It was Desdemona, alias Major Vladimir Vasilievich Ivanov of the GRU who forwarded it to his department. All credit goes to Military Intelligence. A great and glorious day for the country; a huge, unmitigated disaster for the KGB,' concluded the brutal one.

'I am sorry,' said Ludmila who was shaken by this news. 'My heart, my loyalties are with 18 the KGB. But I still fail to see what I can do.

'The Comrade Director will be sent to London to investigate the matter. Or at least that's what he is going to think. He will treat Gurbanov - now celebrated in the Soviet press as a friend. At least until further notice.

'What can my husband do in London?' 'Nothing. He will only be sent, really, in order to take you along.'

'Me?' she asked in genuine amazement.

'Yes, you, Ludmila Gregorovna.'

It was the brutal one who had been speak-

ing up to now. The more brutal one took over. You are not to speak to him about your task. You are not to mention that we have been here to see you. You will be more discreet than he was on that day and on many other days. You know we have ways and means of finding out whether you have spoken or not. And l advise you, as a friend, not to utter a word.' He said these last few words very, very slowly, thus adding to their sinister significance. And as if this had not been enough, he spelt it out: You've been in trouble before.

The brutal one, playing his part, reproached

his colleague.

'How can you speak like this to Ludmila

Gregorovna?

'Stop it,' she said. 'I know this game only too well. Yes, I was in trouble a few years ago. But I was let out after two months. It was all a mistake.'

'We may make another mistake,' said the more brutal one.

'You may,' Ludmila admitted.

'We are only human.'

A statement which Ludmila failed to con-

You have apologized,' she murmured.

'We might apologize again.'

After a short pause she said: 'I still don't know what I am supposed to do.'

'You are to prove your thesis that a woman can do more in the kitchen than six members of the KGB directorates in their offices.'

He handed her a small capsule.

Boris Gregorovich Gurbanov — as you will see in the Vechernaya Moskva tonight and in the entire Soviet press tomorrow - has become a national figure and a hero of the KGB. The KGB has not many heroes known to the public. So we don't want to destroy his reputation. But we want to destroy him. He will be invited to lunch at your place in London where you will poison him.

Ludmila was horrified, but went on speak-

ing calmly.
'Is Gurbanov a traitor?'

'We are not sure,' said the more brutal one. 'But we prefer to be on the safe side.'

'It's only common prudence,' added the

brutal one.

Yours is a vitally important job. The security of the State is involved. You are not against the security of the State, are you Ludmila Gregorovna?

She did not reply for a while, then asked: 'Why don't you do your own dirty work? Why don't you shoot him?'

'Shoot him in London?' asked the more



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gorgeous dolls
...like you!



HIGHLY CONCENTRATED TO GIVE.

 Extra foam for thoroughly clean, satinsoft hair ◆ Extra-special floral fragrance

Satin Doll's extra foam separates dirt from hair thoroughly. Water then washes away foam and dirt, leaving hair absolutely clean—so manageable.

Just a little Satin Doll goes a long way in adding lustre to your hair and your life. brutal one. 'We want no shooting in London. We prefer a most unfortunate accident.'

'What about the English police? They

might investigate and...

'Don't worry about the English police. You will be protected. It's not the first time we have done a little job over there.'

The brutal one spoke again.

'Be clever and discrect, Ludmila Gregorovna. You will be doing a great service to our country. And to your husband. He has not exactly covered himself with glory in this operation and he might find himself in difficulties. You can rescue him. Only you can rescue him, Ludmila Gregorovna. He may even be promoted if you do a good job. Otherwise....'

He let the word hang in the air.

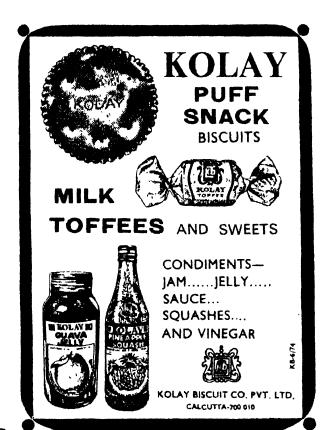
The two men stood up. The brutal one said, trying to sound pleasant: 'Enjoy your stay in London, Ludmila Gregorovna. I've never been there but I'm told it's not a bad place as these miserable, poverty-stricken, capitalist stinkholes go.'

21

Ludmila Gregorovna went on with her cooking. She was worried and unhappy. She had never killed anyone before.

This task interfered with her enjoyment of London. It was her first visit to the British capital and she was impressed.

In London she had seen only the Tower, the





outside of Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guard — all manifestations of royalty which, as a good Communist, she found fascinating. Seryoshka told her that they would also have to pay homage — these were his actual words — to Karl Marx's grave. She hoped that this paying of homage would conveniently be forgotten, but in fact, she enjoyed sightseeing, all sightseeing, even graves. Her enjoyment was only slightly spoilt by Shevchenko, that coarse and loquacious drunkard. He had become their guide and permanent companion in London, and she detested him.

Ludmila was born in Voronezh, on the Don. Her father was a regional official of the Oksko Donskaya Nizmenmost Irrigation Authority. A small official, ambitious, keen on promotion and on the approval of his superiors, he was also a devoted, loud-mouthed Party member, always toeing the line, always moving resolutions condemning traitors — his own heroes of yesterday — and expressing gratitude to Stalin for saving the land once again from mortal danger and delivering yet another glorious blow to the enemies of progress and socialism. Her mother was a very different type. She was critical, outspoken and of independent mind. She always blamed her husband for all the short-

comings of the regime.

It was this critical attitude and careless outspokenness, inherited or copied from her mother, that had landed Ludmila in trouble many years later in Moscow, when she was already the wife of Seryoshka, a struggling and ambitious young KGB official (under different initials in those days). She had said something not too complimentary about the filtly over-crowded conditions of the Moscow trams. For these subversive remarks - clearly inspired by the imperialist enemy — she was taken off to a camp but, unexpectedly, she was released from it after only two months. This interlude did no harm to Seryoshka's career. He was terrified out of his wits (trembling much more for himself than for his wife) but he nevertheless actually received promotion while she was absent from the family hearth. There was nothing unusual in this: after all, Molotov was Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union while his wife was incarcerated. Ludmila regained her freedom after a short, sharp shock and while she often spoke to her husband about her camp experience, she never asked him — not in so many words — why he had done absolutely nothing to get her released. He might have replied, had he been asked, that Molotov had not been too eager, either, to bring up the painful subject of his wife when talking to Stalin; indeed, that there had been no subject under the sun he was more eager to avoid.





History would answer otherwise

Should men be condemned as indecent or unmasculine for asserting sexuality in their dress?

> When cads wore cods The man who

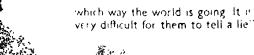
whistles at a mini skirted girl might himself have been whistled at in the Middle Ages for wearing a skin-tight satin hose that showed off a "goodly piece of leg" and buttocks And the codpieceoriginally ordered

by the Church(1) to cover the front of the fork-later achieved immortality through padding, ribbons, buckles, embroidery and, yes, jewels

Those were the days, my friend

The Pundit

The point is that clothes are an expression of the times "They tell the truth about our unconscious minds. They even tell the truth about politics and economics and



Snap! Cracklel@op!

Our own Age of Anxiety strikes a rebellious note for 'mankind is trying to become something else". Hence the experimental اللهو الكيالة: colours, faded jeans, Brutish perfumer , and underwear with the word "cheers" reliefed across the crotch

A hard day's night

But the greatest visual revolution in history has undoubtedly been Housex Unisex happened because today wonten are a part of our working lives. So, inevitably, function dictates styles for both sixes. It looks then that wemen (already breadwinners) with choose us menfolk

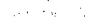
for our physical values rather than for, thos raded, ma And that means not just unbuttored shirts But pash ups Jugging No fried, toods Absolutely no cigarettes And rota

little Biz



You'll have something to say in Raymond's Suitings





Now that Premnath commands as much as Rs. 4 lakhs per assignment, Pran obviously does not wish to lag behind. He not only insists on a rate which is three times more than what he used to demand prior to "Zanjeer", the release of but also sees to it that he is featured at least in one song sequence, especially after the songs "Yaari hai" and "Hum bolega to" clicked with the masses. This high-handedness, I hear lost Pran a couple of plum roles of his career.

Reeta Bhaduri is piqued at the delay in the release of her film "Aaina", which she asserts, will be her launching pad Pity the poor gal, because even before her maiden film in Hindi has been released, she has been saddled with offers galore for Malayalam and Bengali flicks. What is more a film each in Bengali and Malayalam with her in the leading role has been released. The other day when I bumped into her, Reeta wailed that she prefers to stick to Hindi films and zoom to stardom rather than finding her way through films in various languages. After all, she added, isn't there an adage "A rolling stone gathers no moss" But the fact is all her publicity builds-up proclaim her as the rising multilingual star. Wow.

Shatrughan Sinha has fallen head over heels for his "Anokha" co-star Zarina Wahab. He gets along very famously with Zarina on and off the sets. Why, he even insists on dropping Zarina at her pad before he proceeds to his, after the pack-up, much to her embarassment. I don't know if this is a puton act by Shatru just to ensure the pre-release publicity of the film but how else can one explain the fact that Shatru goes on recommending Zarina for every other film for which he is being signed, while reports insist that top heroes like Rishi, Rajesh and even Dharmendra have been refusing to accept point-blank offers casting them opposite new-comers like Zarina.

22 Without any hungama, quite



chupke chupke Gulzarbhai has started wielding the megaphone for his next flick "Mausam" starring Sanjeev Kumar and who else but Sharmila Tagore. Believe there were hell of a lot of discussions on this score alone at his house what with Gulzar insisting that only Sharmila would do full justice to the role, while Raakhee reportedly failed to persuade her hubby to offer the role to Suchitra Sen or at least to Raakhee herself. But no, our man would not change his decision to cast his fav. gal and is all set to complete the pic in just four or five schedules.

Bumped into a sorrow personified Satish Kaul, who says he is a very very frustrated guy. No wonder because his pic "Prem Parbat" has still to see the light of the day here in Bombay though it has been acclaimed all over the North. I hear the guy has really given an impressive performance in the film. Also his maiden vehicle "Ang Se Ang Laga Le" lies buried in the cans. Satish now wonders whether he flipped somewhere by skipping from photography to acting in films and is all set

to crank the camera if his bad spell is not over within the next two or three months.

Just because she is acting in films produced by big banners opposite top heroes like Dharmendra, Rajesh Khanna and Shashi Kapoor, the "Ankur" gal Shabana Azmi now finds it below her dignity to act in small-budget films in black and white opposite brand new faces. Believe she has refused quite a number of such offers from small banners very recently. Has she forgotten so very soon her humble beginning as a raw new face? If not, Shabana should learn to screw her in her head shapely shoulders before it is too late.

If grapewine reports are to be believed, there is a hectic competition to make it to the altar between two top heroines of yesteryears. They are Asha Parekh and Nanda. If my hunch is correct, it will be Asha first because she has already finalised the man of her choice — a rich Guju industrialist, while Nanda has not started even the preliminary lines of action.

If Sanjeev Kumar doesn't think of embarking on a crash-dieting course, I predict the future to be quite gloomy as far as he and his inflated paunch are concerned. It just irks the complacent among his fans and might fetch him character roles only, which I should admit, he fits in like a glove, to a T.

Now that Rekha has ditched Vinod Mehra (or was it vice versa?) his demand as an eligible bachelor with no strings attached has shot up. judging by the manner in which he is being mobbed by the female stars in the industry. But of course it goes without saying that the chief contenders for the post are Yogita Bali and Moushumi Chatterji. Now can you guess who aspires to come at least as a runner-up? None other than Vinod's producer-cum-co-star Zahida, who is making "Neelma" with him. 6 14 The state of

"Frankly I tried my best to get roles in the past but at the outset producers didn't take me seriously....To them I was always Mrs. Asrani first then Manju! I suddenly decided to start meeting producers (and my husband used to tell them about me) on my own. Even then I was offered roles like playing Rakesh Roshan's babhi or some other hero's sister. Often I was offered assignments to play someone's wife, mostly opposite my husband! I didn't get trained at the Institute to come out and do such insipid roles so I decided on a colourful career as a vamp!"

In case you still don't know who are you listening to, it's new vamp Manju whose sole qualification till yesterday was her being Mrs. Asrani till she quit sitting at home and came into her own, first in a small role in 'Namak

Haram'.

"I don't mind being a vamp but I'll be one with a difference. Till today we've had vamps who've been plain dumb. But I'll be a sexy,

intelligent vamp!'

Not that she started her career as a vamp. In 'Namak Haram' she had a very 'tanda' role. "Oh I did that small role hoping I'd get something better from Hrishikesh Mukherjee in his next film. But I didn't!"

Today Hrishida not giving her an assign-!ment hardly matters....especially when she's got enough roles to be happy. "I won't say I've got assignments that'll show me at my best, but they're not bad. I'm not sure but maybe a role I'm doing in Sunil Dutt's next film will be a real break for me." Vamps in our films automatically means sexy dances. I thought you didn't dig that?

Yes you're right that some time back I did turn down an offer to do just a dance in a Shatrughan Sinha starrer. At that time I didn't quite know in which direction I was to go...." I recall Manju's words when she'd turned down that role. She'd told me then, "I'd rather not work if all I'm offered is show the lard on my

tummy!'

But the new Manju is going sexy with a vengeance. Dance or no dance doesn't matter now since she has decided on a vamp's career. The afternoon I met Manju her first observation was, "God! I don't know how our heroines do it! I did a kidnapping scene yesterday for 'Choron Ka Sipahi' with a feepful of men and

I felt sick the rest of the day!"

Forgetting her screen image, Manju as a person is terribly sexy too! Mouthing I'm-anindependent-women lines is her forte! "I've never resented my marriage though producers and others kept making me feel that I'd have got the roles I wanted had I not been Mrs. Asrani. The way everybody said it, I couldn't help wondering how my husband would feel if he were to be constantly called Mr. Manju! To me his success is my success. And my success is his. There's no question of giving in to any male ego! And thankfully my husband feels like I do!

Actually my husband and I get along so well on these points that we've never really had to fight. It's the others who talk while my

husband understands me thoroughly. Like the other day, Asrani himself told me that someone had told him I was getting out of hand and

manju

to chain me if need be! Asrani laughed and told me that far from doing that, he will give me even more freedom if I want!"

All this independent talk of yours makes tongues wag. Do you know for instance that Ranjeet told me just two weeks back that he wanted a homely wife? ... not someone like

Protima or Manju!

"Don't I know it? Till today I haven't really slept with any other man. But if the time came I might. And I won't be a hypocrite about it! People like Ranjeet do things and not admit it. I know he has a woman staying with him to whom he's not married! And he's going around with ten other women while this woman lives with him! You think that's very nice?

He's not open about it!
"To me independence doesn't necessary mean jumping into bed with different men. I'm not frustrated sexually ... Asrani keeps me quite happy! If I ever have a serious involvement with someone I can tell you now it'll have to be someone who is better than Asrani! I feel that when men like Ranjeet talk about us women, it's always because of frustration that we don't give them a chance... because they stand nowhere in our estimation and someone else has beaten them to it! I think all these double standards are plain nonsense!

"I don't understand why people compare me with Protima Bedi. It's unfair to compare and confuse two individuals. She has her own life style and I have my own. I'm not going to shack up with someone just for the sake of shacking up with him! If I ever do anything like that it'll have to be for love. Not for the sake of a role! I place love on a level much above all other reasons. Basically we're artistes. We emote. The Bedis are models. technical!" They're

A strong Virgo, Manju must have "romance all the time!" How does her husband "Oh I've often asked him how he take it? married me in spite of my being such a flirt! And he has always agreed that I am a big flirt, but a flirt with a difference Because I'm choosy!"

"I wouldn't have minded living with a man without being married to him, but when the question of kids crops up then marriage becomes necessary. After all I don't want to bring up a complex child!" Not that Manju has any kids at the moment. "I'd rather wait till I'm ready to have one. People are so stupid. When I felt bored sitting at home they advised me to have a kid. As if that's any real solution!" N. BHARATHI.





THE DAY OF THE JACKAL
THE DAY OF THE JACKAL
THE ODESSA FILE



ARIES (March 21 - April 20) An incident this week may make you famous. In service, you will rise to a position of power and eminence for your sincere labour.

Steady flow of money is assured. Professionals, good luck will better your prospects. Girls and bachelors! you may get money from unexpected sources. Ladies! physical and mental strain indicated



TAURUS (April 21 -- May 20) Contradictory trends indicated to social and family life. In service, some break of luck here and there may be experienced. Professionals!

your expected income may not be realised now Executives! certain trouble in your work may keep you perturbed Ladles! make it a point to be careful about money matters. Girls!



think twice before you make any commitment this week,

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) Happy and
lucky week in certain cases, honour and recognition may come. Social and club life will give you pleasure in professional

association or in your club you may meet someone very helpful for your own interest. Mental tension in service indi-Tax authorities may cause you trouble. Girls and ladies social commitments will keep you busy.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21) You may not



be able to keep your schedule of programmes due to certain personal prooblem. In service, some favourable circumstances

may keep you in high spirit Professionals! some foreign friend may come to your help Ladies! you may expect unexpected money or some presentation on Monday. Girls! certain embarrassing development indicated



LEO (July 22 - August 21) Certain expected change in your personal life will make you optimistic. Much work in office indicated in the second half of the week. As a rule

you must avoid travelling- by air this week Executives! certain news may make you emotional Ladies! Saturday may bring a windfall. Girls and bachelors! an auspicious week for social meets



VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) Right time to take important decision. You will meet important personalities this week.

Professionals! popularity and new contacts indicated. In service, promotion or betterment of service condition is assured. Ladies! worries for children may make you worried. Bachelors and girls! travel proposition should be dropped.



LIBRA (September 23 -- October 22) One of the luckiest week of the year for money matters Social distinctions and gains Indicated. Certain good news regarding your enterprise will make you happy if you are in business, cer-

tain governmental orders may be intriguing for the time being. But outcome of the order will be in your favour. Ladies and girls! health may cause trouble



SCORPIO (October 23 November 22) Extra expenditure, mental worries and physical ailment indicated this week.
Health of your children also will cause
worries. Bachelors and girls! successful romantic affairs and

spate of parties will keep you in high spirit. Ladies! unnecessary worries and minor friction with dear and near ones may make you gloomy.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20) Foreign invitations may come to you this week. Move with caution in social circle. In service, you may be tempted to divulge a

secret, but this is not time to show your temper. Professionals ! extra-romentic relationship will make you happy. Businessmen ! you will make unexpected profit in your enterprise, suspicions may cloud your mind about your friend.



CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19) You will have varied experiences this week. Recognition from professional associates indicated. Visits to holy places may mature

on Friday. In service, certain colleague may make you irritated. Ladies! weekend is for social commitments. Girle! this is a week for patching up differences with your dear and near ones.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18) Financial problems will be solved with providential help. A friend of different sect or religion will come forward to solve your

problem. In service, you will get opportunities for bettering your prospects. Businessmen, new contacts assured. Ladies!

religious pursuits may occupy you. Bachelors and girls I reconcillation will make you happy.



PISCES (February 19 - March 20) Try to keep your frayed tempers under control. Some of your friends may turn to be a toe. in the first half of the week a middle-aged

personality will come forward to help in your difficulty. Businessmen! unexpected loss indicated. Ladies! move carefully when travelling Students! short trip indicated. Girls! marriage may be settled.

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EDITOR AVEEK SARKAR

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Dogs Of War 4 **Beauty Beat 18** In Our Fashion 20 Khaas Baat 22 Profile 23

nextsundau

BEAUTY BUSINESS

Cleopatra, as everyone knows, practised her back stroke in ass milk. No one knows what effect that had on Egypt's Operation Flood, but possibly the Egyptians did not mind doing with one leather-skin bottle less, particularly as a good supplement then was goat's milk an excellent substitute also for bathing, and endowed with the additional properties of soothing eczema, skin sensitivity and asthma.

Thank goodness beauty, or the promise of it, today comes neatly patented, tested, sealed and bottled. Though the price tag is high, relief at the free availability of hope-in-abottle at every chemist's at not having to run a stable of asses or goats, cushions the beautyhungry buyer from feeling, the sting of her pasteurised, deep-cleansing milk and noticing, only its skin-softening, and not its skinning, properties.

AZED CROSSWORD

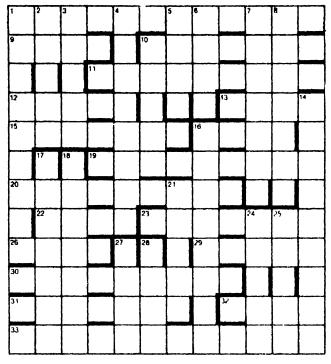
No. 96: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Jack climbs it, but it's no beanstalk (12)
- 9 Kid, perhaps; an unknown antelope (4)
- 10 Volcanic crater around consumes tree (7)
- 11 Senior church office answers question Who disrupts order in Ulster?' (9)
- 12 What a long day! Have a double with pal, relaxing (5)
- 13 Take after the giddy goat . . . (4)
- 15... Who's indiscriminately about to sample boards (7)
- 16 it's an edible leaf—flower's over (4)
- 19 Sparkling drink sounds flat, open (9)
- 20 Like some top poets, e.g. Hardy? (9)
- 22 Palm can give you nasty pain (4)
- 23 Sugary stuff: necessitates visit to dentist, we hear (7)
- 26 Dough nut, stale (4)
- 29 in the company of old round dwarf (5)
- 30 Comic, I rail wildly in theatre that's not complete (9)
- 31 Shoots many being backward wayward son (7)
- 32 Pillow-case, not enough for a soft cap (4)
- 33 Sort of stick any plane grew? Wrong (12)

DOWN

- 1 Scotsman on T V. has gravity—can be heavily cutting (9)
- 2 A ch-cheer, bejabers (5)
- 3 It doesn't get on in a violent wind (5)
- 4 Bolt: three articles, worsted fabric (8)
- 5 Wash and empty basin? (4)
- 6 Burning well but going down (4)
- 7 Greeted sorrowfully-dispose of tears? (7)
- 8 Snuff, say, end of candle, right, with ditch (7)
- 10 Horse painter often charmed by orientals (5)
- 14 Having drunk three more, I check flow of liquid (9)
- 16 A worm's climbing round a sort of plant (8)

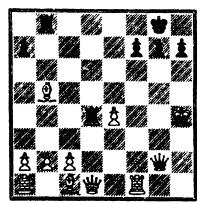


- 17 One must love Emma, a woman with sex, English (7)
- 18 Protective arm for old writer, tipsy (7)
- 21 Leguminous plants spotted by kids (5)
- 24 Duck: have some bread and butter with it? (5)
- 25 Great bird or super snipe, perhaps, we 'ear (5)
- 27 Smooth safety-curtain (4)
- 28 Take lid off the affair? It smells horrid (4)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 7



Black to play -- how should the game go?

wation of Position No. 5 This was a possibility in the game Planinc-Neidorf, Wijk-san-Zee, 1973:—r1b2k1r; 1p1kt1pp8; p3pq2; 5Ktp1; 8; 2Q5; PP3PP:2KRR3. White wine by 1. Q-Kt4 ch, K-K1; 2. RxP

ch, PxR, if 2 . QxR.3 KtxPch 3. B-Kt6 ch, K-Q1, 4. Q-Kt6 mate

Czech Hort

When, not more than half a dozen years ago, the Czechoslovak grandmaster Vlastimii Hort appeared on the international scene he was at once hailed as a worthy successor to the series of great players that had made that country so famous in the international arena After all Steinitz was born in Prague and other great Czech names included Duras, Flohr, Foltys, and more recently Pachman and Fillip He was and is a player who could hold his own with the best in the world with a fine fresh style that has produced a number of striking games

But, and I suppose it is largely a matter of nerves, whenever he looked to be on the brink of having a real chance of playing for the world championship, he has quite simply failed The interzonal at Petropolis this year was a case in point The tournament was not so strong as its Leningrad counterpart and for some time Hort looked like landing up in the first three places, thereby qualifying for the penultimate stage in the cycle of World Championship events—the Candidates Once again though he falled to stay the course and he suffered some striking defeats of which the follow-ing is a good example White: Hort. Black: lykov

QP Nimzowitsch Defence.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3, 2. P-QB4, P-K3;

3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4. Q-B2, P-B4;

5. PxP, O-Q; 6. B-B4, Kt-R3; 7. P-QR3. B x Kt ch; 8. Q x B, Kt x P, 9. R—Q1, P—Q4; 16. P—B3.

Obvious but also more than a little cumbrous; I prefer 10. Kt-B3, followed by Q-B2 and P-K3. . . . B-Q2, 11. P-K3, R-B1, 12. P - QKt3, Waste of time probably best is 12 Kt -- R3 here 12. Q-Kt3, 13. P-QKt4, Kt-R5, 14. Q-B2, P-QR4, 15. K-B2, and prefer able here was 15 P-B5, when 15 21. Kt-R3, P-B3, 22. RxR, RxR, 23. B-B4 Overlooking the main threat

25. B x KP, P x B, 26. Q - KR4, P - K5, 27. P x P, R - B1 ch. White resigns. He is n a mating net, e.g. 28 K-Kt3, Q-Q3 ch, 29 Kt-B4, Kt x Kt etc.

Two Bishops rampant

Played in the Stockholm Open, 1972-73 White Lundin, Black, Sepp

Write Lundin, Black, Sepp QP Queen's Indian Defence 1 P-Q4, KI-KB3, 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. KI-KB3, P-QK13, 4. P-KK13, B-K12, 5. B-K12, B-K2, 6. KI-B3, O-O, 7. Q-B2, P-Q4, 8. KI-K5, QK1-Q2; 9. O-O, Q-B1, 10, PXP, PXP, 11, B-R3, Q-Q1; 12. R-Q1, P-B3, 13. B-B4, R-K1; 14. P-K4, Kt-B1, 15. PxP, KtxP. 16. Kt x Kt, P x Kt, 17. Kt x P, resigns.

A Knight for all seasons

Played in the Stockholm Open, 1972-73. White: Timman Black Bachman.

White: Timman Black: Bechman.
Double Indian Opening:

1. Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 2. P-KKt3, P-KKt3,

3. P-Kt3, B-Kt2, 4. B-QKt2, O-O;

5. B-Kt2, P-Q3, 6. P-Q4, P-K4; 7. PxP,

Kt-Kt5, 6. P-KR3, Ktx-KP, 9. Ktx-Kt,

Px-Kt; 19. Qx-Q, Rx-Q; 11. Kt-Q2, Kt-B3,

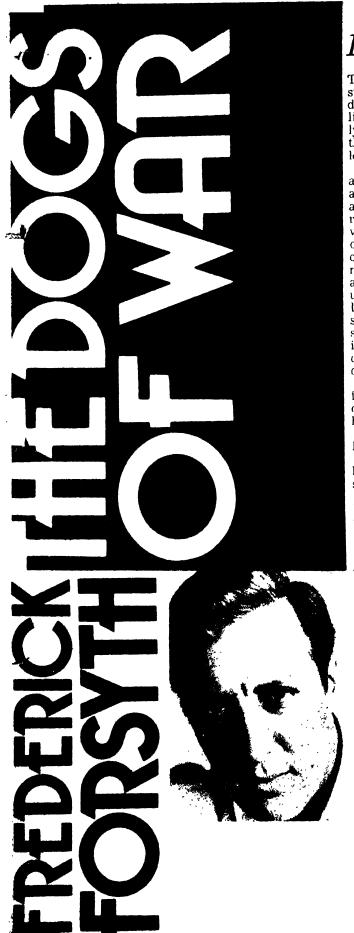
12. O-O-O, B-K3, 13. P-KKt4, P-B3;

14. Kt-K4, Rx-Rch; 15. Rx-R, R-K1,

16. Kt-B5, B-QB1; 17. Kt-R6, Kt-Q5;

18. Ktx-P, R-B1; 19. P-K3, resigns.





Prologue

There were no stars that night on the bush airstrip, nor any moon; just the West African darkness wrapping round the scattered groups like warm, wet velvet. The cloud cover was lying hardly off the tops of the iroko trees and the waiting men prayed it would stay a while longer to shield them from the bombers.

The pilot of the DC-4 brought his plane to a halt twenty yards from the Super Constellation already parked on the apron, killed the engines and climbed down to the concrete. An African ran over to him and there was a muttered conversation. The two men walked through the darkness towards one of the larger groups of men, a blob of darkness against the darkness of the palm forest. The group parted as the two from the tarmac approached, until the white man who had flown in the DC-4 was face to face with the one who stood in the centre. The white man had never seen him before, but he knew of him, and even in the darkness, dimly illumined by a few cigarettes, he could recognise the man he had come to see.

The pilot wore no cap, so instead of saluting he inclined his head slightly. He had never done that before, not to a black, and could not have explained why he did it.

'My name is Captain Van Cleef,' he said in

English, accented in the Afrikaner manner.

The African nodded his acknowledgement, his bushy black beard brushing the front of his striped camouflage uniform as he did so.

'It's a hazardous night for flying, Captain Van Cleef,' he remarked drily, 'and a little late

for more supplies.

His voice was deep and slow, the accent more like that of an English public school man, which he was, than an African. Van Cleef felt

After education at Tonbridge, Enderick Forsyth, who had qualified for a pilot's licence a few days after his seventeenth nirthday, signed on in the RAF and gained his wings at mneteen, becoming the youngest plot in the Air Force. Then he went into journalism and it was in the Reater burgau in Paris that he amassed the detailed information about the OAS which was to become the basis of The Day of the Jackal

He later transferred to Berlin and that enabled him to compile the dossier about Nizzs statue high ranking positions in Germany which was the controversial feature of The Odessa File

Next, he covered the Biafra war both for the BBC and as a free lance. This not only gave lain the material for his only non-fiction work. The Biafra Story, which was a Penguin special, but also brought him into direct contact with the world of the mercenary soldiers, hence THE DOGS OF WAR



uncomfortable and again, as a hundred times during his run through the cloud banks from the coast, asked himself why he had come.

'I didn't bring any supplies, sir

weren't any more to bring

He had sworn he Another precedent set would not call the man 'sir'. Not a Kaffir. It had just slipped out. But they were right, the other mercenary pilots in the hotel bar in Libreville, the ones who had met him. This one was

Then why have you come?' asked the ral softly 'The children perhaps? There general softly are a number here the nuns would like to fly out to safety, but no more Caritas planes will

come in tonight'

Van Cleef shook his head, then realised no one could see the gesture. He was embarrassed, and thankful that the darkness hid it. Around him the bodyguards clutched their submachine carbines and stared at him

'No. I came to collect you. If you want to

come, that is '

There was a long silence. He could feel the African staring at him through the gloom, occasionally caught a flash of eye-white as one of the attendants raised his cigarette.

'I see Did your government instruct you

to come in here tonight "

'No,' said Van Cleef 'It was my idea.'

There was another long pause. The bearded head was nodding slowly in what could have been comprehension or bewilderment a few feet away from him.

'I am very grateful,' said the voice. 'It must have been quite a trip. Actually I have my own transport. The Constellation. hope will be able to take me away to exile.

Van Cleef felt relieved. He had no idea what the political repercussions would have been if he had flown back to Libreville with

the general in his entourage

"I'll wait till you're off the ground and gone," he said, and nodded again. He felt like holding out his hand to shake, but did not know whether he ought. If he had but known it, the African general was in the same quandary. So he turned and walked back to his aircraft.

There was silence for a while in the group

of black men after he had left.

'Why does a South African, and an Afrikaner, do a thing like that?' one of the cabinet asked the general. There was a flash of teeth as the leader of the group smiled briefly.

'I don't think we shall ever understand

that,' he said.

Further up the apron, also in the lee of a clump of palm, five men sat in a Landrover and watched the dim figures moving from the bush to the plane. The leader sat beside the African driver, and all five were smoking

'It must be the South African plane,' said the leader, and turned to one of the four other whites crouched in the Landrover behind him. 'Janni, go and ask the skipper if he'll make room

for us.'

Left alone the leader of the group of mercenaries glanced towards the Super Constellation, up whose rear steps a file of refugees, mainly the relations of the leaders of the defeated people, was climbing. In the dim light emanating from the airplane's door he caught sight of the man he wanted to see. As he approached, the man was about to mount the steps in turn, while others, destined to stay and go into the bush to hide, waited to pull away the steps. One of them called to the man about to go up.

'Sah. Major Shannon come.'

The general turned as Shannon approached and even at this hour he managed a grin.

'So, Shannon, do you want to come along?' Shannon arrived in front of him and brought up a salute. The general acknowledged.

'No thank you, sir. We have transport to Libreville I just wanted to say good-bye.

'Yes. It was a long fight Now it's over, I'm afraid. For some years at any rate. I find it hard to believe my people will continue to live in servitude for ever. By the way, have you and your colleagues been paid up to the contract?'

'Yes, thank you, sir. We're all up to date,' replied the mercenary The African nodded

sombrely.

'Well, good-bye then. And thank you for χ

all you were able to do.'

He held out his hand and the two men shook.



'There's one more thing, sir,' said Shannon 'Me and the boys, we were talking things over, sitting in the jeep. If there's ever any time.... well, if you should ever need us, you only have to let us know. We'll all come. You only have to call. The boys want you to know that.'

The general stared at him for several

seconds

'This night is full of surprises,' he said slowly. 'You may not know it yet, but half my senior advisers and all of the wealthy ones are crossing the lines tonight to ingratiate themselves with the enemy. Most of the others will follow suit within a month. Thank you for your offer, Mr. Shannon. I will remember it. Good-bye again, and good luck

He turned and walked up the steps into the dimly lit interior of the Super Constellation just as the first of the four engines coughed into life. Shannon stepped back and gave the man who had employed his services for a year

and a half a last salute.

'Good luck to you,' he said, half to himself.

'You'll need it.'

He turned and walked back to the waiting

Carlo Alfred Thomas Shannon, thirty-three, blond hair cropped to a ragged crew-cut. Nicknamed Cat Shannon from his initials, he came originally from County Tyrone in the province of Ulster. Sent by his father to be educated at a minor English public school, he no longer carried the distinctive accent of Northern Ireland in his speech. After five years in the Royal Marines, he had left to try his hand at civilian life, and six years ago had found himself working for a London-based trading company in Uganda. One sunny morning he quietly closed his accounts ledgers, climbed into his Landrover and drove westwards to the Congolese border. A week later he signed on as a mercenary in Mike Heare's Fifth Commando at Stanleyville.

To his immediate left sat what was arguably the best mortarman north of the Zambezi. Big Jan Dupree was aged twenty-eight and came from Paarl in Cape Province, a son of the impoverished stock of Huguenot extraction, whose ancestors had fled to the Cape of Good Hope from the wrath of Mazarin after the destruction

of religious liberty in France.

By his side sprawled Marc Vlaminck, Tiny Marc, so called because of his vast bulk. Fleming from Ostend, he stood six feet and three inches in his socks, when he wore any, and weighed eighteen stone Some people thought it might be fat. It was not. regarded with trepidation by the police of Ostend, for the most part peaceable men who prefer to avoid problems rather than seek them out, and was viewed with kindly appreciation by the glaziers and carpenters of that city for the work he provided them. They said you could tell a bar where Tmy Marc had become playful by the number of artisans it needed to put it back together again

He had been one of the 500 men who dropped onto Stanleyville with Colonel Laurent to rescue the missionaries whom the local Simba chief, Christophe Ghenve, threatened to roast

alive in the main square.

Apart from his fists and shoulders, 'Tiny Marc was extremely useful with a bazooka, his favourite weapon, which he handled with the easy nonchalance of a boy with a pea-shooter.

Across the fuselage from the Belgian sat Jean-Baptiste Langarotti, engaged in his habitual occupation to while away the hours of waiting. Short, compact, lean and olive-skinned, he was a Corsican, born and raised in the town of Calvi.

Round his left wrist he carried a broad leather strap, resembling for all the world the kind of strop used by old-fashioned barbers for honing their razors. It was held in place by two press-studs. In moments of idleness he would take it off, turn it over to the side unmarked by the studs, and wrap it round his left fist. In his right hand was the knife, the sixinch-bladed bone-handled weapon that he could use so fast it was back in its sleeve-sheath before the victim had realised he was dead. In steady rhythm the blade moved backwards and forwards across the tense leather of the strop, already razor sharp, becoming with each stroke a mite sharper. The movement soothed his

nerves. It also annoyed everybody else, but they never complained. Nor did those who knew him ever quarrel with the soft voice or the sad half-smile of the little man

Sandwiched between Langarotti and Shannon was the oldest man in the party, the German. Kurt Semmler was forty, and it was he who, in the early days back in the enclave, had devised the skull-and-crossbones motif that the mercenaries and their African trainees wore.

It was two hours before dawn when the DC-4 began to approach the airport. Above the muling of the children another sound could be made out, the sound of a man whistling. It was Shannon. His colleagues knew he always whistled when he was going into action or coming out of it. They also knew the name of the tune because he had told them once. It was called 'Spanish Harlem'

PART ONE

The Crystal

Mountain

JACK MULROONEY shifted his bulk on the canvas and frame cot beneath the mosquito netting and watched the slow lightening of the darkness above the trees to the east. A faint paling, enough to make out the trees tow ring over the clearing. He drew on his eigarette and cursed the primeval jungle which surrounded him, and like all old Africa hands asked him-self once again why he ever returned to the postiferous continent

If he had really tried to analyse it, he would have admitted he could not live anywhere else, certainly not in London or even Britain. He couldn't take the cities, the rules and regulations, the taxes, the cold. Lake all old hands, he alternately loved and hated Africa, but conceded it had got into his blood over the past quarter century, along with the malaria, the whisky and the million insect stings and bites

Mulrooney called himself a mining engineer, although he had no degree in mining or engineering. He had done a course in both and added what no university could ever teach - twenty-five years of hard experience. He had burrowed for gold on the Rand and copper outside Ndola; drilled for precious water in Somaliland, grubbed for diamonds in Sierra Leone. He could tell an unsafe mine shaft by instinct and the presence of an ore deposit by the smell. At least, that was his claim and after he had taken his habitual twenty bottles of beer in the shanty town of an evening no one was going to argue the toss. In reality he was one of the last of the old prospectors. He knew that ManCon, as the company was known for short, gave him the little jobs, the ones in the deep bush, the wild hinterlands that were miles from civilisation and still had to be checked out. But he liked it that way. He preferred to work alone; it was his way of life.

The latest job had certainly fulfilled these 7

conditions. For three months he had been prospecting in the foothills of the range called the Crystal Mountains in the hinterland of the republic of Zangaro, a tiny enclave on the coast of West Africa

He had been told where to concentrate his survey, around the Crystal Mountain itself. The chain of large hills, curved hummocks rising to two or three thousand feet, ran in a line from one side of the republic to the other, parallel to the coast and forty miles from it. The range divided the coastal plain from the hinterland. There was only one gap in the chain and through it ran the only road into the interior, and that was a narrow dirt road, baked like concrete in summer, a quagmire in winter. Beyond the mountains the natives were the Vindu, a tribe of almost Iron Age development, except that their implements were of wood. He had been in some wild places but vowed he had never seen anything as backward as the hinterland of Zangaro.

Set on the further side of the range of hills was the single mountain that gave its name to the rest. It was not even the biggest of them Forty years earlier a lone missionary, penetrating the hills into the interior, branched to the south after following the gap in the range, and after twenty miles glimpsed a hill set aside from It had rained the previous night, a torrential downpour, one of the many that gave the area its annual rainfall of 300 inches during As the priest looked he five soaking months saw that the mountain seemed to be glittering in the morning sun, and he called it the Crystal Mountain. He noted this in his diary. Two days later he was clubbed and eaten. The diary was found by a patrol of colonial soldiers a year later, used as a juju by a local village. The soldiers did their duty and wiped out the village, then returned to the coast and handed the diary to the mission society. Thus the name the priest had given to the mountain lived on, even if nothing else he did for an ungrateful world Later the same name was was remembered given to the entire range of hills

What the man had seen in the morning light was not crystal but a myriad of streams caused by the water of the night's rain cascading off the mountain. Rain was also cascaling off all the other mountains, but the sight of it was hidden by the dense jungle vegetation that covered them all like a chunky green blanket when seen from afar and proved to be a steaming hell when penetrated. The one that glittered with a thousand rivulets did so because the vegetation was substantially—thinner on the flanks of this hill. It never occurred to him, or to any of the other dozen white men who had ever seen it, to wonder why.

After three months living in the steaming hell of the jungles that surrounded Crystal Mountain, Mulrooney knew why.

Sir James Manson, Knight Commander of the British Empire, chairman and managing director of Manson Consolidated Mining Company Limited, leaned back in his leather armchair in the penthouse office suite on the tenth floor of his company's London headquarters, glanced once more at the report in front of him and breathed, 'Jesus Christ.' No one answered.

He rose from behind the broad desk, crossed the room to the picture windows on the south face, and gazed down at the sprawl of the City of London, the inner square mile of the ancient capital and heart of a financial empire that was still worldwide, despite what its detractors said. To some of the scuttling beetles in sombre grey, topped by black bowler hats, it was perhaps a place of employment only, boring, wearisome, exacting its toll of a man, his youth, his manhood, the middle age, until final retirement. For others, young and hopeful, it was a place of opportunity, where merit and hard work were rewarded with the prizes of advancement and security. To romantics it was no doubt the home of the houses of the great merchant-adventurers, to a pragmatist the biggest market in the world, and to a left-wing trade unionist a place where the idle and worthless rich, born to wealth and privilege, lolled at east in luxury. James Manson was a cynic and a realist. He knew what the City was; it was a jungle pure and simple, and in it he was one of the panthers.

A born predator, he had nevertheless realised early that there were certain rules that needed to be publicly revered and privately ripped to shreds; that, as in politics, there was only one commandment, the eleventh, 'Thou shalt not be found out.' It was by obeying the first requirement that he had acquired his knighthood in the New Year's Honours List a month before. This had been proposed by the Conservative Party (ostensibly for services to industry, but in reality for secret contributions to party funds for the general election), and accepted by the Wilson government because of his support for their policy on Nigeria. And it was by fulfilling the second requirement that he had made his fortune and why, holding twenty-five per cent of the stock of his own mining corporation, and occupying the penthouse floor, he was a millionaire several times over.

He was sixty-one, short, aggressive, built like a tank, with a thrusting vigour and a piratical ruthlessness that women found attractive and competitors feared. He had enough cunning to pretend to show respect for the establishments of both the City and the Realm, of commercial and political life, even though he was aware that both organs were riven through with men of almost complete moral unscrupulousness behind the public image. He had collected a few on his board of directors, including two former ministers in previous Conservative administrations. Neither was averse to a fat supplementary fee over and above director's salary, payable in the Cayman Islands or Grand Bahama, and one to his knowledge enjoyed the private diversion of waiting at table upon three or four leather-clad tarts, himself dressed in a maid's cap, a pinafore and a bright smile. Manson regarded both men as useful, possessing the advantage of conisderable influence and superb connections without the inconvenience of integrity. The rest of the public knew both men as distinguished public So James Manson was respectable within the set of rules of the City, a set of rules that had nothing whatever to do with the rest of humanity.

It had not always been so, which was why enquirers into his background found themselves up against one blank wall after another. Very little was known of his first start in life, and he knew enough to keep it that way. He would let it be known that he was the son of a Rhodesian train driver, brought up not far from the sprawling copper mines of Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia. He would even let it be known that he had started work at the minehead as a boy, and later had made his first fortune in copper. But never how he had made

In fact he had quit the mines quite early, before he was twenty, and had realised that the men who risked their lives below ground amid roaring machinery would never make money, not big money. That lav above ground, and not even in mine management. As a teenager he had studied finance, the using and manipulating of money, and his nightly studies had taught him that more was made in shares in copper in a week than a miner made in his whole life.

He had started as a share-pusher on the Rand, had peddled a few illicit diamonds in his time, started a few rumours that set the punters reaching into their pockets, and sold a few worked-out claims to the gullible. That was where the first fortune came from. Just after the Second World War, at thirty-five, he was in London with the right connections for a copper-hungry Britain trying to get its industries back to work, and in 1948 had founded his own mining company. It had gone public in the mid-fifties and in fifteen years had developed worldwide interests. He was one of the first to see Harold Macmillan's wind of change blowing through Africa as independence for the black republics approached, and he took the trouble to meet and know most of the new power-hungry African politicians while most City businessmen were still deploring independence in the former

When he met the new men, it was a good match. They could see through his success story and he could see through their professed con-cern for their fellow blacks. They knew what he wanted and he knew what they wanted. So he fed their Swiss bank accounts and they gave Manson Consolidated mining concessions at prices below par for the course. ManCon prospered.

James Manson had also made several fortunes on the side. His latest was in the shares of the nickel-mining company in Australia called Poseidon. When Poseidon shares in late summer 1969 had been standing at four shillings, he had got a whisper that a survey team in central Australia might have found something on a stretch of land whose mining rights were owned level and close to 1000 yards across the base.

· > ...6

by Poseidon. He had taken a gamble and paid out a very hefty sum to have a sneak preview of the first reports coming out of the interior. These reports said nickel, and lots of it. In fact nickel was not in shortage on the world market, but that never deterred the punters, and it was they who sent share prices spiralling, not investors.

He contacted his Swiss bank, an establishment so discreet that its only way of announcing its presence to the world was a small gold plate no larger than a visiting card, set into the wall beside a solid oak door in a small street in Zurich. Switzerland has no stockbrokers; the banks do all the investments. Manson instructed Dr. Martin Steinhofer, the head of the Investments section of the Zwingli Bank, to buy on his behalf 5000 Poseidon shares. The Swiss banker contacted the prestigious London firm of Joseph Sebag & Co., in the name of Zwingli, and placed the order. Poseidon stood at five shillings a share when the deal was concluded.

The storm broke in late September when the size of the Australian nickel deposit became known. The shares began to rise, and, assisted by helpful rumours, the rising spiral became a rush. Sir James Manson had intended to start to sell when they reached £50 a share, but so vast was the rise that he held on. Finally he estimated the peak would be £115, and ordered Dr. Steinhofer to start selling at £100 a share: This the discreet Swiss banker did, and had cleared the lot at an average of £103 for each share. In fact the peak was reached at £120 a share, before common sense began to prevail and the shares slid back to £10. Manson did not mind the extra £20, for he knew the time to sell was just before the peak when buyers are still plentiful. With all fees paid, he netted a cool £500,000, which was still stashed in the Zwingli Bank.

It happens to be illegal for a British citizen and resident to have a foreign bank account without informing the Treasury, and also to make half a million sterling profit in sixty days without paying capital gains tax on it. But Dr. Steinhofer was a Swiss resident, and Dr. Steinhofer would keep his mouth shut. That was what Swiss banks were for.

On that mid-February afternoon Sir James Manson strolled back to his desk, sat back in the lush leather chair behind the desk and glanced again at the report that lay on the blotter. It had arrived in a large envelope, sealed with wax and marked for his eyes only. It was signed at the bottom by Dr. Gordon Chalmers, the head of ManCon's Department of Study, Research, Geo-Mapping and Sample Analysis, situated outside London. It was the analyst's report on tests conducted on the samples a man called Mulrooney had apparently brought back from a place called Zangaro three weeks earlier.

Dr. Chalmers did not waste words. 'The summary of the report was biref and to the point. Mulrooney had found a mountain, or a hill, with a peak some 1800 high above ground

Mulrooney had found numerous and ubiquitous stringers of quartz and had predicated the presence of tin. He had returned with samples of the quartz, the country rock surrounding it, and shingle from the beds of the streams surrounding the hill. The quartz streams surrounding the hill. The quartz stringers did indeed contain small quantities of tin. But it was the country rock that was interesting. Repeated and varied tests showed that this country rock, and the gravel samples, contained minor quantities of low-grade nickel. They also contained remarkable quantities of platinum. It was present in all the samples and was fairly evenly distributed. The richest rock in platinum known in this world was in the Rustenberg mines in South Africa, where concentrations or 'grades' ran as high as Point Two Five of a Troy ounce per rock ton. The average concentration in the Mulrooney samples was Point Eight One. 'I have the honour to remain, Sir, Yours etc.....

Sir James Manson knew as well as anyone in mining that platinum was the third most precious metal in the world, and stood at a market price of 130 dollars a Troy ounce as he sat in his chair. He was also aware that with the growing world hunger for the stuff it had to rise to at least 150 dollars an ounce over the next three years, probably to 200 dollars within five years. It would be unlikely to rise to the 1968 peak price of 300 dollars again, because that was ridiculous.

He did some calculations on a scratch pad. Two hundred and fifty million cubic yards of rock at two tons per cubic yard was five hundred million tons. At even half an ounce per rock ton that was two hundred and fifty inillion ounces. If the revelation of a new world source dragged the price down to ninety dollars an ounce, and even if the inaccessibility of the place meant a cost of fifty dollars an ounce to get it out and refined, that still meant.

Sir James Manson leaned back in his chair again and whistled softly.

'Jesus Christ. A ten-billion-dollar mountain.'



PLATINUM is a metal and like all metals it has its price. The price is basically controlled by two factors. These are the indispensability of the metal in certain processes that the industries of the world would like to complete, and the rarity of the metal. Platinum is very rare. Total world production each year, apart from stock-piled production which is kept secret by the producers, is a shade over one and a half million Troy ounces.

The overwhelming majority of it, probably over ninety-five per cent, comes from three sources: South Africa, Canada and Russia. Russia as usual is the uncooperative member of the group. The producers would like to keep the world price fairly steady so as to be able to make long-term investment planning in new 10 mining equipment and development of new

mines in the confidence that the bottom will not suddenly drop out of the market should a large quantity of stockpiled platinum suddenly be released. The Russians, by stockpiling unknown quantities and being able to release large quantities any time they feel like it, keep tremors running through the market whenever they can.

Russia releases each year about 350,000 Troy ounces on the world out of the 1,500,000 that reach the same market. This gives her between twenty-three and twenty-four per cent of the market, enough to ensure her a considerable degree of influence. Her supplies are marketed through Soyuss Prom Export. Canada puts on the market some 200,000 ounces a year. the whole production coming from the nickel mines of International Nickel, and just about the whole of this supply is bought up each year by the Engelhardt Industries of the USA. But should the US need for platinum suddenly rise sharply, Canada might well not be able to furnish the extra quantity.

The third source is South Africa, turning out close to 950,000 ounces a year and dominating the market. Apart from the Impala mines, which were just opening when Sir James Manson sat considering the world position of platinum, and have since become very important, the giants of platinum are the Rustenberg mines, which account for well over half the world's production. These are controlled by Johannesburg Consolidated, who have a big enough slice of the stock to be sole managers of the mines. The world refiners and marketers of Rustenberg's supply was and is the London-

based firm of Johnson-Matthey. James Manson knew this as well as anyone else. Although he was not into platinum when Chalmer's report hit his desk, he knew the position as well as a brain surgeon knows how a heart works. He also knew why, even at that time, the boss of Engelhardt Industries of America, the colourful Charlie Engelhardt, better known to the populace as the owner of the fabulous racehorse Nijinsky, was buying into South African platinum. It was because America would need much more than Canada could supply by the mid-seventies. Manson was certain of it.

And the reason why American consumption of platinum was bound to rise, even treble, by the mid- to late-seventies lay in a piece of metal known as the motor car exhaust.

By the late 1960's the American smog problem had started to become a national issue. Words like 'air pollution', 'ecology', environment', unheard ten years earlier, had jumped to every politician's lips and become the trendy, fashionable thing to be concerned about. The pressure was steadily mounting for legislation to limit, control and then reduce pollution, and thanks to Mr. Ralph Nader the motor car became target number one. Manson was certain that the move would gain strength through the early seventies and that by 1975 or 1976 at the latest every American motor car would be fitted by law with a device for cleaning the exhaust fumes of their noxious gases. He also surmised that sooner or later. cities like Tokyo, Madrid and Rome would have to follow suit. But California was the big one.

When the United States passed legislation, as he felt it would have to do by 1975, requiring a control device that passed stringent tests to be fitted to all new cars from that year onwards, there would be a need for another one and a half million ounces of platinum every year. That was equivalent to doubling world production, and the Americans would not know where to get it.

James Manson thought he had an idea where. They could always buy it from him. And with the absolute indispensability of platinum in every fume control device established for a decade, and world demand far outstripping supply, the price would be nice.

very nice indeed.

There was only one problem. He had to be absolutely certain that he, and no one else, would control all mining rights to the Crystal

Mountain. The question was, how?

The normal way would be to visit the republic where the mountain was situated, seek an interview with the president, show him the survey report, and propose to him a deal whereby ManCon secured the mining rights, the government secured a profit-participation clause that would fill the coffers of their treasury, and the president would secure a fat and regular payment into his Swiss account.

That would be the normal way.

But apart from the fact that any other mining company in the world, if advised of what lay inside the Crystal Mountain, would counterbid for the same mining rights, sending the government's share up and Manson's down, there were three parties who more than any other would want to take control, either to begin production or stop it for ever. These were the South Africans, the Canadians and most of all the Russians. For the advent on the world market of a new massive supply source would cut the Soviet slice of the market back to the level of the unnecessary, removing from them their power, influence and moneymaking capacity in the platinum field.

'Miss Cooke, would you come in, please.' He had called her Miss Cooke throughout the seven years she had been his personal and private secretary, and even in the ten years before that, when she had been an ordinary company secretary, rising from the typing pool to the tenth floor, no one had ever suggested she might have a first name. In fact she had. It was Marjory. But she just did not seem the sort of person one called Marjory.

'Miss Cooke, it has come to my attention that we have had, during the past few mon'hs, a small survey — one man I believe — in the republic of Zangaro.'

Yes, Sir James. That's right.'

'Oh, you know about it.'

Of course she knew about it. Miss Cooke never forgot anything that had crossed her desk.
"Yes, Sir James."

Bridge William

'Good. Then please find out for me who secured that government's permission for us

to conduct the survey.'

'It will be on file, Sir James. I'll go and

She was back in ten minutes.

'It was Mr. Bryant, Sir James.' She consulted a card in her hand. 'Richard Bryant, of Overseas Contracts'

'He submitted a report, I suppose' asked Sir James.

'He must have done, under normal com-

pany procedure.'
'Send me in his report, would you, Miss

Cooke?

The report Richard Bryant had submitted was dated six months earlier and was written in the terse style favoured by the company. It recorded that according to instruction from the head of Overseas Contracts, he had flown to Clarence, the capital of Zangaro, and there, after a frustrating week in a hotel, had secured an interview with the Minister of Natural Resources. There were three separate interviews spaced over six days, and at length, an agreement had been reached that a single representative of ManCon might enter the republic to conduct a survey for minerals in the hinterland beyond the Crystal Mountains. The area to be surveyed was deliberately left vague by the company, so that the survey team could travel more or less where it wished. further haggling during which it was made plain to the Minister that he could forget any idea that the company was prepared to pay the sort of fee he seemed to expect, and that there were no indications of mineral presence to work on, a sum had been agreed between Bryant and the Minister. Inevitably, the sum on the contract was just over half the total that changed hands, the balance being paid into the Minister's private account

That was all. The only indication about the character of the place was in the reference to a corrupt minister. So what, thought Sir James Manson, nowadays Bryant might have been in Washington. Only the going rate was different.

He leaned forward to the intercom again. 'Tell Mr. Bryant of Overseas Contracts to come up and see me, would you, Miss Cooke? He lifted the switch and pressed another one.

'Martin, come in a minute, please.'

It took Martin Thorpe two minutes to come from his office on the ninth floor. He did not look the part of a financial whizz-kid and protege of one of the most ruthless go-getters in a traditionally ruthless and go-getting industry. looked more like the captain of the athletics team from a good public school, charming, boyish, clean-cut, with dark wavy hair and deep blue eyes. The secretaries called him dishy and the directors who had seen stock options they were certain of whisked out from under their noses or found their companies slipping into control of a series of nominee shareholders fronting for Martin Thorpe called him something not quite

Despite the looks, Thorpe had never been either a public school man, or an athlete and 11 certainly not captain of the team. He could not differentiate between a batting average and the ambient air temperature, but he could retain the hourly movement of share prices across the range of ManCon's subsidiary companies in his head throughout the day. At twenty-nine he had ambitions and the intent to carry them out. ManCon and Sir James Manson might provide the means, so far as he was concerned, and his loyalty depended on his exceptionally high salary, the contacts throughout the City that his job under Manson could bring him, and the knowledge that where he was constituted a good vantage point for spotting what he called 'the big one'.

By the time he entered Sir James had slipped the Zangaro report into a drawer and the Bryant report alone lay on his blotter

He gave his protege a friendly smile.

'Martin, I've got a job I need doing with some discretion. I need it done in a hurry and it might take half the night."

I was not Sir James' way to ask if Thorpe had got any engagements that evening. Thorpe knew that, it went with the high salary.

'That's OK, Sir James. I had nothing on

that a phone call can't kill'

'Good. Look, I've been going over some old reports and come across this one. Six months ago one of our men from Overseas Contracts was sent out to a place called Zangaro. I don't know why, but I'd like to The man secured that government's go-ahead for a small team from here to conduct a survey for any possible mineral deposits in uncharted land beyond the mountain range called the Crystal Mountains. Now, what I want to know is this was it ever mentioned in advance or at the time, or since that visit six months ago, to the Board?'

'To the Board?'

'That's right. Was it ever mentioned to the Board of directors that we were doing any such survey? That's what I want to know. It may not necessarily be on the agenda. You'll have to look at the minutes. And in case it got a passing mention under "any other business", check through the documents of all Board meetings over the past twelve months. Secondly, find out who authorised the visit by Bryant six months ago and why, and who sent the survey engineer down there and why. The man who did the survey is called Mulrooney. I also want to know something about him, which you can get from his file in Personnel. Got it?'

Thorpe was surprised. This was way out of his line of country.

'Yes, Sir James, but Miss Cooke could do that in half the time, or get somebody to do it

'Yes, she could But I want you to do it. If you look at a file from Personnel, or boardroom documents, it will be assumed it has something to do with finance. Therefore it will remain discreet.

The light began to dawn on Martin Thorpe. 'You mean. they found something down there, Sir James ?'

Manson stared out at the now inky sky and the blazing sea of lights below him as the brokers

and traders, clerks and merchants, bankers and assessors, insurers and jobbers, buyers and sellers, lawyers and, in some offices no doubt, law-breakers, worked on through the winter afternoon towards the witching hour of five-

thirty.

'Never mind,' he said gruffly to the young

man behind him. 'Just do it.'

Martin Thorpe was grinning as he slipped through the back entrance of the office and down the stairs to his own premises.

'Cunning bastard,' he said to himself on the

stairs.

Sir James Manson turned as the intercom broke the double-glazed, sound-proofed calm of the inner sanctum.

'Mr. Bryant is here, Sir James.'

Manson crossed the room, switching on the main lights as he passed near the wall switch. Reaching his desk he depressed the switch.

'Send him in, Miss Cooke

There were three reasons why middle-level executives had occasion to be summoned to the sanctum on the tenth floor. One was to hear instructions or deliver a report that Sir James wanted to issue or hear personally, One was to be chewed which was business into a sweat-soaked rag, which was hell. The third was when the chief executive decided he wanted to play favourite uncle to his cherished employees, which was reassuring.

On the threshold Michael Bryant, at thirtynine a middle-level executive who did his work competently and well, but needed his job, was plainly aware the first reason of the three could not be the one that brought him here. He suspected the second and was immensely

relieved to see it had to be the third. From the centre of the office Sir James

walked towards him with a smile of welcome 'Ah, come in, Bryant. Come in."

As Bryant entered Miss Cooke closed the door behind him and retired to her desk.

Sir James Manson gestured his employee to one of the easy chairs set well away from the desk in the conference area of the spacious office. Bryant, still wondering what it was all about, took the indicated chair and sank into its brushed suede cushions. Manson advanced towards the wall and opened two doors, revealing a well-stocked bar cabinet.

'Take a drink, Bryant? Sun's well down,

I think.

"Thank you, sir, er....Scotch, please." 'Good man. My own favourite poison. I'll

join you.

Bryant glanced at his watch. It was quarter to five, and the tropical maxim about taking a drink after the sun has gone down was hardly coined for London winter afternoons. But he recalled an office party at which Sir James had snorted his derision of sherry drinkers and the like, and spent the evening on Scotch. It pays to watch things like that, Bryant reflected, as his chief poured two fine old crystal glasses of his special Glenlivet. Of course he left the ice bucket strictly alone.

'Water? Dash of soda?' he called from

the bar. Bryant craned round and spotted the bottle.

'Is that a single malt, Sir James? No thank

you, straight as it comes."

Manson nodded several times in approval, and brought the glasses over. They 'Cheersed' each other and savoured the whisky. Bryant was still waiting for the conversation to start. Manson noted this and gave him the gruff uncie look.

'No need to worry about me having you up here like this,' he began. 'I was just going through a sheaf of old reports in my desk drawers and came across yours, or one of them. Must have read it at the time and forgotten to give it back to Miss Cooke for filing....

'My report?' queried Bryant.

'Eh? Yes, yes, the one you filed after your return from that place, what's it called again? Zangaro? Was that it?'

Oh, yes, sir Zangaro. That was six months

'Yes, quite so Six months, of course, Noticed as I re-read it that you'd had a bit of a rough time with that Minister fellow.'

Bryant began to relax. The room was warm, the chair extremely comfortable, and the whisky like an old friend. He smiled at the memory.

'But I got the contract for survey permis-

'Damn right you did,' congratulated Sir James. He smiled as if at fond memories. 'I used to do that in the old days, y'know. Went on some rough missions to bring home the bacon. Never went to West Africa, though. Not in those days. Went later of course. But after all this started

To indicate 'all this' he waved his hand at

the luxurious office.

'So nowadays I spend too much time up here buried in paperwork,' Sir James continued. 'I even envy you younger chaps going off to clinch deals in the old way So tell me about your Zangaro trip.'

Well, that really was doing things the old way. After a few hours in the place I half expected to find people running around with bones through their noses,' said Bryant.

'Really? Good Lord. Rough place is it, this

Zangaro?'

Sir James Manson's head had tilted back into the shadows, and Bryant was sufficiently comfortable not to catch the gleam of concentration in the eye that belied the encouraging tone of voice.

Too right, Sir James. It's a bloody shambles of a place, moving steadily backwards into the middle ages since independence five years

He recalled something else he had heard his chief say once in an aside remark to a group

of executives.

'It's a classic example of the concept that most of the African republics today have thrown up power groups whose performance in power simply cannot justify their entitlement to leadership of a corporation garbage depot. As a result, of course, it's the ordinary people who

suffer.'

Sir James, who was as capable as the next man of recognising his own words when he heard them played back at him, smiled, rose and walked to the window to look down at the teeming streets below.

'So who does run the show out there?' he

asked quietly.

'The president. Or rather the dictator,' said Bryant from his chair. His glass was emoty. 'A man called Jean Kimba. He won the first and only election just before independence five years ago against the wishes of the colonial power, some said by the use of terrorism and voodoo on the voters. They're pretty backward, you know. Most of them didn't know what a vote was. Now they don't need to know."

'Tough guy, is he, this Kimba?' asked

Sir James.

It's not that he's tough, sir He's just downright mad. A raving megalomaniac, and probably a paranoid to boot. He rules completely alone, surrounded by a small coterie of political yes-men. If they fall out with him, or arouse his suspicions in any way, they go into the cells of the old colonial police barracks. Rumour has it Kimba goes down there himself to supervise the torture sessions. No one has ever come out alive."

'H'm, what a world we live in, Byrant. And they've got the same number of votes at the United Nations as Britain or America. Whose advice does he listen to in government?'

'No one of his own people. Of course, he hashis voices. So the few local whites say, those who've stuck it out by staying on'
'Voices?' queried Sir James.
'Yes, sir. He claims to the people he is

guided by divine voices. He says he talks to God. He's told the people and the assembled diplomatic corps that in so many words.'

'Oh dear, not another,' mused Manson, still gazing down at the streets below. 'I sometimes think it was a mistake to introduce the Africans to God. Half their leaders now seem to be on

first name terms with him."

'Apart from that, he rules by a sort of mesmeric fear. The people think he has a powerful juju, or voodoo, or magic or whatever. He holds them in the most abject terror of him personally.

'What about the foreign embassies?' queried

the man by the window.

'Well, sir, they keep themselves to themselves. It seems they are just as terrified of the excesses of this maniac as the natives. He's a bit like a cross between Sheikh Abeid Karume in Zanzibar, Papa Doc Duvalier in Haiti, and Sekou Toure in Guinea."

Sir James turned smoothly from the window and asked with deceptive softness, 'Why Sekou

Toure?'

Bryant was in his own element, expoundhis carefully acquired acknowledge of political Africa, glad to be able to show his employer he did long hours of homework.

Well, he's next best thing to a Communist, Sir James. The man he really worshipped all his political life was Lumumba. That's why the 13 Russians are so strong. They have an enormous embassy, for the size of the place. To earn foreign currency, now that the plantations have all failed through maladministration, they sell most of their produce to the Russian trawlers that call. Of course the trawlers are electronic spy ships or victualling ships for submarines they meet offshore and re-victual with fresh produce. Again, the money they get from the sale doesn't go to the people, it goes into Kimba's bank account."

'It doesn't sound like Marxism to me,' joked Manson.

Bryant grinned widely

'Money and bribes are where the Marxism stops,' he replied. 'As usual.'

But the Russians are strong, are they? Influential? Another whisky, Bryant?'

While Bryant replied, the head of ManCon

poured two more glasses of Glenlivet.

Kimba has virtually no Yes, Sir James understanding of matters outside his immediate experience, which has been exclusively inside his own country and maybe a couple of visits to other African states nearby. So he sometimes consults on matters when dealing with outside concerns. Then he uses any one of three advisers, black ones, who come from his own tribe. Two Moscow-trained, and one Peking-trained. Or he contacts the Russians direct. I spoke to a trader in the bar of the hotel one night, a Frenchman He said the Russian ambassador or one of his counsellors was at the palace almost every day

Bryant stayed for another ten minutes, but Manson had learned most of what he needed to know. At five-twenty he ushered Bryant out as smoothly as he had welcomed him As the younger man left, Manson beckoned Miss

Cooke in.

'We employ an engineer in mineral exploration work called Jack Mulrooney,' he said. 'He returned from a three-month sortie into Africa, living in rough bush conditions, three months ago, so he may be on leave still. Try and get him at home I'd like to see him at ten tomorrow morning. Secondly, Dr. Gordon Chalmers, the chief survey analyst. You may catch him at Watford before he leaves the laboratory. If not, reach him at home. I'd like him here at twelve tomorrow. Cancel any other morning appointments and leave me time to take Chalmers out for a spot of lunch. And you'd better book me a table at Wilton's in Bury Street. That's all, thank you. I'll be on my way in a few minutes. Have a car round at the front in ten minutes.

When Miss Cooke withdrew, Manson pressed one of the switches on his intercom and murmured, 'Come up for a minute, would you, Simon.

Simon Endean was as deceptive as Martin Thorpe but in a different way. He came from an impeccable background, and behind the veneer had the morals of an East End thug. Going with the polish and the ruthlessness was certain cleverness. He needed a James Manson to serve, just as James Manson would sooner or later on his way to the top, or his

struggle to stay there in big-time capitalism, need the services of a Simon Endean.

Endean was the sort to be found by the score in the very smartest and smoothest of London's West End gambling clubs, beautitully spoken hatchet men who never leave a millionaire unbowed to, or a showgirl unbruised. The difference was that Endean's intelligence had brought him to an executive position as aide to the chief of a very superior gambling club.

Unlike Thorpe he had no ambitions to become a multi-millionaire He thought one million would do, and until then the shadow of Manson would suffice. It paid for the sixroom pad, the Corvette, the girls. He too came from the floor below and entered from the interior stair well through the beech-panelled door across the office from the one Miss Cooke

came and left by. 'Sir James.

'Simon, tomorrow I'm having lunch with a fellow called Gordon Chalmers. One of the back-room boys. The chief scientist and head of the laboratory out at Watford. He'll be here at twelve Before then I want a run-down on him. The personnel file of course, but anything else you can find. The private man, what his home life is like, any failings, above all, if he has any pressing need of money over and above his salary. His politics, if any. Most of these scientific people are Left. Not all though. You might have a chat with Errington in Personnel tonight before he leaves. Go through the file tonight and leave it for me to look at in the morning. Sharp tomorrow start on his home environment. Phone me not later than 11.45. Got it? I know it's a short-notice job, but it could be important.

Endean took in the instructions without moving a muscle, filing the lot. He knew the score; Sir James Manson often needed information, for he never faced any man, friend or foe, without a personal run-down on the man including the private life. Several times he had beaten opponents into submission by being better prepared. Endean nodded and left, making his way straight to Personnel, an office which by chance Martin Thorpe had only just

left. But they did not cross paths.
As his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce slid away from the front of ManCon House, taking its occupant back to his third-floor apartment in Arlington House behind the Ritz, a long hot bath, and a dinner sent up from the Caprice. Sir James Manson leaned back and lit his first cigar of the evening. The chauffeur handed him a late Evening Standard and they were abreast of Charing Cross station when a small paragraph in the Stop Press caught his eye. It was in among the racing results. He glanced back at it, then read it several times. He stared out at the swirling traffic and huddled pedestrians, shuffling towards the station, or plodding to the buses through the February drizzle, bound of their homes in Edenbridge and Sevenoaks, after another exciting day in the City.

As he stared a small germ of an idea began to form in his mind. Another man

would have laughed and dismissed it out of hand. Sir James Manson was not another man. He was a twentieth-century pirate and proud of it. The 9-point type headline above the obscure paragraph in the evening paper referred to an African republic. It was not Zangaro, but another one. He had hardly heard of the other one either. It had no known mineral wealth. The headline said:

'New Coup D'Etat in African State.'



MARTIN THORPE was waiting in his chief's outer office when Sir James arrived at five past

nine, and followed him straight in.

'What have you got?' demanded Sir James Manson, even while he was taking off his vicuna topcoat and hanging it in the built-in wardrobe. Thorpe flicked open a notebook he had pulled from his pocket and recited the result of his

investigations of the night before.

'One year ago we had a survey team in the republic lying to the north and east of Zangaro. It was accompanied by an aerial reonnaissance unit hired from a French firm. The area to be surveyed was close to, and partly on the border with, Zangaro. Unfortunately there are few topographical maps of that area, and no aerial maps at all. Without Decca or any other form of beacon to give aim cross-bearings, the pilot used speed and time of flight to assess the ground he had covered.

One day when there was a following wind stronger than forecast he flew up and down the entire strip to be covered by aerial survey to his own satisfaction and returned to base. What he did not know was that on each downwind leg he had flown over the border and forty miles into Zangaro. When the aerial film was developed it showed that he had overshot the survey area by a large margin.'

'Who first realised it? The French com-

pany?' asked Manson.

'No, sir. They developed the film and passed it to us without comment, as per our contract with them. It was up to the men in our own aerial survey department to identify the areas on the ground represented by the pictures they had. Then they realised that at the end of each run was a stretch of territory not in the survey area. So they discarded the pictures, or at any rate put them on one side. They had realised that in one section of pictures a range of hills was featured that could not be in our survey area because there were no hills in that part of the area.

Then one bright spark had a second look at the surplus photographs and noticed a part of the hilly area, slightly to the east of the main range, had a variation in the density and type of the plant life. The sort of thing you can't see down on the ground but an aerial picture from three miles up will show it up like a beermat on a billiard table.'

'I know how it's done,' growled Sir James.

'Sorry, sir, I didn't know this. It was new to me. So anyway half a dozen photos were passed to someone in the Photo-Geology section, and he confirmed from a blow-up that the plant life was different over quite a small area involving a small hill about 1800 feet high and roughly conical in shape. Both sections prepared a report, and that went to the head of Topographic section. He identified the range as the Crystal Mountains and the hill as probably the original Crystal Mountain. He sent the file to Overseas Contracts and Willoughby, the head of OC, sent Bryant down there to get permission to survey.'

'He didn't tell me,' said Manson, now seated

behind his desk.

'He sent a memo, Sir James. I have it here. You were in Canada at the time and were not due back for a month. He makes plain he felt the survey of that area was only an off-chance, but since a free aerial survey had been presented to us, and since Photo-Geology felt there had to be some reason for the different vegetation, the expense could be justified. Willoughby also suggested it might serve to give his man Bryant a bit of experience to go it alone for the first time. Up till then he had always accompanied Willoughby.'

'Is that it?'

'Almost. Bryant got visa-end up went in six months ago. He got permission and arrived back after three weeks. Four months ago Ground Survey agreed to detach" an unqualified prospector-cum-surveyor called Jack Mulrooney from the diggings in Ghana and send him in to look over the Crystal Mountains provided that the cost would be kept low. It was. He got back three weeks ago with a ton and a half of samples, which have been at the Watford laboratory ever since.'

'Fair enough,' said Sir James Manson after a pause. 'Now, did the Board ever hear about

all this?'

'No, sir.' Thorpe was adamant. 'It would have been considered much too small. I've been through every Board meeting for twelve months, and every document presented, including every memo and letter sent to the Board members over the same period. Not a mention of it. The budget for the whole thing would simply have been lost in the petty cash anyway. And it didn't originate with Projects, because the aerial photos were a gift from the French firm and their ropy old navigator It was just an ad hoc affair throughout, and never reached Board level.

James Manson nodded in evident satisfac-

'Right. Now Mulrooney. How bright is he?' For answer Thorpe tended Jack Mulrooney's file from Personnel.

'No qualifications, but a lot of practical experience, sir. An old sweat. A good Africa

hand.'

Manson flicked through the file on Jack Mulrooney, scanned the biography notes and 15 the career sheet since the man had joined the

experienced all right,' 'He's Manson. 'Don't underestimate the old Africa hands. I started out in the Rand, on a mining camp. Mulrooney just stayed at that level. So don't mock, lad, such people are very useful. And they can be perceptive. He dismissed Martin Thorpe and muttered

to himself, 'Now let's see how perceptive Mr

Mulrooney can be.'

He depressed the intercom switch and spoke to Miss Cooke.

Is Mr. Mulrooney there yet, Miss Cooke?' 'Yes, Sir James, he's here waiting.'

'Show him in, please.'

Manson was half-way to the door when his employee was ushered in. He greeted him warmly and led him to the chairs where he had sat with Bryant the previous evening. Before she left Miss Cooke was asked to produce coffee for them both. Mulrooney's coffee habit was on his file.

Jack Mulrooney in the penthouse suite of a London office block looked as out of place as Thorpe would have done in the dense bush. His hands hung way out of his coat sleeves and he did not seem to know where to put them. His grey hair was plastered down with water and he had cut himself shaving. It was the first time he had ever met the man he called the gaffer Sir James used all his efforts to put the man at ease.

When Miss Cooke entered with a tray of porcelain cups, matching coffee pot, cream jug and sugar bowl, and an array of Fortnum and Mason biscuits, she heard her employer telling the Irishman, 'that's just the point, man. You've got what I or anyone else can't teach these boys fresh out of college. Twenty-five years' hard-won experience getting the bloody stuff out of the ground and into the skips.

It is always nice to be appreciated, and Jack Mulrooney was no exception. He beamed and nodded. When Miss Cooke had gone Sir

James Manson gestured at the cups.

'Look at these poofy things. Used to drink out of a good mug. Now they give me thimbles. I remeber back on the Rand in the late thirties, and that would be before your time, even.

Mulrooney stayed for an hour. When he left he felt the gaffer was a damn good man despite all they said about him. Sir James Manson thought Mulrooney was a damn good man — at his job at any rate, and that was and would always be chipping bits of rock off hills and asking no questions.

Just before he left Mulrooney had re-

iterated his view.
"There's tin down there, Sir James. Stake my life on it. The only thing is, whether it can

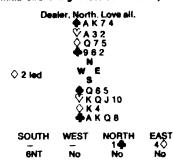
be got out at an economic figure.'

Sir James had slapped him on the shoulder. 'Don't you worry about that. We'll know as soon as the report comes through from Watford. And don't worry, if there's an ounce of it that I can get to the coast below market value, we'll have the stuff. Now how about you? What's your next adventure?'to be continued

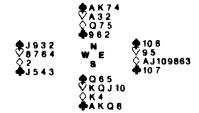
TERENCE REESE

A NEW book' by Eric Milnes and Paul Lukace is subtitted 'The Fourth Collection of Interesting Bridge Problems.' It follows the agreeable practice of placing each of the 60 problems on a right-hand page, with its solution overleaf.

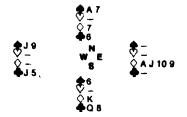
Some are from actual play, including this example of thrust and parry between two Swedish players. First, see whether South's initial stroke might have occurred to you.



South saw that a favourable break in South saw that a favourable break in spades or clubs would provide twelve tricks, but on the bidding it was likely that West held both these suits. In this case he could be squeezed, provided East could be induced to part with \lozenge A, to set the timing. At trick one, therefore, South went up with \lozenge Q but did not succeed in catching East, who ducked! Can you see any resource still open to South?



South decided to play now to find East with the Jack or 10 of clubs. He cashed the hearts, two spades and two clubs, unblocking with the 9 and leaving this position.



Firmly in the saddle, South cashed A. gave West a spade, and took the last two tricks in clubs

STAMP ALBUM



THE 1974 world football championships THE 1974 world football champlonehips, which ended in the Munich stadium, have been marked by the issue of two West German stamps showing players in action. The champlonships were first commemorated by stamps in 1934, when tally were the victors. In 1965 the British 4d. stamp inscribed 'England Winners' proved a loser for many collectors. Speculators rushed to buy and for a few weeks the stamp changed hands at up to 10 or 12 times face value, Today the wholesale price is 3n, less than twice the original cost,

1 - 1 - 1 - 1/8



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With the sky-rocketing price of beauty aids today, where we seem to be paying more for fancy packaging than for the goods inside, one way to circumvent this and to ensure that what you use is absolutely pure, is to make your beauty aids at home. Sometimes, however, you will find that some of the ingredients like lanolin, is sold by the kilo (when you perhaps need only an ounce or two) which makes the whole venture too expensive. The answer to this, of course, is to get together a whole lot of friends (maybe you can do this at the club, one evening Lots of fun for everyone and less work) and make cosmetics in bulk and then share them and the cost equally. Skin Cream for Dry Skins?

Warm two tablespoons olive oil gently in a vessel. Add seven ounces lanolin and warm till it melts into the oil. Now slowly add four tablespoons water, stirring all the time. Remove from fire and cool Add a few drops of your favourite perfume and stir well. You can make four times the amount mentioned here and 18 pour it into four old cold cream bottles which

you must have at home. Four friends can share the cream and the cost Skin Tonic:

This is made out of spinach, which contains a lot of iron. But it can also be made out of cabbage, lettuce or fresh green beans.

This needs rain water. Instead, you can boil water and remove the scum from the top and then strain it through a piece of cloth before using it Skin tonic rejuvenates tired

Clean and wash one bunch spinach. Chop finely and boil in one pint water. Strain. Pour into a clean bottle. Will keep in the fridge for a week. Wash face with soap and water. Now wet a wad of cottonwool and pat all over face and neck. This should be done twice a day, morning and evening. Good for all types of skin

. Skin Cleanser:

In India, specially in the North, dahi or curds has always been used to clean and brighten skin and hair. The bacteria in the curds soften skin. This is fine for oily, normal and dry skin, but I wouldn't recommend it for an extra dry, patchy skin or for one prone to acne. Heat three glasses buttermilk with one ounce pure honey very slowly. But do not let it boil as it will 'split' the buttermilk. Apply with gentle rotating motion with fingertips on face and neck. Leave on for 15 minutes Now wipe off all traces of it gently with damp wads of cottonwool Keep in fridge.

A Herb Bath:

Sweet scented bath—sachets and oils are common in the West, but not in India. This is probably because we don't soak ourselves in a tub. If you have a tub, good. Otherwise, you can do this even with a bucket of water. With winter around the corner, this is just the kind

of pick-me-up that you will enjoy.

Take dry (pick them up fresh and dry them gently in the sun or in the oven) tulsi, mint or narangi leaves, vetiver or any other nice smelling herb. Tie it into a small bundle in a piece of cloth. Now put boiling water over it in a bucket (if you don't have a tub) and soak it for 10 minutes. Then add the rest of the water and have your bath.

Face Pack for a Greasy Skin:

If you have ripe pimples, be careful. The sandpapery effect of the oatmeal can burst them and the pus can spread and cause more damage. The egg white in this, apart from having the effect of an astringent, will also tighten pores and reduce the orange peel look so common in those who suffer from open pores, specially on the nose and upper cheeks. Mix well in a bowl a little oatmeal with an egg white to a paste. Use on face and neck, avoiding area around eyes. Leave on for 20 minutes. till dry and firm. Wash off with tap water (if the weather is too cold, use warm — not hot water). Pat dry gently with a towel. You can apply your make-up immediately after this treatment. Don't forget to apply in upward strokes. Keep hair tied back and covered with a towel. Avoid eyebrows too. Do not use soap while washing off face pack.

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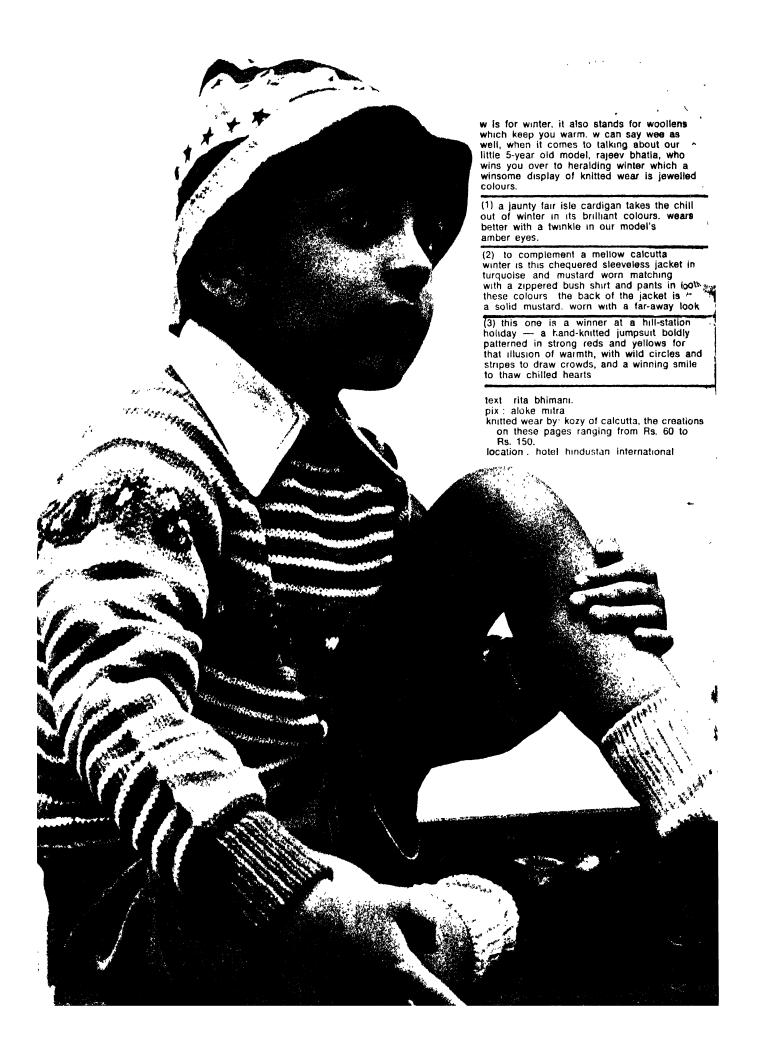


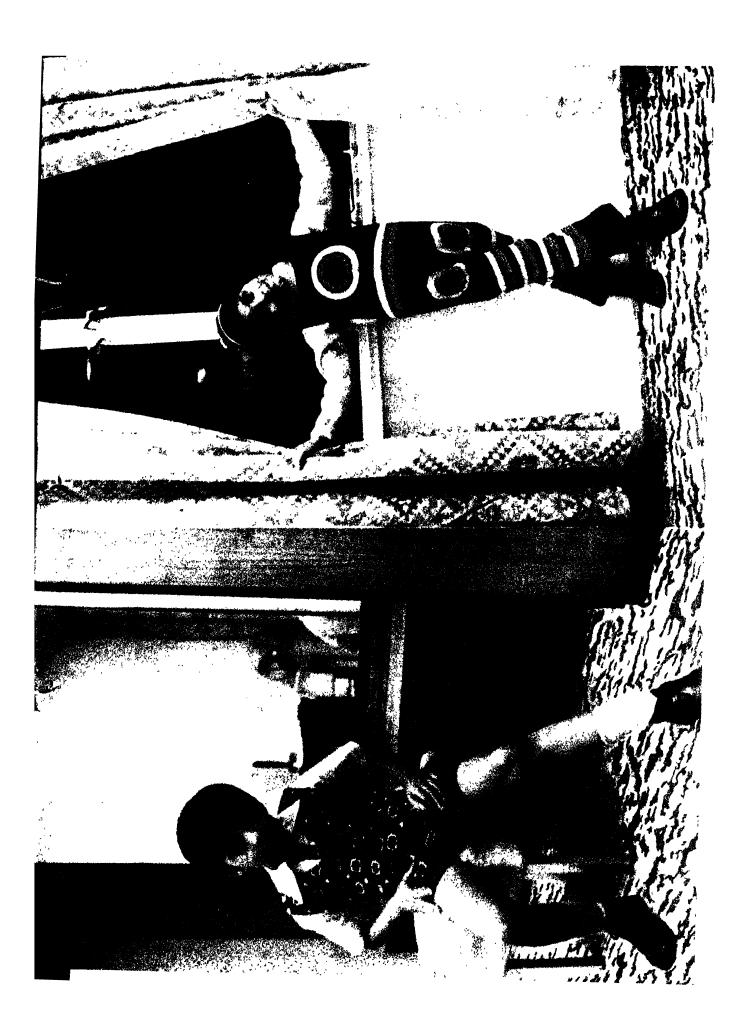
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4SP G 174





khaas baat

RAJESH KHANNA with a 17-day old forearm and wrist fracture got from a fall from a horse, insisted in doing the daring horse scene during the shooting of "Bhola Bhala". The Director warned that riding the horse by clinging to its side was a professional's job but he insisted 'no doubles'. In the middle of the first take he slipped and fell heavily on the injured forearm. And so it was the third time that the film shooting has been held up — end for another long spell.

The first few days, Rajesh enjoyed the routine of waking up at noon, receiving sympathy callers and kept saying it was a well earned rest. But pretty soon this wore off and he began getting irritable, sitting around doing nothing or just loafing around. His producers were worse off, slapping their heads in frusration at the delay. Now that he's back near the top his producers are really worried since his ailments crop up when he has the maximum films



Shabana, the latest hot 'un from the young lot, will go high places, with her nuthard calculation and self-confidence. She officially broke her engagement to Benjamin Gillani, her Institute boyfriend and said there was nothing bitter in their breaking off. In fact, she said they have a film together and he still keeps coming and going to their home. They are very friendly, but no more in love. Well, looks like the Western and Hollywood attitudes towards the opposite sex are fast coming here to stay, what with gals like Rekha who rush into secret marriages and get a rush divorce all within a year; Zeenat Aman who practically lives with Dev Anand and now Shabana, who turns her fiance into a friend and vice versa, and carries on with Shekhar Kapoor, Dev Anand's nephew.

Hear Hema Malini has turned a tigress after the Jeetu incident. In Madras, where her parents and Jeetu's were planning to pair the two off, for selfish reasons of their own, she was under a

sort of house arrest, not allowed even to touch the telephone, till she would be safely in Tirupathi with Jeetu well and truly engaged. The saviour, in her case, from this hopeless plight, was her lawyer who was in Bombay, whom she, with great manipulation, managed to phone and call immediately. Mr. Venkiteswaran, it seems, rushed down and asked her only two questions: Do you want to get married? Do you love him? To both married? Do you love him? To both these questions she said No. He gave her the iron grip she needed to finally break away from her mother's domination. He assured her that no one could force her to marry without her consent — if anyone tried, she could deal with them legally! Then on, she goes about like a bursting volcano and the parents are like lambs now. Like in London, she told them to go back to India after her Show was over and she would be shooting with Dharam, without a chaperon! What's more, they did go back to Bombay while she went about her work in her new-found freedom.

Goldie was given a reception by his brothers to celebrate his marriage to Loveleen. The entire Anand family was there, complete with women-friends playing the hosts to the party — Priya (Chetan Anand's constant friend) and Zeenat Then it seems there was this wicked old chap, a well-known loudmouth gossipy producer-director, who got high and kept whispering to all the ladies around, that Loveleen look a bit big around her middle — being a lady, what do you think is the reason? he kept asking the ladies who had already being shocked to the pink. Folks say she seems a nice, soft-natured girl and will be a good wife to good ol' Goldie. Right now the couple is honeymooning in Poona, the ashram where they were married.

Rai Kapoor celebrated the 25 years of RK Films and the Golden Jubilee of Bobby. The function was held at the Metro Cinema and the crowds that collected to witness the attendance by the Stars was something phenomenal — they were getting hysterical. When Rajesh and were Dimple got out from the theatre, Rajesh was bodily mobbed. Got into his car with great difficulty and hassle. The Kapoor lineage was there and they showed a reel of all RK Films beginning with Aag made in 1947, down to Bobby made in 1974. Actually the Silver Jubilee year of RK fell two years back, but the family were in mourning after Prithviraj's death and so they could not celebrate it earlier. Raj Kapoor got into a real mood and stormed out at art-filmmakers who had condemned the commercial cinema. Not mentioning names, he was referring to Satyajit Ray, who, it seems, had condemned the commercial cinema in his FTII convocation address.

With Sanjeev Kumar, Sujit Kumar started out in films in a couple of B-grade action pictures, as a leading man. "They all flopped and got me nowhere!" Then came a few offers to play second fiddle to the hero in slightly better setups. "Unlike Sanjeev, I made the mistake of refusing second roles." Came a time when Sujit realised that ultimately good set-ups count ten times more than shaky banners ("Where most often you don't even get your cash!") and playing hero all the time isn't always a good bargain. "Experience in the line has taught me that the life of a character artiste is longer than any hero's But," he added ruefully and truthfully, "the glamour of a hero is missing in a character artiste's life!"

Soon the Sujit Kumar of films like 'Aradhna' was launched. "I decided that making hay while the sun shines is the best policy. Do any work that comes my way. I am choosy these days, only to the extent of looking for good, solid set-up. But even recently, I have played the leading man in a few ventures. And I must admit that they were great fun! Both my films 'Putlibai' and 'Naag Pooja' were hits!"

At the moment, Sujit is keeping himself busy with his assignments, all the time wondering, if Sanjeev could make it, then why not Sujit? "I'm waiting for just one good role to prove myself" You mean, out of your various assignments, you feel not one of them is good enough? "One never knows which role is going to click. I had really hoped that my 'Bairaag' role would do the tack for me. For the first time in my life I asked for my dialogues beforehand so that I could do full justice to the exciting role I'd bagged. Asit Sen directed us for a few days but Dilip Kumar soon took over! Asitda is an accommodating kind of person who gave in to Dilip Kumar quietly. When I gave my first shot, even Dilip Kumar came and congratulated me After 14 days' work, only last month when I contacted the producer, because I'd given him dates that month, I learnt that my whole role has been completely cut out of the film! I still haven't recovered from it! And even today, I just can't believe that a man like Dilip Kumar would do such a thing to me . . .

Oh dear! Does this sort of thing happen often? I mean, everytime you do a good job, does the hero rush in to spoil your whole show? "I won't take names but it does happen sometimes. A very big star once turned my otherwise sympathetic role into the character of a villain at the end, just to suit his convenience! The film flopped miserably though the hero and the heroine looked their best in it. The sudden villainy in my harmless role was so incongruous, not even the front-benchers would believe it! And the hero had said that a blind man hitting a well-built man would get him claps from the audience and that's why I was being turned

into a villain!"

Sujit very diplomatically ("They're good friends of mine otherwise. So I don't want any misunderstandings") left out names from his last complaint. But I can give them to you on my own. The blind hero is Rajesh Khanna in 'Mere Jeevan Saathi', isn't it?

"Listen I don't want to give any names but tell me. Didn't you find the end unbeliev-

able. Physically I'm better built than Rajesh Khanna. In the film I'm supposed to be an army guy and he a blind man I could have shot him within a minute! Moreover, I was not a villain in that film. Originally I was supposed to have got the hero and herome married and either gone away or committed suicide."

either gone away or committed suicide" Well if Dilip Kumar could stoop to a thing like keeping Sujit out of 'Barraag' completely, then Rajesh Khanna's off-screen villainy seems rather mild! Of course, Sujit was most reluctant to divulge the name of the latter and was cornered only because. I made a bright guess and he couldn't deny it "I don't really think Rajesh is to be blamed for it. If I were in his place I might have done the same thing!" But the failure of 'Meie Jeevan Saathi' has thankfully, done Sujit no harm. Anyway, the rule of the game is that when a film flops, only the lead pair get affected adversely. The rest come out without a scratch! "Of course! When a film clicks in a big way, it's the hero and herome's price that shoots up. Not ours. So when a film flops too, it's the lead pair that get the brickbats!

With such cut-throat competition making film biz, a big rat race, getting recognition is an arduous task for an actor. "And when we finally achieve something, if journalists ignore the hard work and spread very harmful stories

it really hurts me deeply."

Sujit gave the instance of a magazine which wrote that Sujit was rolling in money because he acted as a go-between for heroes! "When it isn't true it hurts even more. As a nobody, when I used to watch swanky cars driving along Marine Drive, I vowed to myself that I would work and make enough money to afford such luxuries. Believe me. I have worked so hard for my money that such gossip really hurts. Gossip should tickle the funny bone. Not hurt people."

"However, I still wonder how you got the bit of gossip that I was 'hashing' at the Inter-Con in Delhi! Gossip like that is great to read because it's true. I'd never tried the stuff. So when my friend brought some hash from Afghanistan, we got together at the Inter-Con

and smoked it !"

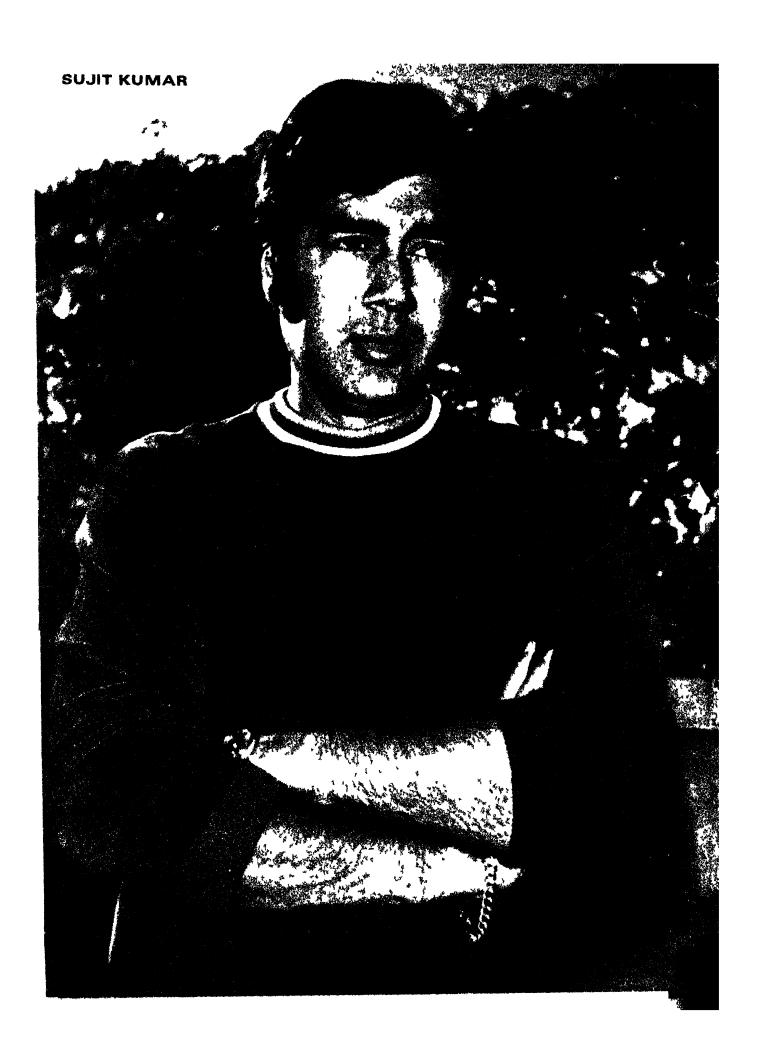
What about the gossip about Dimple and

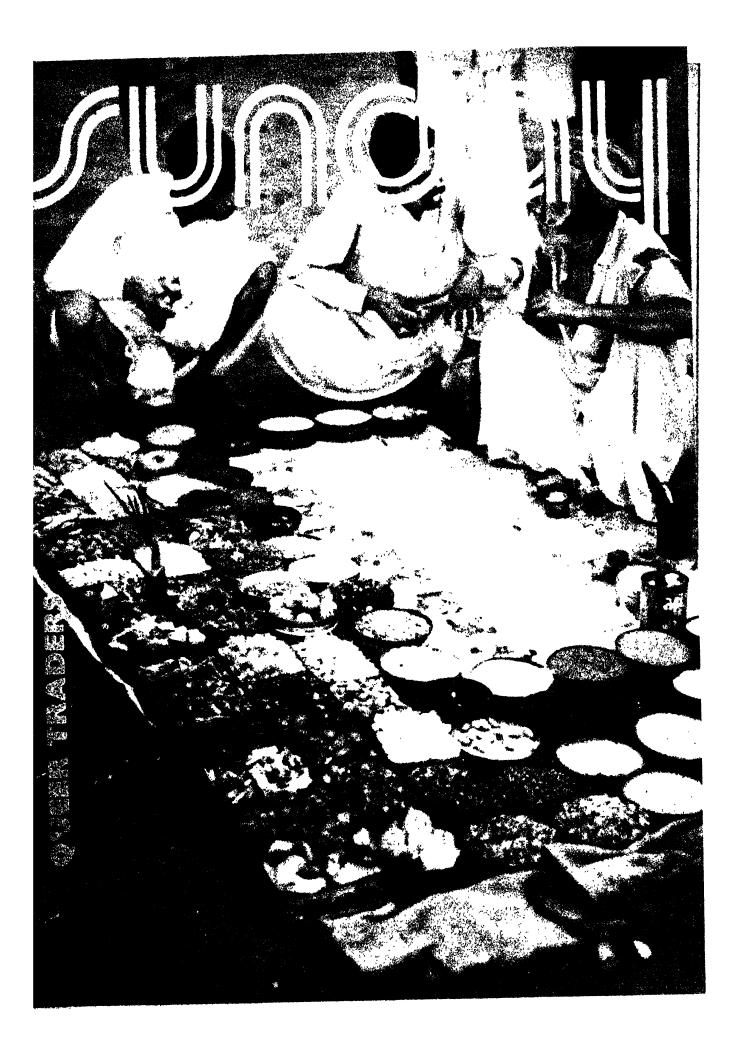
you in Madras?

"We were staying at the same hotel there Since Kaka was shooting, Dimple wanted to do some shopping with me. While I was still dressing, Dimple ran into my room (after running down to find out which was my room!) looking very scared, because some man had got into her room and had parked himself there saying he'd wait till evening to meet Rajesh Khanna! I went to her room, found the guy didn't look very decent and gave him one slap." A whole fight scene without a double! "There was nothing more to it after we

"There was nothing more to it after we handed the guy over to the management. I don't know why the story got twisted to an unbelievable extent." And the story we'd heard was that when Dimple and Sujit were caught in a room by a waiter, Dimple had shouted out that the waiter was forcing his company on her!

N. BHARATHI.







ARIES (March 21 — April 20) This week a friend will play an important role in your personal affairs. Members belonging to the fair sex are likely to meet someone who

will have an effect on future life. In service, you are going to experience change. Executives I a short trip for Businessmen! you may have to face financial worries.



TAURUS (April 21 - May 20) An auspicious week for claiming your share in domestic and social circle. In service, you may be required to take more responsibilities.

Professionals! your associates are not likely to fully share your opinion or support your activities Girls! control your emotions on Saturdays.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) Rest and recreations for you. Mental happiness and enhancement of social status indicated. Professionals! this is the week to clear your

desk. In service, much time and energy may have to be spent on routine affairs. Businessmen! much competition for you. Girls 1 if you are romantically inclined, you are likely to be successful in all your strivings

CANCER (June 21 — July 21) Tact is neces-



sary in all aspects. Keep your pessimism under control and you won't fail. In service, the best time of the year for you. Ladies!

take the events around the 18th, as exciting rather than worrying. Girls and bachelors! your energy and vitality are at their You are likely to receive a cordial invitation peak now



LEO (July 22 - August 21) Providential help, blessings of superiors, help from associates and co-operation from professionals indicated The Sun makes a beautiful aspect

to your birth sign as a result you may expect earthly happiness and protection from hazards Romance is strongly starred this week. Girls I don't suffer in silence --- assert yourself.



VIRGO (August 22 - September 22) This week health and private life will be under stress. Planetary aspects spotlight your associations with your relatives Businessmen and professionals!

you will have to fight to maintain your status. Girls I your faults are overstated and virtues are invariably overlooked by your friends and associates. In service, promotion indicated.



LIBRA (September 23 -- October 22) This week bogins with luck. Positive developments in your emotional life Indicated Your mind and body needs rest now. In certain

cases, persons born under this sign may like to go on leave. In service, you will find it easy to resolve complicated official Bachelors and girls I you may be tempted to behave problems irrationally with your friends.



SCORPIO (October 23 - November 22) This is a tricky period for you. In service, there is no need for panic, around Tuesday you will solve your problem. Businessmen

and professionals! additional ricks should not be taken now. Ladies! restrictions and confinement for you. Girls! your marriage is going to be settled. Bachelors! you will be in a rosy mood.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23—December 20) Your concern for your duties and respons-Ibilities will be rewarded. Businessmen and industrialists! certain losing project will be

proved economically viable. Executives! events around midweek will be an eye opener for you. Ladles! you are going to be benefited by your relatives. Girls I control your emotions this week.



CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19) This Sunday may coincide with a new cycle in your financial affairs. In certain cases, offer of a job may come. For ambitious persons,

this week is suitable. Professionals and businessmen! do not sign any paper on Tuesday Girls! your ambition is going to be fulfilled. Bachelors I new opening before you. Ladies I health of your children may cause trouble.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February This week you can go out in the world and get pleasing results. In service, this is the time to Iron out anything that stands in the way of perfect rapport with your immediate superiors. Businessmen! the delays you have faced in getting work done are behind you. Professionals I travel for you. Bachelors and girls I difference with your beloved indicated.



PISCES (February 19 - March 20) Through out this week you may have to analyse your emotions The first part of the week requires

you to think deeply about your future. In service, handle legal matters carefully. Executives I keep your temper under control. Girls! you will be impressed by a highly placed person. Bachelors! intimate relationships may become strained.

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Queer Traders 14 **Beauty Beat 12** Dogs Of War 14 Khaas Baat 22 Profile 23

nextfunday

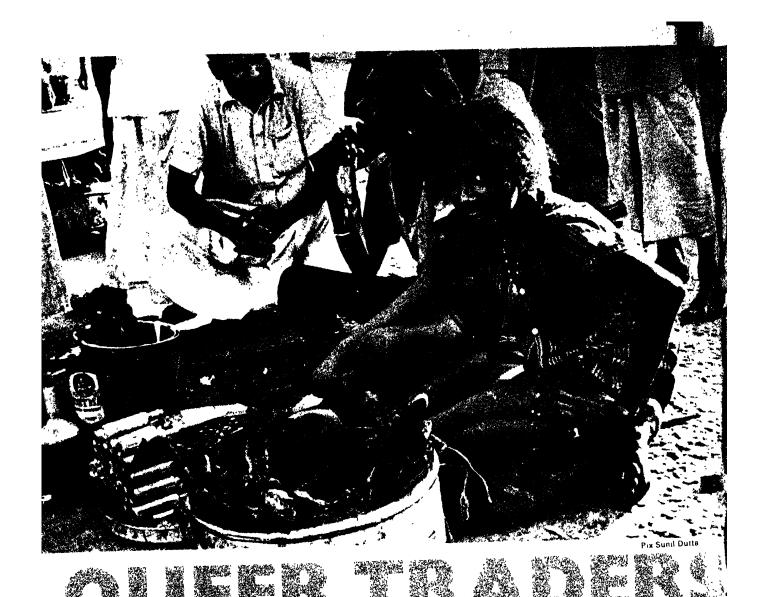
A LEVEL /ITH LEOPARDS

The leopard is a ball of life. It will not give up; it will not be frightened; it will not be shy. It will be forever fast, lean, brave, strong, wily, without scruples without morality - one who wants to live at all costs. There is no despair, no weariness, no melancholy in the leopard. How easily we give up ' Even small disappointments take away our zest for life. We are so full of dreams, ideologies, categories; the leopard, being a total realist, will not spurn an easy bait if that is all the meal it can safely have. But it will not be corrupted by comfort and ease. We the bourgeoise and the farmers of the world can never make pets of the leopard; all our contacts will have to be on the understanding that it is a hunter and a fighter who will forever range on its own. JYOTIRMOY DATTA.

Amul





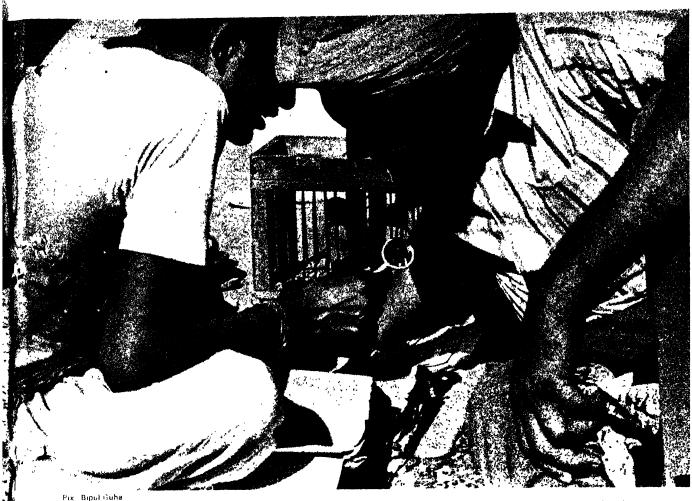


Beneath the surface of modernity, technocracy and traditionalism something off-beat, odd and strange produce the world of queer business. If some one fathoms the depth, the nature of queer business would provide the world of fantasy and 'make-belief.' Calcutta offers as well highly interesting setting where the pursuits in various queer objects have been con-

tinuing from earlier period.

Human occupations for survival pose queer features. Like, how on earth large number of live-toads reach the laboratories and medical institutions for biological and surgical experiments? But where do these toads come from? The college bearers and the experienced staff know the sources. They proceed to the fishing town of Canning and Sonarpur located in the southern section of 24-Parganas. They reach the destination during early morning hours to receive the bulk delivery of toads from the fishermen, whom they know. The fishermen cast their nets to catch the haul of these creatures from the marshy lowlands. The ready customers buy the requirements by paying at the rate of Rs. 6 per dozen. Nearly 500 toads are required by different institutions, laboratories and printed students are required. tories and private students everyday.

How and where to get the human skulls, bones and the complete skeletons from?



These essential parts, perhaps people know, contributs to various studies like Anatomy, Orthopaedics and Surgery It is absolutely certain that none can secure these parts from crematoriums. The dead bodies are reduced to ashes in the Hindu crematoria. Even gravedigging amounts to robbery But the bones and skulls left over by the vultures on the Parsi crematorium. Tower of Silence may be procured through sources, if however, they remain unchallenged or unclaimed. But the members belonging to a particular clan or group who are locally known as Domes may be the probable sources. These men reside in hovels close to the crematoria and Morgue where they form 'Dome colomes' The municipal authorities engage them for jobs, normally despised and loathed by ordinary people. Therefore, the Domes have been segregated by the social taboo as untouchables. However, the Domes are the promoters of supplying human parts on specific demands. Quite a number of unclaimed bodies lie in Morgue and other custodies to await cremation like burning and burials in the Topsia burial ground situated in the south-western part of Calcutta

The Domes prowl about to pick up the bodies for processing. The bodies undergo the

courses of acid-bath which later being dowsed in the waters of the filthy tank or moat for a few days. The process sets the easy decomposition for easier stripping off the undesirable parts like skins and flesh. As a next exercise

the Domes approach the medical authorities in order to sell. These people seem to be competent and quite capable of combining the joints part by part with wires after drilling to give the true shape of a complete skeleton. Even the kind of methods followed by them display a rare kind of expertise which probably no one would conceive Each bone sells between Rs. 401- and Rs. 500- The skull costs Rs. 150and the 'made-up' skeleton structure works out to Rs 700 -, now that the price has gone up because of the growing demand at home and abroad. In as much as a few organised agencies began buying the skeletons and bones on orders for export promotion. The overseas demand appears to be pertinent for simple reason that unclaimed bodies are hard to come by. Beside these items the Domes breed pigs to supply them to the number of piggeries in the city. Sometimes these wretched creatures are slaughtered by them according to the ritual of systematic torture in an act of worst form of cruelty. The horrific death-scream that fill the air perhaps curve the civilised society After the slaughter the Domes consume, otherwise sell the pork to the sausage makers in the Chinatown.

The barbers do not necessarily confine themselves to the hair-dressing saloons. They find good prospect at the temples and pilgrimages. They bring the waste hair after shaving off the hair of the devotees for sale to the traders dealing in hair. Each bunch of flowing hair cost they separate the parts. Now having done so, Re. 1|- The traders disinfect the hair and 5



stretch suitably for resale on wholesale basis. Only seven shops in Chitpore area still carry on this trade on which nearly 60 skilled workers depend for existence. The shop-owners sell the hair at Rs. 2!- per bunch to the designers in Calcutta, New Delhi and Bombay. The designers devise latest hair-dos for fashionable ladies, much needed wigs to cover baldy scalps and various other forms of 'make-ups' required in the show-business. Now that the jute fibres have taken over, therefore, trade of original hair is declining. One of the shop-owners in Chitpore who claims himself as pioneer in the trade looked restive when the confessed "my shop is 100-year old family business. My ancestors built houses by this business when time was good enough. Now it is almost dead. I am really worried and looking for something else to win my bread"

Recently, some persons can be seen flinging interesting printed pamphlets into the passing vehicles during peak hours. The pamphlets announce the advent of renowned astrologers in town. The contents are so worked as to suggest that incarnations of Almighty have descended from outer planets to cleanse the souls of men and guide their destinies towards betterment Therefore, "Hurry, delay not." The astrologers engage a number of men on commission to distribute the pamphlets. Away from this scene, another scene unfolds. About 200 ragpickers collect waste-papers, rags and other 'left-overs' from the roadside only to be deposited to the pulp-suppliers in consideration of meagre amount. These suppliers sell the pulp to the paper manufacturers. Likewise number of men buy old newspapers, magazines and

worn-out books including glass-bottles, jars and other containers from the residential areas. They sell the materials to the whole-salers who in their turn, sell them to the paper manufacturers and packet makers. Again watching closely, busy office and quiet residential areas open-up to yet another kind of queer sights. A middle-aged short man comes to the city from outskirts to enact a queer show during mid-day Unlike other showmen that we casually watch, this man has the ability to thrill the crowd by his performance. He can be often seen swallowing live-fish with water like medicine pills. After a brief pause he gushes out the stream of water from his mouth. And out comes the live-fish. Next item shows the act of fire-eating. He puts a flaming paper into his gaping mouth himself and lets out a column of tumes. Last item really jolts with spine-chilling effect on the enthralled crowd. He cuts a scorpion by his teeth in bits. Then he gurgles blood as mouth-wash to substitute the water before enjoying breakfast on the dehydrated After the successful show he neither shows any strain nor feels sick. His daily income ranges from Rs. 15;- to Rs. 20;- on every working day to maintain a family of five. He claims himself to be the only one in the city who can perform such act. He moves from Dalhousie Square area to Chittaranjan Avenue during lunch recess. Of course, he takes 'day-off' on Sundays and other holidays. Yet another man moves with his pets. A Pariah dog, goat, monkey and white mouse form his squad. All creatures make the sort of rythmic movement (including the mouse) to the hum of rhymes by the maestro, the keeper. The creatures put

up a great show of dicipline as dictated by their master who treats them with paternal care. But the rare love for each other appear to be even more interesting. This man is a bachelor with an income between Rs. 10- and Rs. 20-He operates in the residential areas. He too has no knowledge of a second man toeing his line of odd business. But a few hawk-like people numbering about 20, operate regularly during business hours in front of Reserve Bank of India Building. They help out people who intend to exchange soiled and defaced currency notes. These people exchange the notes on-thespot by paying little lesser than the original amount. They deduct 25% as service fee for rendering services to the people who could have wasted time and patience in long queue to receive even amount. A little away from the Reserve Bank Building a few busybodies emerge from the noisy scene of the Stock Exchange. These men squat opposite the Stock Exchange Building and work out the details of 'see-saw' movement of shares of fantastic speed. They sell the details daily to different organisations. Each man earns between Rs. 215|- and Rs. 300|- per month from the sale of the detailed hand-outs during season. Strangely enough, they never invest money for speculation Mr Chauhan (popularly known as 'Singh') is a known figure in the Stock Exchange and one of the 40 such people in the area. He is on regular salary-roll of a concern but he feels 'there's no harm in earning more beside the job. I simply work for an hour during lunch break. Mind you, I am the fastest worker in the area.'

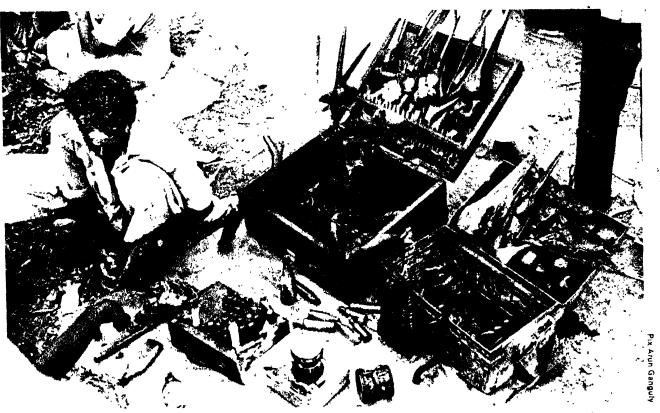
The crowded pavements of Zakaria Street

in Chitpore area also present strange sights. (Maduli in local The copper-gilted armlets dialect) and designed engraved stone-pieces lie displayed for sale. The armlets if one wears, cure rheumatic pains. The designed stone-pieces engraved in Arabic script reading 'Kalma' should be preserved as locket hanging to a necklace. The stones, like they say, bear the talismanic significance and counter any possible heart attack. The locket should, however, be sanctified by dipping in the water before use. The same water should also be drunk to purify the heart. The stone-pieces come over to the dealers from Ajmere. Each sells at prices between Re. 1|- and Rs. 4|- depending on sizes. Those dealing in these items do brisk business during auspicious occasions of the Moslems. Beside multitudes of other queer items like fossils, peculiar stone-bracelets, curio-objects, unorthodox rings, bangles, earrings attract notice of the onlookers. The fossils if preserved usher in favourable time. Even some of the items are favourite of the contemporary modgeneration. Again Muskilasan (devout Moslem, held in high esteem, capable of driving away Evil) move about from door to door with incence burning on lamps. His visits fetch handsome amount. The crowded Chitpore area present strange spectacle, remeniscent of the Arabian Nights.

About 50 workmen squat in the orthopaedic wings of hospitals to find ready clients. They receive orders for boots, artificial legs, limbs and other deformity equipments right in the corridors of the hospitals at lesser rate, than the recognised shops in the city. It is needless to mention about blood-donations and activities of the



oix Sunil Dutta



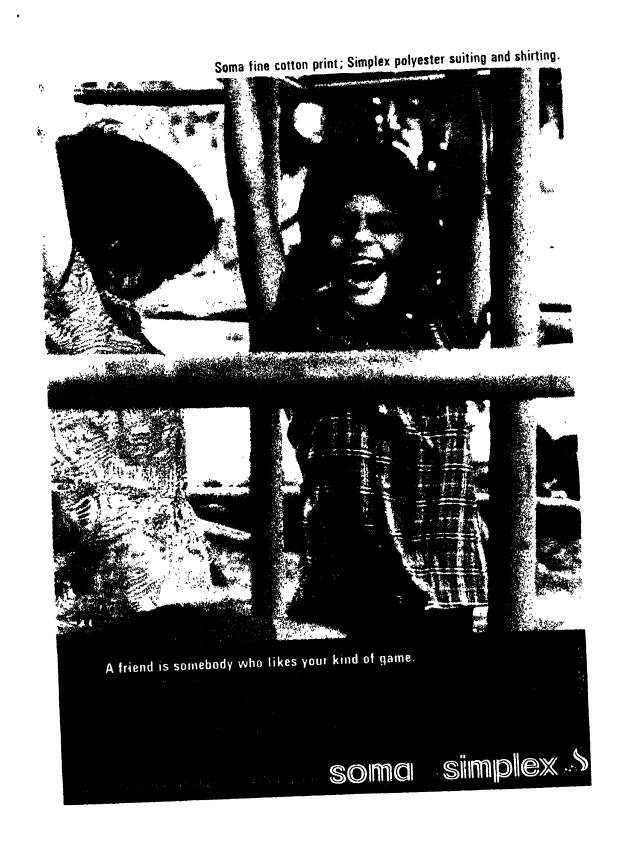
Blood Bank which perhaps people know.

A few more incidents, that occur, call for queer exchanges. A sizeable number of men swarm to the Railway shunting yards for waste cinders. They turn cinders into eash when sold to the middleman who also sell to the factories at higher rate. Even men rush to the locations where truck-loads of rubbish and useless building materials of the demolished structures are dumped on Public Utility Projects Day and night search becomes ultimately rewarding. The mutilated wire-fences, brick-dusts, metal pieces, wooden pieces, copper plates, nuts, bolts and knobs when scrupulously salvaged bring handsome amounts after sale. The agile middlemen breathe on the necks of those who succeed in the efforts of salvage. They buy the materials for light Engineering industries. Recently portions of charred materials of the fire raised Central Bank Building have been dumped in a Tiljala lowland The people of the depressed section of the locality began vigorous search for days Having found out the materials from the enormous heap, they sold directly to the Kalwars (traditional dealers in scrape-materials). After a week the same group of scantly-clad men wore fashionable clothes and new wrist-watches. They have also been seen gallivanting with new Transistors Sets. This nature of give-and-take affairs come, but rare — particularly in seasons.

Calcutta Maidan again presents interesting picture. Against the silhouette of the morning mists and smoke, the gypsy tents sprout like mushrooms near the riverside between Outram and Princep ghats. They sale Tibetan antics, queer dopes made of herbs, hybrid dogs, rare birds and unknown reptiles. They believe in

man-to-man deals. Therefore, prices fluctuate. The affluent section of the citizenry and the Western tourists approach them to buy dogs, birds and antics. The impoverished boatmen buy herbal dopes and narcotics. The upcoming roving showmen show curiosity in the reptiles. The gypsies procure the dogs, when abandoned or given away by the masters! Further inside Curzon Park at Esplanade tram-terminus professional ear-cleaners earn from Its. 5[- to Rs. 10]-daily by removing wax—from the ears of the weary men taking rest in the evening. The rate charged for amounts to Rc. 1[- for either ears. More than 300 career-cleaners still hold on to this age-old outmoded business.

But as contrast professional masseurs make comfortable business at the bathing ghats. It is easier to locate them particularly at Babu Ghat and Mullick Ghat. The early morning bathers take up sessions of massage by paying Rs. 5 per hour before bath. The masseurs apply mustard oil for vigorous rubbing before massage! "Though the massage or fierce molestation you may even say that I've had is nearer to bone-crushing. Yet it is refreshing" — said a burly bussiness man with a blink. Several other people are engaged in another peculiar nature of business. They come in bicycles to buy in numbers fresh raw-skins of slaughtered goats from the butchers in the markets. Cart-loads of similar type of cattle-skins move out of the slaughterhouses at Tangra, Entally and Kidderpore to the tanners located in Tiljala — the notable place for the purpose. The Wholesalers of Entally and Kidderpore buy the tanned skins which people know as hides. The shoe-makers and taxidermists take the hides from the Wholesalers



at agreed price. Each goat-skin sells between Rs. 8|- and Rs. 10|- and cattle-skin between Rs 25|- and Rs. 30|-. More than 3000 animals are slaughtered everyday. Even beef-livers are bought for Pharmaceutical preparations. Those specialised in slaughter (Kasai as they are called) earn 75 Paise per goat and Rs. 5|- per bovine specy. The lurds are used as cooking medium and for making candles.

There are also expert Helpers in breeding pet dogs. Their rates vary from Rs. 25|- to Rs. 30|- according to the difficulties involved. Stud-bull owners also charge Rs. 10.50 Paise or Rs. 11|- as fee for fertilising each cow or buffalo.

Now turning to the other side, one may observe that the recent trend shows the growing urge towards visiting Gurus (Spiritual The upper-middle class people personages). have made them highly popular These venerated Gurus command supreme confidence and enjoy rare privileges as mentors and redeemers. Donations pour in from the disciples. Opinion may differ and come at crossroads but exchange of sort — whether cash or kind perhaps plays important role. We often watch long queue of devotees lined up anxiously for hours to be endowed with blessings - capsuled in dopes which probably cure serious ailments and diseases But payment of Pranami (offered coins on a salver) should be added as customary show of respect. There are some revered Fakirs (Elderly Moslems shorn of material comforts) sell medicines through agents. Fakir of Ghutiarisarif (Near Canning town) became well-known for herbal medicines, prepared under his astute guidance

Beyond the supernatural domain other individuals operate in even keel. "Are your hair falling off? Come and take this powder, rub it on the scalp thrice a day for at least a week. This is cheap you know?" A man yells at the street corner to attract the crowd. He displays medicine of his own make that cures (so he claims), Orchitis, Diarrhoea, Pyorrhoea, Gout, rheumatic pains, tootache and nervous tensions. Like him far too many more than hundred come to the city from the suburbs. They choose important points of the streets as the bastions of their activities. They particularly spread out in the places near Railway Station and pavements of the working class populated areas. They display dreadful items on the pavements. The dark liquid may be applied externally to the affected part of one suffering from orchitis. They can be observed preparing the dark liquid in presence of inquisitive crowd. The preparation begins from dissecting the sensitive pincers of the enormous unfamiliar types of crabs to the dilution in the warm water for a few moments. The dark liquid which they prepare according to this formula shrinks the swollen part. The Red ointment contains blood of tadpoles being mixed with grained reptile teeth. This mixture has greasy base. The ointment cures gout and other aches The charcoal-coloured dark powder contains requisite materials like herbs, ashes of cocoanut leaves and hyacinth having proportionately mixed. They prescribe this powder for luxuriant growth of hair. Umpteen number of drugs which they prepare include oil extracted from hornbills and toucans. It is an universal saying that hornbill or touchan-oil is highly effective for rheumatism. The pieces of hard



plant-roots aid aphrodisiac patients if munched periodically. The medicines or items produced and displayed by them presents grotesque sights. Their persuasive speeches on the quality aspects are highly impressive. The queer fluids, livers of unknown species, large ugly crabs, human skulls, fossils, reptile teeth, snakeskins, scorpions, live and dead unfamiliar lizards, lizards-oils and various other items are meant to cure untold varieties of diseases. One can also buy mriganavi (musk) an aromatic agent popular in every housed. The *mriganani* eradicates nausea. The caress of poisonous reptile teeth allay nervous tensions. These people look quite strange with rustic mannerism. But they have developed mastery over eloquent speeches which goad people to move towards them in gravitational pulf. Large segment of urban population become their clients. These people compete with the qualified physicians who have been bound by the Hippokrates Oath. Still they feel insecure.

Moving further north, one can see the Eunuch colony at Manicktola. As many as 200 eunuchs proceed regularly to the residential localities on community business. The eunuchs secure information from hospital and municipal sources about the new babies born. They visit the parents to extract money by demonstrating the uncouth gesticulations. The eunuchs, however, make free-shopping of the daily requirements of vegetable from the market places. No body, however, denies their rights of special

privilege.

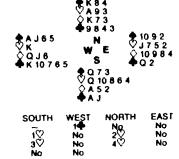
The business in snakes has become important over the years. The seasoned Catchers, Charmers and Poachers ferret out the various species of snakes from Murshidabad, Burdwan and Sundarban areas. Major number of snakes are transported carefully to the Research Institute at Kasauli, a health resort in Himachal Pradesh. The scholars make purposeful use of snakes for vemon test by keeping guinea pigs and hares as baits. The scholars also conduct intense analysis on various other aspects of snake anatomy. Over the years large number of them have been despatched to the overseas countries for similar kind of studies on tropical snakes of the East. More so, the Indian snakes have been popular in Far Eastern countries like Hong Kong and Singapore as delicate recipes. The profuse display of poisonous Indian King Cobras and other types became familiar market-

Queer trade portrays a surrealistic image of fantastic composition of freakish activities. There are lot more things pursued and practised. But the concept does not approve or associate dubious exchanges like contraband trade, corrupt practice, pornography trade, Quackery and some kind of vice trades which play cat-and-mouse with the Police. But those deal in queer items have equal share in the socio-economic set up. Yet desired recognition has been set aside because of the peculiar nature of the trade and the traders.

BY PRABIR LAHIRI

COVER PIXISUNIL DUTTA

WHEN a defender has to keep length in two suffs, even his earliest discards may be very revealing. This problem hand is set by Jean Besse in the first issue of a new publication, Bridge de France

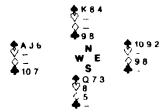


West leads the Queen of diamonds, East signals with the 10 and South wins with the Ace The contract looks hard to make, but

Ace The contract looks hard to make, out it cannot be beaten as the cards lie South leads a low heart, collecting the King The 9 of hearts holds the next trick. West discarding a club South continues with a third heart, finessing the 10, and this time West discards a spade

time West discards a spade
South should assume that West has kept
the same length as dummy in clubs, for
otherwise a club trick would be establishable by ruffing South should also assume that West has not come down to a doubleton spade, as West knows that South will play him for the Ace West's discards, therefore, enable South to place him with a probable 4-1-3-5 pattern

4-1-3-5 pattern
South can now see his way home if East has an honour in clubs. This is likely, as with Φ K Q 10 West might well have led this suit. A fourth round of trumps is led and West has to let go a diamond. South crosses to the King of diamonds and returns a club, ducking into West's hand. West exits with a club and this is the crestition. position



A low spade from South is won with the ing. The 9 of clubs is led, South discarding his losing diamond, and West has to give South a trick with either the Queen of spades or the 8 of clubs

by C. W. HEL STAMP ALB



THE MELANGE of races in Fig. is illustrated in four stamps honouring local religious festivities. The 25-cents stamp (above) shows the lively dragon of Chinese New Year processions. Others feature Christmas, Diwali, the Hindu festival of lights, and id-ul Fifter the Muslim thanksoning. id-ul Fitar, the Muslim thanksgiving

Id-ui Fitar, the Muslim thanksgiving Fiji's first stamps, issued in 1870, were produced by George L. Griffiths, the London-born proprietor of the Fiji Times He organised a postal service for the islands, charging postage of 1d on newspapers and 3d, on letters. His square, typeset atamps, inscribed laconically Fiji Times Express', were in use until the new King Cakobsu of Fiji opened official postal agencies in 1872.

We have already discussed how expensive commercial beauty aids are and how a lot of the preparations could be made at home. Of course, very often, something made at home does not look or smell or keep half as good as the bottled variety, but at least their purity is ensured. Besides, you can make them in small quantities and keep them in the fridge, for a short time.

Here is a super-softener for bumps and callouses on the feet. This is by far the best foot treatment you can take to rest and soften feet. Put a handful of oatmeal in a basin of hot water. Now rest feet in the water for a good 20 minutes. Wipe dry gently with a towel and see how soft your legs feel. Another softening trick. Massage feet regularly with cocoa butter or glycerine and rose water. This will also lessen that splotchy look on the feet. If you are the kind whose feet sweat all the time, dusting them lightly with talcum powder or spraying with cologne will help.

Here is a way to make your very own hand lotion at home. Boil one ounce sabza lotus seeds with one pint water. Leave aside overnight. Next morning, strain through a fine strainer. Now add to it one ounce glycerine, one ounce witch hazel and one ounce rose water. Shake well and bottle. Keep in the fridge.

Here is a ready-made hair rinse. Chop either one tablespoon mint, rosemary or a handful of shoeflower or mehendi leaves. Pour one pint boiling water over them. When the heat lessens, crush leaves with fingers, strain and remove. Use as a rinse after shampooing hair.

The skin freshener can be dabbed on over face and neck for a really fresh feeling. Mix half a pint of clear water, with half a cup of witch hazel and one tablespoon of toilet water (obtained from a chemist) and three drops of cologne. Shake well and use as required.

Here is a skin cream to be made at home. Take five ounces rain or distilled water (Purity is essential). Start boiling over a fire in a shallow strong-bottomed vessel. Reduce boiling. Now very gradually add one ounce well-sieved good quality maida, stirring all the time, so that it does not form lumps. Keep stirring over a low fire till a thick paste is obtained. Now add one-and-a-half ounces pure honey, slowly, stirring all the time. Meanwhile, warm one-and-a-half ounces olive oil separately. Pour into mixture gradually. Remove from fire and stir well. When cool, stir in the yolk of an egg and mix well. Bottle and keep for a few days in fridge. Will keep according to the climate. Only for normal to dry skins

Only for normal to dry skins.

This hand and body lotion can be used liberally night and day. Keep a bottle in the kitchen too. Massage on a little over hands after washing vessels or clothes. Heat half a pint of rose water slightly, just warm enough to dissolve one-fourth teaspoon borax in the solution. Now gradually add one ounce warmed olive oil. Remove from fire. Cool. Beat mixture well with an egg beater. Now add three teaspoons toilet water and a few drops of your favourite perfume. Bottle. Shake well before use.

This honey and apple mask can be used for normal to dry skins. The pollen in the honey softens skin and smoothens wrinkles. The vitamins in the apple help to moisturing skin.

Peel and core a small ripe apple. Mash well. Blend in one teaspoon pure honey. Apply with a brush lightly on face and neck, avoiding area



around eyes and hairline. (Always cover head with a scarf when applying anything on face). Leave on for 15 minutes. Wash off with warm water, splash on cold water. Pat dry with a soft towel. This mixture is just enough for one application.

Here is another home-made cleanser that can last in the fridge for a week. While the bacteria in curds leaves the skin soft, vitamin 'C' in the fruit juice tones up skin. Mix one cup thick curds with one teaspoon each of fresh orange and lemon juice. Spread thinly over face and neck. Wipe with slightly damp pieces of cotton wool after five minutes. Splash on cold water. Pat dry gently with a soft towel.

cold water. Pat dry gently with a soft towel.

Beauty news: After oil of Ulay and vitamin
'E', the beauty preparation by which every celebrity is swearing by is apricot (or even peach) oil. This rich oil is taken from the kernel of the fruit and is the base for many shampoos and creams. All my friends are raving about it. So if you have friends abroad, ask them to.

ERENE Designs that make you the centre of attention. Fabrics with all the attention on quality. 'Terene'® - for good-looking fabrics and good down-to-earth quality. Fabrics that keep their smartness — wash after wash. Fabrics from the best mills in the country. Make sure you get your money's worth. Look for the Terene' trademark on the fabric. **BRegistered** Trademark of micals and Fibres of India Limited

Manson stared intently at the large-scale map, taking in the seventy miles of coast, the river running almost parallel to it, twenty miles inland, the strip of impenetrable mangrove swamp between the coast and the sea, and the mountains behind the river. He could identify the Crystal Mountain, but made no mention of

'What about the main roads? There must be some.'

Endean warmed to his explanation.

'The capital is stuck on the seaward end of a short, stubby peninsula here, midway down the coast. It faces towards the open sea. There's a small port, the only real one in the country, and behind the town the peninsula runs back to join the main land mass. There is one road which runs down the spine of the peninsula and six miles inland, going straight east. Then there is the junciton — here. A road runs to the right, heading south. It is laterite for seven miles, then becomes an earth road for the next twenty. Then it peters out on the banks of the Zangaro estuary.

"The other branch turns left and runs north, through the plain west of the river and onwards to the northern border. Here there is a crossing point, manned by a dozen sleepy and corrupt soldiers. A couple of travellers told me they can't read a passport anyway, so they don't know whether there is a visa in it or not. You just bribe them a couple of quid

to get through.'

What about the road into the hinterland?'

asked Sir James.

Endean pointed with his finger. 'It's not even marked, it's so small. Actually, if you follow the north-running road after the junction, go along it for ten miles, there is a turn-off to the right, towards the hinterland. It's an earth road. It crosses the remainder of the plain and then the Zangaro river, on a rickety wooden bridge

So that bridge is the only communication between the two parts of the country either side of the river?' asked Manson in wonder-

14 ment.

Endean shrugged. 'It's the only crossing for wheeled traffic. But there is hardly any wheeled traffic. The natives cross the Zangaro by canoe.

Manson changed the subject, though his

eyes never left the map.

'What about the tribes who live there?' he

asked.

'There are two,' said Endean. 'East of the river and right back to the end of the hinterland is the country of the Vindu. For that matter, more Vindu live over the eastern border. I said the borders were arbitrary. The Vindu are practically in the stone age. They seldom if ever cross the river and leave their bush country. The plain to the west of the river and down to the sea, including the peninsula on which the capital stands, is the country of the They hate the Vindu and vice versa.'

'Population?

'Almost uncountable in the interior. Officially put at 220,000 in the entire country. That is, 30,000 Caja and an estimated 190,000 Vindu. But the numbers are a total guess, except probably the Caja can be counted accurately.'

'Then how the hell did they ever hold an

election?' asked Manson.

'That remains one of the mysteries of creation,' said Endean. 'It was a shambles anyway. Half of them didn't know what a vote was or what they were voting for.

What about the economy?

'There is hardly any left,' replied Endean. 'The Vindu country produces nothing. The lot of them just about subsist on what they can grow in yam and cassava plots cut out of the bush by the women, who do any work there is to be done, which is precious little. Unless you pay them well, then they will carry things. The men hunt. The children are a mass of malaria, trachoma, bilharzia and malnutrition.

'In the coastal plain there were in colonial days plantations of low-grade cocoa, coffee, cotton and bananas. These were run and owned by whites, using native labour. It wasn't high quality stuff, but it made enough with a guaranteed European buyer, the colonial power, to make a bit of hard currency and pay for the minimal imports. Since independence these were nationalised by the president, who expelled the whites, and given to his party hacks. Now

they're about finished, overgrown with weeds.'
'Got any figures?'
'Yes, sir. In the last year before independence total cocoa output, that was the main crop, was 30,000 tons. Last year it was 1000 tons, and there were no buyers. It's still rotting on the ground.'

And the others, coffee, cotton, bananas?' 'Bananas and coffee virtually ground to a halt through lack of attention. Cotton got hit by a blight and there were no insecticides.'

'What's the economic situation now?'

'Total disaster. Bankrupt, money worthless paper, exports down to almost nothing, and nobody letting them have any imports. There has been gifts from the UN, the Russians and the former colonial power, but as the govern-



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What about the week-end? You may decide it's never on a Sunday. Or make it a Saturday date with any of your favourites. Frankly, it's up to you!



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ment always sells the stuff elsewhere and pockets the cash, even these three have given

'A real banana republic, eh?' murmured Sir James

'In every sense. Corrupt, vicious, brutal. They have seas off the coast rich in fish, but they can't fish. The two fishing boats they had were skippered by whites. One got beaten up by the army thugs, and both quit. Then the engines rusted up, and they were abandoned. So the locals have protein deficiency. aren't enough goats and chickens to go round'

'What about medicines?

'There's one hospital in Clarence which is run by the United Nations. That's the only one in the country.'

'Doctors?

"There were two Zangarans who were qualified doctors. One was arrested and died in prison. The other fled into exile. missionaries were expelled by the president as imperialist influences. They were mainly medical missionaries as well as preachers and priests. The nuns used to train up nurses, but they got expelled as well.'

'How many Europeans?'

'In the hinterland, probably none. In the coastal plain, a couple of agronomists, technicians, sent by United Nations. In the capital, about forty diplomats, twenty of them in the Russian embassy, the rest spread between the French, Swiss, American, West German, East German, Czech ano Chinese embassies, if you call the Chinese white. Apart from that, about five United Nations hospital staff, another five technicians manning the electrical generator, the airport control tower, the waterworks and so on. Then there must be fifty others, traders, managers, businessmen who have hung on hoping for an improvement.

'Actually, there was a ruckus six weeks ago and one of the UN men was beaten half to The five non-medical technicians threatened to quit and sought refuge in their respective embassies. They may be gone by now, in which case the water, electricity and airport will soon be out of commission.

'Where is the airport?

'Here, on the base of the peninsula behind the capital. It's not of international standard, so if you want to fly in you have to take Air Afrique to here, in the republic to the north, and take a connecting flight by a small twoengined plane that goes down to Clarence three times a week. It's a French firm that has the concession, though nowadays it's hardly economic.'

'Who are the country's friends, diplomatically speaking?

Endean shook his head.

'They don't have any. No one is interested, it's such a shambles. Even the Organisation of African Unity is embarrassed by the whole place. It's so obscure no one ever mentions it. No Pressmen ever go, so it never gets publicised. The government is rabidly anti-white, so no one wants to send staff men fown there to run anything. No one myests an thing, because

nothing is safe from confiscation by any Tom, Dick or Harry wearing a party badge. There's a party youth organisation that beats up anyone it wants to, and everyone lives in terror'

'What about the Russians?'

'They have the biggest mission and probably a bit of sav over the president in matters of foreign policy about which he knows nothing. His advisers are mainly Moscow-trained Zangar ans, though he wasn't schooled in Moscow personally.'

'Is there any potential at all down there?'

asked Sir James Endean nodded slowly.

'I suppose there is enough potential, well managed and worked, to sustain the population at a reasonable degree of prosperity. The population is small, the needs few, they could be self-sufficient in food, clothing, the basics of a good local economy, with a little hard currency to the necessary extras. It could be done, but, m any case, the needs are so few the relief and charitable agencies could provide the total necessary, if it wasn't that their staff are always molested, their equipment smashed or looted, and their gifts stolen and sold for the government's private profit.

'You say the Vindu won't work hard. What

about the Caja?'

'Nor they either,' said Endean. 'They just sit about all day, or fade into the bush if anyone looks threatening. Their fertile plain has always grown enough to sustain them, so they are happy the way they are.'

Then who worked the estates in the

colonial days?'

'Ah, the colonial power brought in about 20,000 black workers from elsewhere. settled and live there still. With their families they are about 50,000. But they were never enfranchised by the colonial power, so they never voted in the election at independence. If there is any work done, they still do it.'

'Where do they live?' asked Manson.

'About 15,000 still live in their huts on the estates, even though there is no more work worth doing, with all the machinery broken down. The rest have drifted towards Clarence and grub a living as best they can. They live in a series of shanty towns scattered down the road at the back of the capital, on the road to the airport.'

For five minutes Sir James Manson stared at the map in front of him, thinking deeply about a mountain, a mad president, a coterie of Moscow-trained advisers and a Russian embassy.

Finally he sighed

'What a bloody shambles of a place'

'That's putting it mildly,' said Endean. They still have ritual public executions before the assembled populace in the main square. Death by being chopped to pieces with a matchet. Quite a bunch

'And who precisely has produced this

paradise on earth²⁹

For answer Endean produced a photograph

and placed it on the map

Sir James Man.on found himself looking at a middle-aged African in a silk top-hat, black It was 17 frock-coat and sponge-bag trousers.



evidently inauguration day, for several colonial officials stood in the background, by the steps of a large mansion. The face beneath the shining black silk was not round, but long and gaunt, with deep lines each side of the nose. The mouth was twisted downwards at each corner so that the effect was of deep disapproval of something. But the eyes held the attention. There was a glazed fixity about them, as one sees in the eyes of fanatics.

'That's the man,' said Endean, 'Mad as a hatter, and nasty as a rattlesnake. West Africa's own Papa Doc Visionary, communicant with spirits, liberator from the white man's yoke, redeemer of his people, swindler, robber, police chief and torturer of the suspicious, extractor of confessions, hearer of voices from the Almighty, seer of visions, Lord High Everything Else, His Excellency President Jean Kimba '

Sir James Manson stared longer at the face of the man who, unknown to himself, was sitting in control of ten billion dollars-worth of platinum.

'I wonder,' he thought to himself, 'if the world would really notice his passing on?

He said nothing, but after listening to Endean, that event was what he had decided to arrange

Six years earlier the colonial power ruling the enclave now called Zangaro, increasingly conscious of world opinion, had decided to grant Over-hasty preparations were independence made among a population wholly inexperienced in self-government, and the events of a general election and independence were fixed for the following year.

In the confusion five political parties came into being. Two were wholly tribal, one claiming to look after the interests of the Vindu, the other of the Caja. The other three parties devised their own political platforms, and pretended to make appeal through the tribal division of the people. One of these parties was the conservative group, led by a man holding office under the colonialists and heavily favoured by them. He pledged he would continue the close links with the mother country which, apart from anything else, guaranteed the local paper money and bought the exportable produce. The second party was centrist, small and weak, led by an intellectual, a professor who had qualified in Europe. The third was radical, and led by a man who had served several terms in prison under a security classification. This was Jean Kimba

Long before the elections two of his aides, men who during their time as students in Europe had been contacted by the Russians who had noticed their presence in anti-colonial street demonstrations, and who had accepted bursaries to finish their schooling at the Patrice Lumumba University outside Moscow, left Zangaro secretly and flew to Europe. There they met emissaries from Moscow, and as a result of their conversations received a sum of money and considerable advice of a very practical nature

Using the money, Kimba and his men

formed squads of political thugs from among the Vindu, and completely ignored the small minority of Caja. In the unpoliced hinterland the political squads went to work. Several agents of the rival parties came to very sticky ends, and the squads visited all the clan chiefs of the Vindu.

After several public burnings and eye-gougings, the clan chiefs got the message. When the elections came, acting on the simple and effective logic that you do what the man with the power to exact painful retribution tells you, and ignore or mock the weak and the powerless, the chiefs ordered their people to vote for kimba. He won the Vindu by a clear majority, and the total votes cast for him swamped the combined opposition and the Caja votes. This was aided by the fact the numbers of the Vindu had been almost doubled by the persuasion of every village chief to increase the number of people he claimed lived in his village. The rudimentary census taken by the colonial officials was based on affidavits from each village chief as to the population of his village,

The colonial power had made a mess of it. Instead of taking a leaf from the French book, and ensuring that the colonial protege won the first, vital election, and then signed a mutual defence treaty to ensure a company of white paratroops kept the pro-Western president in power in perpetuity, the colonists had allowed their worst enemy to win. A month after the election Jean Kimba was inaugurated as first

president of Zangaro.

What followed was along traditional lines. The four other parties were banned as 'divisiv influences', and later the four party leader arrested on trumped-up charges. They died under torture in prison, after making over the party funds to the liberator, Kimba. The colonial army and police officers were dismissed as soon as a semblance of an exclusively Vindu army had been brought into being. The Caja soldiers, who had constituted most of the gendarmerie under the colonists, were dismissed at the same time, and trucks were provided to take them home. After leaving the capital the six trucks headed for a quiet spot on the Zangaro river, and here the machine-guns opened up. That was the end of the trained

In the capital, the police and customs men, mainly Caja, were allowed to stay on, but their guns were emptied and all their ammunition taken away. Power passed to the Vindu army and the reign of terror started. It had taken eighteen months to achieve this. The confiscation of the estates, assets and businesses of the colonists began, and the economy ran steadily down. There were no Vindu trained to take over who could run the republic's few enterprises with even moderate efficiency, and the estates were in any case given to Kimba's party supporters. As the colonists left, a few UN technicians came in to run the basic essentials, but the excesses they witnessed caused most. sconer or later to write home to their governments insisting they be removed.

to be continued

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AZED CROSSWORD

No. 101: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Scottish cheese, two kilos, with minced cubeb in (7)
- 6 Clumsy swimmer ad elp, getting into difficulties (5)
- 10 Wine-bibber, I become solitary, retiring, surrounded by 'undreds? (10)
- 11 In studying mountains you may find this spree involving love, look (4)
- 12 My wood's durable, provides barrier, one enclosing sador (7)
- 14 Type of grass there's useful information in it (5)
- 16 Social group using, we hear, cargo railway briefly (7)
- 17 It's preposterous as protection for English Sun (5)
- 19 Witches meet at them, brewing dim things (9)
- 22 Drinkers of Lethe, say, sad manes with account in lives (9)
- 23 Round painting if it's the 'in' thing gather round (5)
- 25 Stop participating in race lest eliminated (7)
- 29 We're so slow the heroine gets ahead of us (5)
- 30 Will it serve as a leek in a macédoine? (7)
- 31 Aims ofton changed in cricket (4)
- 32 Wonderful fabulous bird born resembling a goddess? (10)
- 33 Poem, Eastern, fool read backwards (5)
- 34 One primary extract of yours used in breaking down meals (7)

DOWN

- 1 Beginnings of kingcup, not of separate petals? (5)
- 2 Hide and take e.g. opium it's akin to the poppy (10)
- 3 Gents' club? lis crudeness is miry (7)
- 4 One in one? I dibelieve in Three in One (5)
- 5 One cried freely, kept under by female showing it ? (9)
- 6 Cut up, I twitch not at all this? (7)
- 7 Sub-par score-first to last, couldn't be this at Troon (5)
- 8 Covered up mug (4)
- 9 A metic's unusual form of Greek pronunciation (7)
- 13 Contents of famous sermon apply yourself to it, subtly used (10)
- 15 Sort of zenana you'll see menace guy misbehaving (9)
- 18 Artists miss the extremes of a realist in ine (7)
- 20 My partner's my equal in mass -1 cry, Time up (/)
- 21 Storm tossed Noah's raised one? (7)
- 24 End of crack faded all round, with a ha-ha? (5)
- 26 'Strewth, that was excellent (5)

| 1 | 2 | 3 | | 1 | 5 | | 6 | 7 | 8 | | 9 |
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| 37 | | 1 | 1 | 1 | 74 | | | | | | |

27 Little girl -- a starlet? - one in existence (5)

28 Go swimming with pa -- my trunks often get wet (4)

AZED No 99: Solution and notes

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FIFIT ACROSS

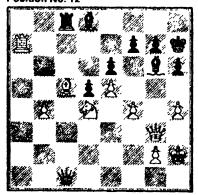
1, cheps-ticks 11, hidden & in 13, O bia(s) 15, punch borso, 19, anag & fit E Hutton, 29, Ar (rev.) in in 31, 1-all-oil, 32, Victor B former ring pong star 33, La(go)nda ti let s

DOWN
3. of 16 across 6, fell cross 7. Le sub-entire under all 9, anag & lit 15, han aring in S.A. 18, (g)affe rent 22, R.A. meal, 26, l'-boat

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 12



White to play-how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 10

This was the finish of a game Wiklung Jinbrandt played at Goteborg, 1973 1rb2rk1 p2ktppbp 2p1P1p1, q78, 2kt4P, PPPQ2PB, 2KR1B1R Black won by 1 , RxP, 2 Px Kt If 2 KxR, Q - kt5ch, 3 K - B1, B x Kt 2 , B x Kt, 3, P - Q8 Q, R - Kt8ch, 4, KxR, Q - Kt5ch, 5 K - B1, Q - Kt7 mate

Boy prodigies

The now veturari grandmaster Sammy Reshevsky was giving simultaneous dis-plays and battling with grown masters at the age of nine or ten Until the arrival of Bobby Fischer he was probably the most celebrated of all young American players and even Fischer was not as strong a player as Reshevsky at that age. In the Interzonal at Petropolis tast year Reshevsky met a player, himself only recently out of his boy prodigy-hood, the Brazilian grandmaster Henrique Mecking it was much more a trial of nerves than it was of strength and the contest, though exciting, was full of mistakes

White Mecking Black Reshevsky

Write Mecking Black Hesnevsky
Ruy Lopez, Morphy Defence

1. P.-K4, P.-K4, 2. Kt.-KB3, Kt.-QB3,

3. B.-Kt5, P.-QR3, 4. B.-R4, Kt.-B3,

5. O.-O. B.-K2, 6. R.-K1, P.-QK14,

7. B.-Kt3, P.-Q3, 8. P.-B3, O.-O,

9. P.-KR3, Kt.-Kt1, the Breyer system of regrouping the pieces which has not had much success of late.

10 P Q4 QKt Q2, 11 QKt - Q2 B - Kt2 12 B B2, R-K1 13 P QR4 B-KB1, 14 P QKt4 P QR4 tempting but not altogether sound better was 14 altogether sound better was KI - KIJ 15 Px

Kt - Kt.3

15 Px RP, Rx P, 16 R - Kt I B - R3

17 RPx P, Rx P, 18 B - Kt3 Threatening
Bx P th followed by Rx R and Q - kt3 ch
But this threat could have been met easily
enough and more powerful was 18 R - R1

18 R - K2 A cumbrous move that
leaves Black in a position which takes
some disentangling, better was 18
P - B3

P-B3
19 O-B2, R-KI1, this too is inexactly played Correct was 19 R-R4
20 KI-Kt5 Threatening 21 B x P ch R x B, 22 KI x R K x KI 23 O-R2 ch followed by O x B. This line would not have been available if Black's Rook were on R4
20. B-KI2, 21.P-KB4, P-R3 here and on the next move. Black is too timid He should play 21 P x BP
22 BP x P x P, after this he is lost 22
P x KI was essential.

22 BPXP PXP, after this he is lost 22 Px Kt was essential 23 Kt(Kt5) B3 P-B4, 24, B-R3 Q-B2 25, Kt-R4, R(K2)-K1, 26, Q-R2, Kt-Kt3, 27, Px KP, RxP 28, BxPch QxB, 29, QxQch, KxQ 30, RxKt Kt-Q2, 31, R-Kt5, B-R3. This loses at once 31, R(K4)-K1 was better but would also

have lost eventually
32. R - B1 ch, resigns Because of 32 ...
K - Kt1, 33 R x R, Kt x R, 34. R x B ch,
K x R, 35 Kt - Kt6 ch

Let us now praise a famous ghost

What marks the well dressed man?

A wardrobe that includes at least six pairs of shoes A refusal to place the jacket on anything but a moulded hanger? Being 'sufficiently clothes conscious not to be distracted by a job or family"?

Come in George

George Bryan (Beau) Brummell is of course, the imperishable symbol of the Well-Dressed Male. It is said of the Beau that he took three hours to dress, changed his clothes thrice a day, mixed champagne in his boot polish, refused to take off his hat to ladies for fear that he might not be able to get it back at the precise devastating angle, and even resigned from the army upon being demed

Agermission to wear a an form of his own

Simple Fashions Inc.

Yot for all that Brummell's legacy is as retrecting and valid today as it was in 1815. Simplified, a take born. of a second treatty and a regard for proportion

"Less is more"

indeed good taste is the one size guile when Confronted by technons. that call aftention only to themselves rather than implement our presonalities.

> The best harrout is one that does not look as though you just got it'

You'll have something to say in RayMOND'S Suitings @



On a rough estimate, the star who is most difficult to get, as also the one who is away on maximum outdoor locations, is Dharmendra Among the females, Hema Malini heads the list. And you don't need to be told this too: the two are doing maximum locations with each other, (among other things!) This is to be expected since they have turned out supercolossal hits together and have been signed by a large number of jackpot-hunters!

And now guess what? The most-linked hero of them all, Sanjeev Kumar, it seems, has been made chief judge of some Mehndi competition which will have its final winner-selection in Delhi from among 100 females whittled down from the 5,000 all-India entries! As it is, Sanjeev was overwhelined by the choice of prospective brides ranging from Shabana Azmi (when she was 14, too) down to "Silver Jubilee Malini" and Leena Chandavarker — and some say, even Shyama would do it only she were not married! Now he might even grab for a Guju-ben via the mehndi-painting contest. Whether he does or not find a "bairi" one tlung is sure, the fella's going to enjoy the palm-scrutiny of one hundred guls!

After more than 25 years in films and film-making, Dev Anand has decided to trace a backward line in his career. In the sense that he is getting together with his elder brother Chetan. Years ago, Dev and Chetan had started the concern of Nav Ketan together and then each went his own way, with paths that somehow never crossed. Now they are reciprocating good turns, Dev is doing "Saheb Bahadur" for Chetan Anand and Chetan is directing a film for Dev! While their homelite stands miles away from the sustained success of both their careers, the elder Anands have some more things in common — mutual admiration and young girl-

friends, for instance!

Three wonderful things happened to Nargis Dutt. She was the First Lady of the Indian Screen to have won the Karlovy Vary Film Festival Award for Best Acting; the first Film Personality to get the Padmashri and now, recipient of the first Nehru Soviet Award to be given to an Indian, when it was announced a few days. ago. She fold us it came as a beautiful surprise, so dear to her because it has been instituted in Nehru's name and also because it is in appreciation of her contribution to the Indian Films. The only thing she felt sorry about, she said, was the lack Madhushala a break in films, (Leena Chandavarker is a prodigee of his) he shouldn't have done this to his wife!

Jeetu and his bride went to Kathmandu for their honeymoon, while Jeetu's wing of the apartment, the top floor. was being readied at a hectic pace. Carpenters, it seems, were working round the clock to do the place up before the couple returned Jeetu's mother is going about with quite a sullen expression on her face these days. She used to ask her card-party friends to look out for a girl for Jeetu, with the statement "Be sure she is pretty - ladki sunder honi chahiye " Herself looking



of spirit the filmfolks showed her. It is a fact that not a single person except Pran and close family members congratulated her What's more, her best friend Shammi, the comedienne in films, said nothing about it when she phoned to wish her Happy Diwali! Well, Nargis should not really complain, when ever her hubby Sunil Dutt showed lack of spirit, by refusing to accompany her to the Capital where she was to receive the Award — it was on Diwali day. It was a holiday for the Industry but Sunil Dutt chose to stay back in Rombay. With all the time he takes out to give new girls like Jyoti Arya and

quite a hussy with her thick, horn-rimmed glasses, her friends say now that the bird has flown from their scheming hands.

Anything brewing between Zeenie baby and Amitabh Bachhan? Even if there is, no harm at least to Zeenie—her Devsaab is understanding and they have this glorious understanding going. But with Jaya causing dents already to the mamma-loving family of the Bachhans, things are going to climax in an awkward way for her. She has this complaint against mamma-in-law Teji as it is, now it is going to be against Amit himself!

. Is Ranjeet fast replacing Manmohan as the Hindi screen's top rapist? "I don't think so," "There are so few said 'Rapist' Manmohan. villams in this industry that there's no question of anyone replacing anyone else."

But Ranject does claim to have raped aimost all the heroines! "Well, I don't think he har raped Sharmila Tagore, Hema or Munitaz!" (The talk was beginning to sound like a thesis on rape ')

How do you like being called

Manmohan ?

"O I don't mind. It's all a part of the game. And anyway, a rape scene is just another piece

of acting

you feel that way But most Maybe heromes tell us how much they hate such sequences. They're a bunch of hypocrites! With me, everytime i do a rape scene, I tell the herome well in idvance, not to mind my touching her inadvertently. We have to chase heromes, pull them close, tear away the blouse, at on them, etc. etc. When the scene is over, I always say, 'sony' and walk out "

And bayen't you ever wanted to play the

"Never! Ever usee I can remember, I've only wanted to be a villain like Pran. Now, after 12 years of the same kind of roles, I'm beginning to feel the monotony of it and would

like to play a few character roles

"In Chhada B.bu - (A Rajesh Khanna-Ecenat starrer directed by Joy Mukherm, I had to do a sentimental scene, where I cry over my brother's dead body. During the scene I cried and cried so much that the director even torgot to say 'cut'! When the shot finally came to an end, the whole must started clapping."

Doesn't being a villain, bring with it a lot

of nasty rumours and gossip?

'Ye . And what bures is that it is so baseless. Eve been haked with girls whom I consider real kide! There was this piece of gossip about Dimple and I locking ourselves in a room which hurt me so much that I even paid a visit to the editor's house. Dimple is the daughter of an old friend or mine and such gossip really hurts' Regarding Manmohan's private affairs I recall one instance when he told me that come what may, he'd never do anything hanky-panky with any girl in films. A maxim which Pran follow. (1)

We're told that you are a great one for changing camps to suit your -convenience [†] For instance, that you shifted from Anju's

camp to Rajesh's to get more roles "That's not true at all. I'm probably the only person in films who hasn't believed in camps right from the word 'go' That's why I'm accepted everywhere I'm equally friendly with Rajesh, Amitabh, Jeetendra, Sanjeev and other heroes. No camp-membership for

"Years back, during the days of 'Shaheed', when Kewal P. Kashyap and Manoj Kumar fell out, I was the only chap who was friendly with both sides. K.P.K. one day told me to choose between the two camps and then I told him I'd be with Manoj only because Manoj hadn't suggested such a silly thing!

Don't think he raped Sharmila, Hema or Mumu

"About Anju, I must say it takes two bands to clap. She was in the wrong in a lew ways and that's why Rajesh had to drop her overnight. Anju was beginning to take him

for granted and that's not fair

When Rajech got married, I felt sorry for Anju because I'm her rakhi brother. At the same time, I felt happy that my friend's daughter had bagged such a good husband

'After Rajesh's marriage, he once told me that, belonging to both camps, I neglit madverrently - say, while drinking let our information to the opposite camp. At that time I told Raje-h that Anju needed triends and I should encher my company when she reeds it most

"It was at Sargay's party that all of us met. Rajesh came up to me and said, 'Hi and bloke the ice. After that every thing has been all right. Now I'm a triend of

Rajesh's as well as Auju's "

In that case why have you dielved your production "Teer am Talwar" staring Anju Mahendru and Vinod Khagin

"If had to be shelved because a lot of internal problems cropped up. For a start, the script writer (K K Shukla) and the director (Kaiman) who are brothers-in-law. got involved in a family squable and I had to drop one of them from my project. K. K. Shukla being a more saleable commodity, I changed the director and got Babubhar Mistry. I'm quite superstitious and trouble like this at the very outset I felt, was not a very good sign. To top it, Vinod Khanna didn't quite like the idea of having Babubhar for a director. Now I'm the person who introduced Vinod to Sund Dutt, got him several contracts, got periorsion from Vinod's parents, etc. I consider Vinod Khanaa to be my off spring! And I felt it wasn't right of him to be against my director. Even Shammi Kapoor is working with Babubha. So why should Vinod tuss? All this trouble made me feel that for the time being it'd be advisable to put the project into cold storage.

But I'm told the dresses for Teer aur

Talwar' have arready been made?

"That's right Anju, Vinod and Bindu's dresses are all ready 50 to 60,000 tupers of

name is tied up in that.

"Now if I make film I want to do it in a big way Manoj Kumar and Rajesh Khanna have agreed to work for me. Making a small film has as many headaches as making a big one. So I might as well launch a large-scale maiden ven-

"For the moment, my market as an actor is booming. I have about 35 films on hand. So I'm in no hurry. I'll plan my project after thinking it over with a cool head." When I left Manmohan, he was still thinking! N. BHARATHI.

